Collier's
TEN CENTS
JULY 14, 1945

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MACARTHUR

THE STORY OF A GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER

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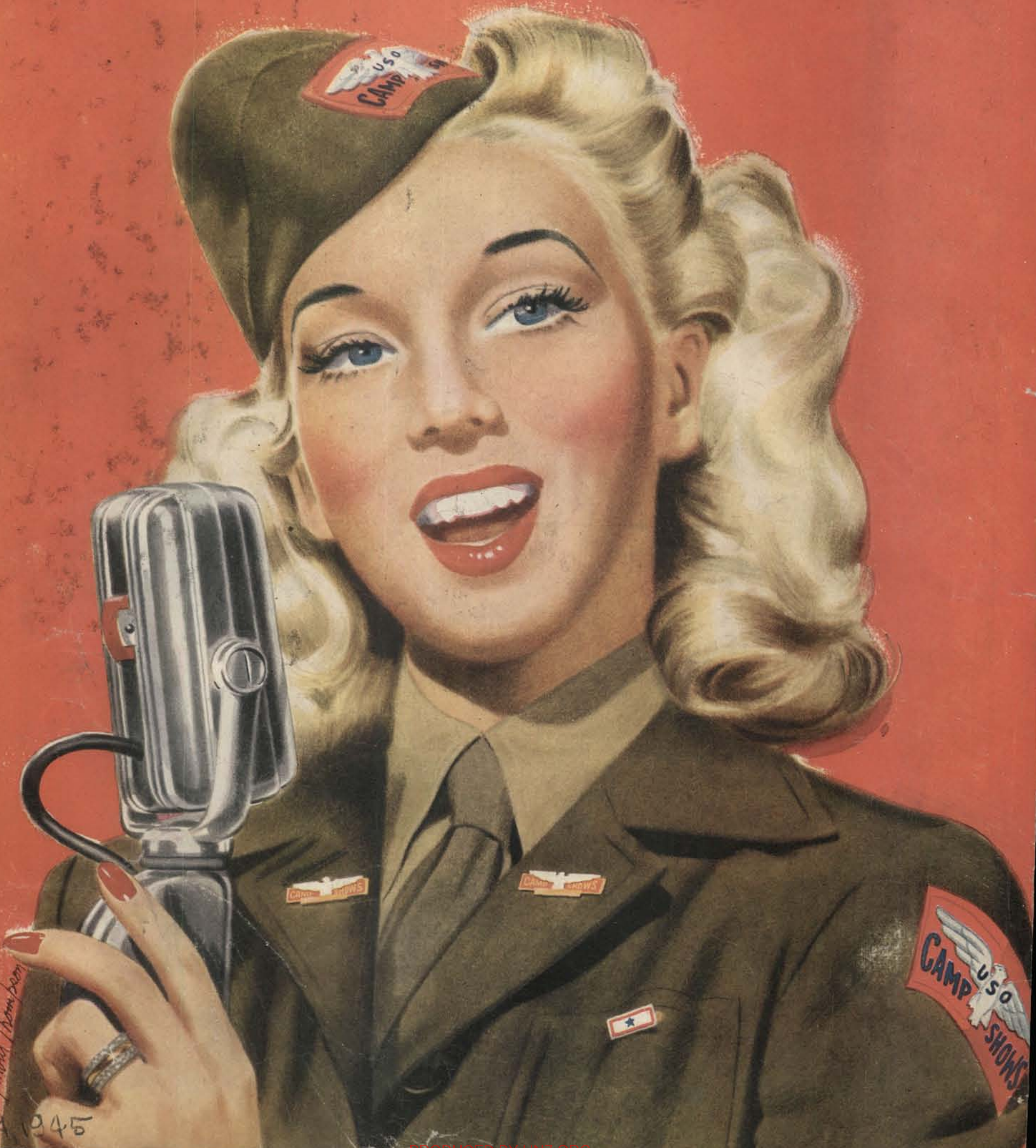
USO
CAMP
CAMP SHOWS
CAMP SHOWS
CAMP
USO
SHOWS
Seymour Thompson

July 14, 1945

Glass PROTECTS! It neither *adds* to flavor, nor subtracts from it.

It leaves beer's flavor strictly alone—the Duraglas bottle!

When you buy beer, you want to taste beer—and that's where Duraglas bottles shine! For they're no good at mathematics—they can neither *add* to flavor nor subtract from it. So, enjoy beer at its best—from the familiar bottle in which your favorite brand now comes. *After the war* you will also be able to buy beer in the one-trip bottle (shown above, left). *There'll be no deposit, no return!* When you have enjoyed your beer you will simply throw away this bottle-of-tomorrow.

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas containers provide the ideal protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

Duraglas
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CONTAINERS THAT GIVE A LIFT TO LIVING

Do Models make good Mothers?

Tony Robertson's daughter has a smile that's a testimonial to her "Model" mother's care

WHAT KIND OF MOTHERS do models make?

Ask this question of Tony Robertson's neighbors down in Miami, Florida, and you'll hear nothing but praise for fashion models as family-bringer-uppers.

For even 5-year-old Gloria's smile is a glowing tribute to her mother's care. Which is not so surprising, when you consider that no one more clearly realizes the importance of a smile than a successful model. And tall, dark and lovely Tony is Miami's best-known model.

That's why this wife of a naval lieutenant has taught her daughter her own dental routine: *To massage her gums with extra Ipana every time she brushes her teeth.* She knows what thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

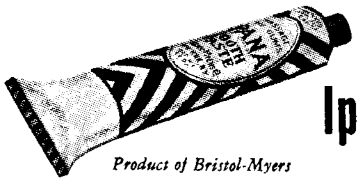
Siren Sr. and Siren Jr. Mother and daughter make a charming picture on the waterfront at Miami. Part of that charm comes from the diligent care both Tony and Gloria give teeth and gums. Yes, gums, too. For Mother knows that today's soft foods often don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Waiting for the Navy. But before tall, blond Navy Lt. "Bob" Robertson (now stationed with his family) comes to tuck Gloria in, teeth and gums get their nightly workout with Ipana and massage. Gloria loves this clean-tasting dentifrice. And Mother will make sure that teeth are cleaned and gums massaged to speed up circulation in the gums.

"No girl is more beautiful than her smile," counsels Tony. And so Gloria brushes teeth earnestly, ending up with a brisk gum massage with Ipana. This guards against sensitive gums, which so often signal their warning among adults with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist right away.* He may merely suggest, as so many do, the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Many parents know less than children about the importance of regular gum massage. For the proper care of teeth and gums is now being taught in thousands of classrooms. Too, 7 out of 10 dentists recommend massage, according to a national survey. (Same survey shows dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice . . . *for their own use!*)

Firmer Gums—
Brighter Teeth with



Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

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RADIO'S RICHEST EXPERIENCE

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It's simple as

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1919—twenty-six years ago—RCA was formed...the cradle of radio research. As the pioneer in *Research* and *Development* of the Radio, Television and Phonograph arts, RCA has accumulated radio's richest experience.

When manufacturing of Radio, Television and Phonograph instruments is resumed, it will be as simple as R-C-A for you to choose the best. Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J. In Canada, RCA Victor Co., Limited, Montreal.

RCA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

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Collier's
FOR JULY 14, 1945

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any week

MR. BILL HILLY (a name that we suspect) of Sixes, Oregon, says that if we all patriotically lengthen our walking strides by one third, our shoes will last two and three sixteenths as long as they ordinarily do, and $7,288,549.37 will be saved. On the other hand, Mrs. Mary B. Considine of Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, thinks shoes will solve the permanent peace riddle. If, so Mrs. Considine writes us, no shoes were sent to foreign countries, people would stay home and not fight. Soldiers cannot and will not fight barefooted, she says.

SEVERAL inquiries about that Collier's Award for Distinguished Congressional Services. Mr. A. R. Poolewrack of Detroit, Michigan, wants to know whether a congressman who does absolutely nothing, thereby adding nothing to the general confusion of the public mind, will thereby be eligible for the award. Another gentleman, whose name we can't quite make out, says that a special award should be created, to be given to Congressman Rankin of Mississippi for "setting an example of what not to do to be a valuable legislator."

WE WENT to see The Fighting Lady exhibit. As you, of course, know, the Navy is staging it to give you some idea how a flattop operates. The guide explained everything nicely, including the crap game going on on the hangar deck. To make the game realistic, the Navy had thrown a few dimes amongst the kneeling and bones-rolling sailors. It was wholly American, however, that the audience should be throwing dimes, quarters, halves and even dollars into the pot. The guide said that it had grown from fifty cents in dimes to a couple of hundred dollars and that it would be devoted to some worthy cause.

(Continued on page 58)

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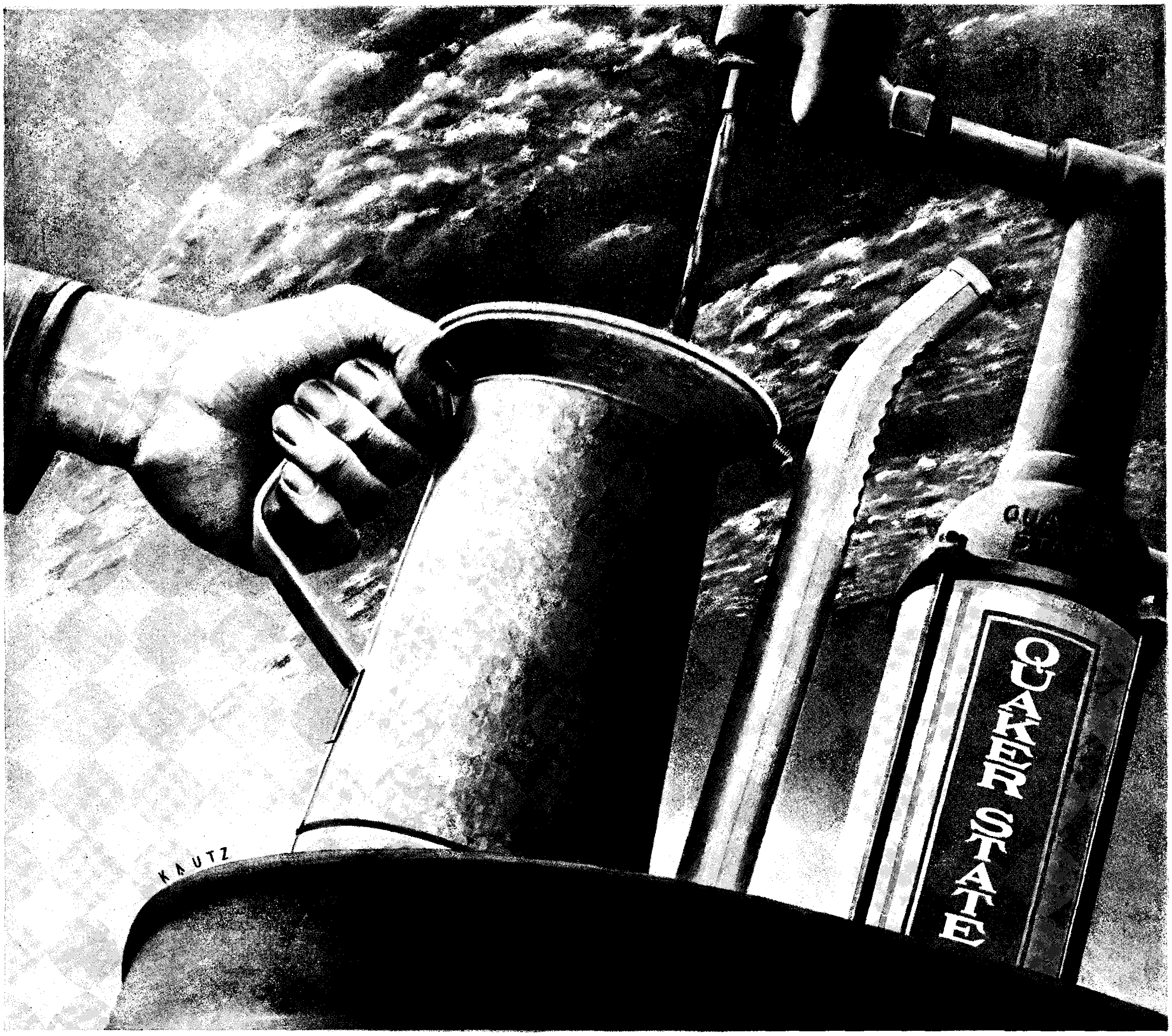


Life Insurance... by the quart

YOU'VE probably got accident insurance on your car. But have you insured it for *longer life*, too?

There's one best way to do this: insist on the best possible lubrication.

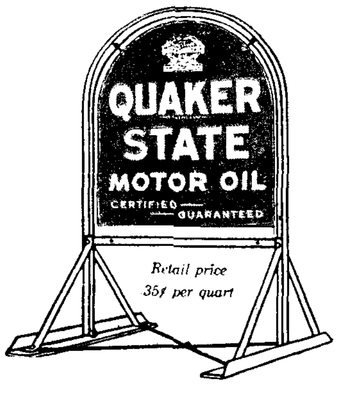
For the lifestream of your car is its lubricating system, guarding vital moving parts against friction and undue wear. To get the maximum in such protection—to keep your car running smoother, *longer* — use Quaker State Motor Oil.

Quaker State, you see, is made from pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil, acknowledged the world's finest. And special Quaker State processing brings this choice crude to an all-time high in lubricating perfection.

It's an old story to millions of wise motorists. More than a quarter of a century old, in fact. For that's how long Quaker State has remained a quality leader, unexcelled by any other motor oil.

No wonder so many motorists have been changing to Quaker State to protect their cars under wartime operating conditions!

Isn't it a good policy to insure longer life for *your* car with Quaker State Motor Oil and Quaker State Superfine Lubricants? Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



OIL IS AMMUNITION
—USE IT WISELY

DRY, UNRULY SUMMER HAIR STRIKES OUT 3 IN ROW!

but handsome Kreml-groomed hair bags *homer* with girls . . .

After an afternoon in the hot summer sun and wind—are *you* the man with the wild, messy hair who discovers his batting average with the girls is ZERO?

Or worse yet—the unfortunate man who foolishly plasters his unruly hair down with grease? Or the social leper whose shoulders are covered with unsightly dandruff flakes?

Then get wise. Play smart ball. *Use Kreml Hair Tonic!* Notice how Kreml makes hair so easy to comb. Kreml is *famous* to keep dry, ornery summer hair neatly in place looking so spruce, handsome—so *lustrous.* Yet Kreml *never* leaves hair looking ridiculously "pasted down," oily or greasy.

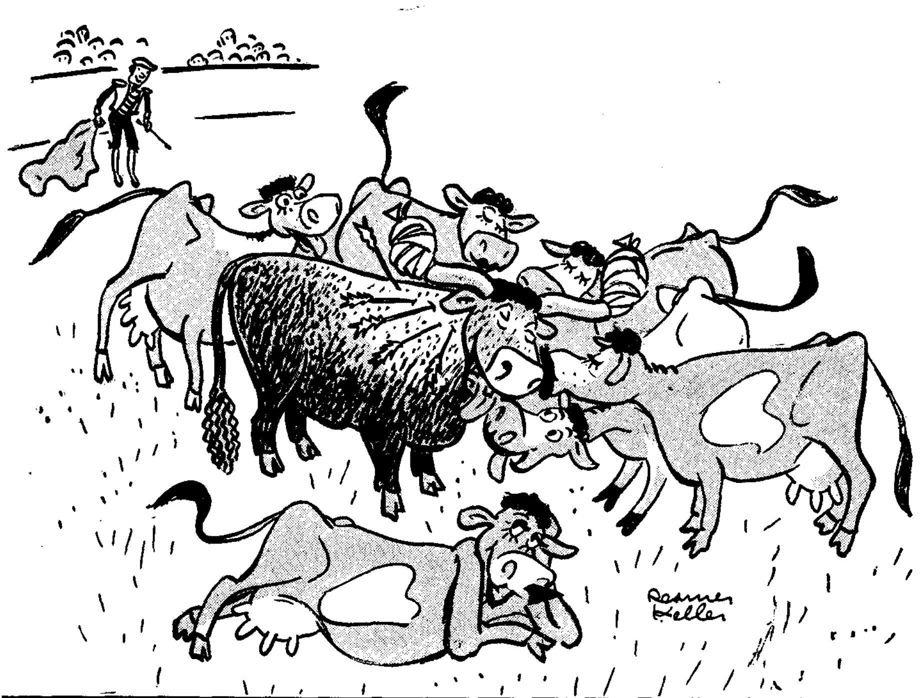
Just see if you, too, don't find Kreml just the *right balance* dressing for your hair. Kreml also promptly relieves itching of a dry scalp and removes untidy dandruff flakes.

Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily for *modern, handsome* hair grooming.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Unlike the bullfights in Spanish-speaking countries, those staged in Portugal are virtually bloodless, as the bulls are not killed, and their horns are padded so they cannot seriously injure the performers or horses. The "fight," which lasts ten minutes, consists of irritating the bull by throwing darts into his neck to the point where he charges everyone in the ring. Then, six trained cows are sent in to soothe the infuriated animal. Surrounded by them, he soon regains his composure and is easily persuaded to leave the arena in their company.

Many German war plants destroyed by Allied bombs were identified through photographs on their letterheads which had been received in England in prewar correspondence. Stranger still, all the 140 mouth-organ factories in Bavaria, which had turned to aircraft production and were bombed out of existence, were recognized solely through an aerial view of each plant embossed on the side of its harmonicas.

Few planes today are equipped with reversible propellers that can be made to throw the air forward as well as backward, although their advantages were demonstrated as long ago as 1929. Their two principal uses are to check the landing speed of large planes and to enable the machines to be backed in and out of hangars. Incidentally, when thrown into reverse, the blades are turned over in their hub sockets, and not rotated in the opposite direction as ship propellers are.

A live fish, belonging to the Coelacanth Group which was thought to have been extinct for fifty million years, was brought to the surface from a depth of 240 feet by a trawler off the coast of South Africa in December, 1938. During the three months that it was kept in a London laboratory awaiting identification, this 5-foot, 127-pound "fossil" exuded 20 gallons of oil through its scales.

The world's largest private office was occupied by Hitler in the new Reichschancellery in Berlin for five years before the building was reduced to rubble by Allied bombs in January, 1944. Being 88 feet long by 47 feet wide, or 4,136 square feet in area, the room was big enough to hold 200 people working at individual desks.

Among the animals that move about in the sea, the heaviest per unit of volume, or with the highest specific gravity, is the male crab, *Cancer Pagurus,* which weighs 28 per cent more than the water it displaces.

Until Bulgaria went to war, housemaids in that country were hired at a Maids' Market which was held in the main square of Sofia once a year on November 8th, the feast day of St. Dimiter, their patron saint of labor. Under an old custom, agreements made there on this day were binding on both master and servant for one year. Therefore, households requiring additional help, and new girls wishing to enter domestic service at other times had to wait for the next Maids' Market.

Most icebreakers have features not required on any other type of ship, so they can operate and open lanes in waterways covered with ice as thick as 35 feet. One is a bow propeller which draws the water from under the ice directly ahead, leaving it unsupported and easier to break. Another feature is the ballast tanks on each side, between which hundreds of tons of water are pumped back and forth so as to enable the vessel, by its rolling from side to side, to work itself free from the frozen grip of an ice field.

The endurance flying record for women, made possible by refueling while in flight, was established by Frances Mersalis and Louise Thaden who remained in the air for eight days, four hours and five minutes over Valley Stream, New York, between August 14 and 23, 1932. The world's record for men was established by Fred and Al Key who flew continuously for 27 days, 5 hours and 34 minutes over Meridian, Mississippi, between June 4 and July 1, 1935.

While the purpose of a television camera is to photograph and transmit scenes as positive pictures, such a camera can be adjusted to telecast these positives so they are received as negatives and also to telecast negatives of motion pictures so they are received as positives.

Probably the only accident of its kind was the sinking of a new American submarine at the Boston Navy Yard on March 15, 1945. Believing that a certain torpedo tube was filled with compressed air, a workman opened its valve, with the result that the inrushing water filled and sank the vessel so quickly that the man and the dozen other workers aboard barely escaped with their lives. Seven days later, the sub was brought to the surface.

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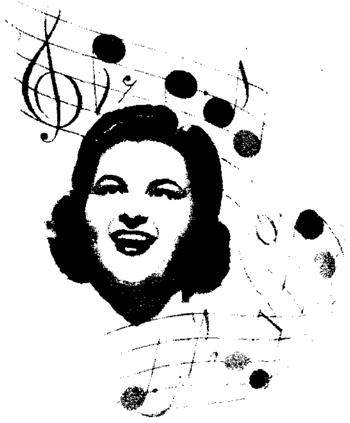


Conventional Radio — lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

With Radio by General Electric — you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

Soon—in natural color tone—Kate Smith's "God Bless America" on a great new radio

Some day soon you'll find a new and soul-stirring warmth in Kate Smith's voice on a great new radio. You'll hear rich harmonies and golden overtones never revealed before.

New Purity and Richness of Tone

On this revolutionary new General Electric radio her glorious voice will reach you in true "natural color" tone. You'll hear it in flawless beauty, incredibly free from the annoyance of static, fading, and station interference.

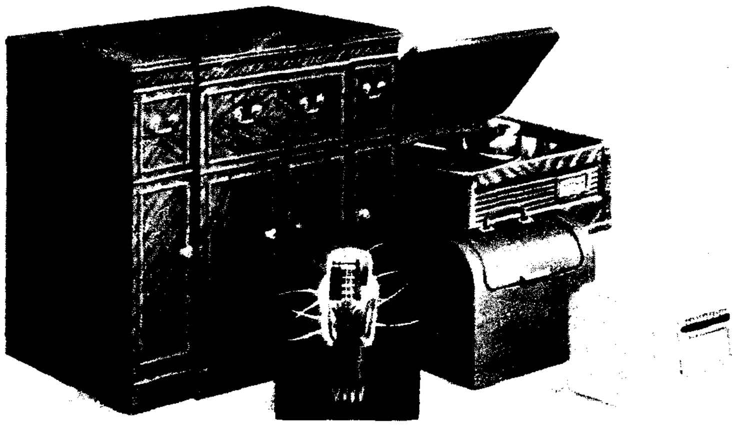
Everything in Radio and Television

This newest kind of radio is only one of the amazing models General Electric will offer some day soon at popular prices. There also will be standard radios, radio-phonographs with a startling new system of tone reproduction, and the new revolutionary self-charging portable.

General Electric television receivers, too, with their large clear pictures, will set an entirely new standard in home entertainment.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages—handsomely illustrated in full color. A forecast of what radios—radio-phonographs and television receivers will be like after the war. For your free copy mail a postcard with the title, "YOUR COMING RADIO" and your name and address to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., EWT, CBS.*



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SPECIFIES

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Thus once again the qualities which have made Champions first choice of motorists, and outstanding in aircraft engines, both military and commercial, are convincingly and emphatically confirmed.

Champion Spark Plugs for your car have the same heritage of prestige and better performance as these aircraft types. The same basic materials, research, engineering and manufacturing are back of every Champion regardless of type. Now more than ever it will pay you to insist on the spark plugs that are Champions in fact as well as in name. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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CHAMPION

Buy More War Bonds
Until the Day of Victory

TO SAVE GASOLINE—
KEEP SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK
R. NEELY

AERONCA

Al Bennett and a few of his Flying Kindergarten Flying School students discuss operation of a plane's controls. Kids' ages range from 5 to 12

AL BENNETT always said that even a child can fly a light plane. He didn't like the skeptical Bronx cheers from adults when he sprang that line on them, so he set out to prove it. Now he has nine little proofs, all under thirteen years old.

Al Bennett has sold more airplanes to the public than perhaps any other individual, and has taught more than 3,000 persons how to fly. Al got his reputation as a master plane salesman some years ago when he operated a little airfield at Hightstown, New Jersey. As the field operator, Al has a franchise to sell Cubs for Piper Aircraft Corporation of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. He knew a lot of tricks, learned a lot more, and soon was selling so many airplanes and teaching so many persons to fly them that Hightstown became internationally famous in aviation. Al was Piper's champ salesman.

When he moved over as sales manager of Aeronca Aircraft Corporation of Middletown, Ohio, not long ago, he got a chance to prove his point that any child can fly. Rounding up some youngsters living near the airplane factory, he organized his "high chair" flying class, composed of nine kids ranging in ages from five to twelve years.

They were Jackie Kuenzel, aged 7; Tom Dorenbusch, 12; Ann Dorenbusch, 10; Bill Dorenbusch, 8; Peter Carruthers, 8; Jo Barbara Ricketts, 12; Billy Joy Bailey, 9—all of Middletown; and Patsy Byers, 11, of near-by Monroe, Ohio, and his own kid, Al Bennett, Jr., 5, of Seven Mile, Ohio.

AL SERVED as instructor. First he gave them a thoroughgoing ground-school course, couched in simple language. Using model planes and blackboard drawings to illustrate, he explained the various plane parts, what makes the plane fly, what makes it stay up, turn, go up or come down.

The kids got a smattering of knowledge of the engine and what makes it tick—and strong advice on keeping out of the propeller's tracks. Lint swatches were attached to the tail surfaces and wings to demonstrate the action of the air on them.

Then came the actual flight training. Al instructed them in an Aeronca Chief, a neat little side-by-side two-seater sports plane that clips along comfortably at around 85 miles an hour.

A problem, of course, was that the plane was built for adult passengers, and the children couldn't reach the rudder pedals and control wheel and still peer through the windshield. Al rounded up sofa cushions and thick telephone directories from the aircraft factory office for the older kids. For the smaller ones, he rigged up some ingenious extensions of the foot pedals and the wheel.

Al gave them the usual flight instruction—first a familiarization flight, then practice in gentle turns and steep turns, take-offs and landings—and the kids really became good.

Civil Aeronautics Board regulations don't permit youngsters under sixteen to fly solo, although they don't bar persons of any age from flying with an instructor in the plane.

"If the regulations didn't prevent it," said Bennett, "I could solo two of these kids right now—10-year-old Ann Dorenbusch, and 7-year-old Jackie Kuenzel. Regulations or no regulations, I don't know how long we'll be able to hold them back."

AL INSISTS that these youngsters prove conclusively that the ground-loving, nonflying fellow who used to assert proudly and loudly, "No, sir! The only way I'll ever fly is when I can keep one foot on the ground," is definitely on the way out. It's man's inherent fear of flying that has plagued and retarded aviation more than any other thing; and maybe the next generation won't be afflicted with it.

"These kids," asserts Bennett, "never got a chance to learn that man is supposed to be afraid of the air; therefore, they display none of the nervousness of the grown-up student flier. Right from the start, each of them was as much at home in the airplane as he'd have been in a coaster wagon. He took to flying more casually than his parents took to their first auto ride."

Bennett emphasizes that teaching a grown-up student to fly consists chiefly of knocking out his nervousness, overcoming his natural inhibitions against flying, making him feel at home in the air—and then in manipulating the airplane's controls.

"With these kids," he explains, "you can skip all those preliminaries and start teaching them to fly right from the start. It's almost uncanny what they can do with a light plane. They seem to know instinctively how to co-ordinate their controls for smooth turns, even how to make passable landings and take-offs."

And what do the Middletown parents think about their children flying.

They like it—for Middletown is an air-minded town.

"In fact," explains Bennett, "we've been deluged with parents who ask us to teach their youngsters to fly. But we're too busy with the war. Anyway, these kids already have proved our point—that it's so simple, even children can fly safely."

GEORGE R. REISS

BACK IN 1934, WE SAID—

"BUILT FOR SERVICE"

Farmers *know* that Plymouth is BUILT FOR SERVICE-

PLYMOUTH BODIES ARE SAFER TO RIDE IN...AND THEY LAST LONGER

Remember Plymouth is the Only Low-priced Car with

FLOATING POWER

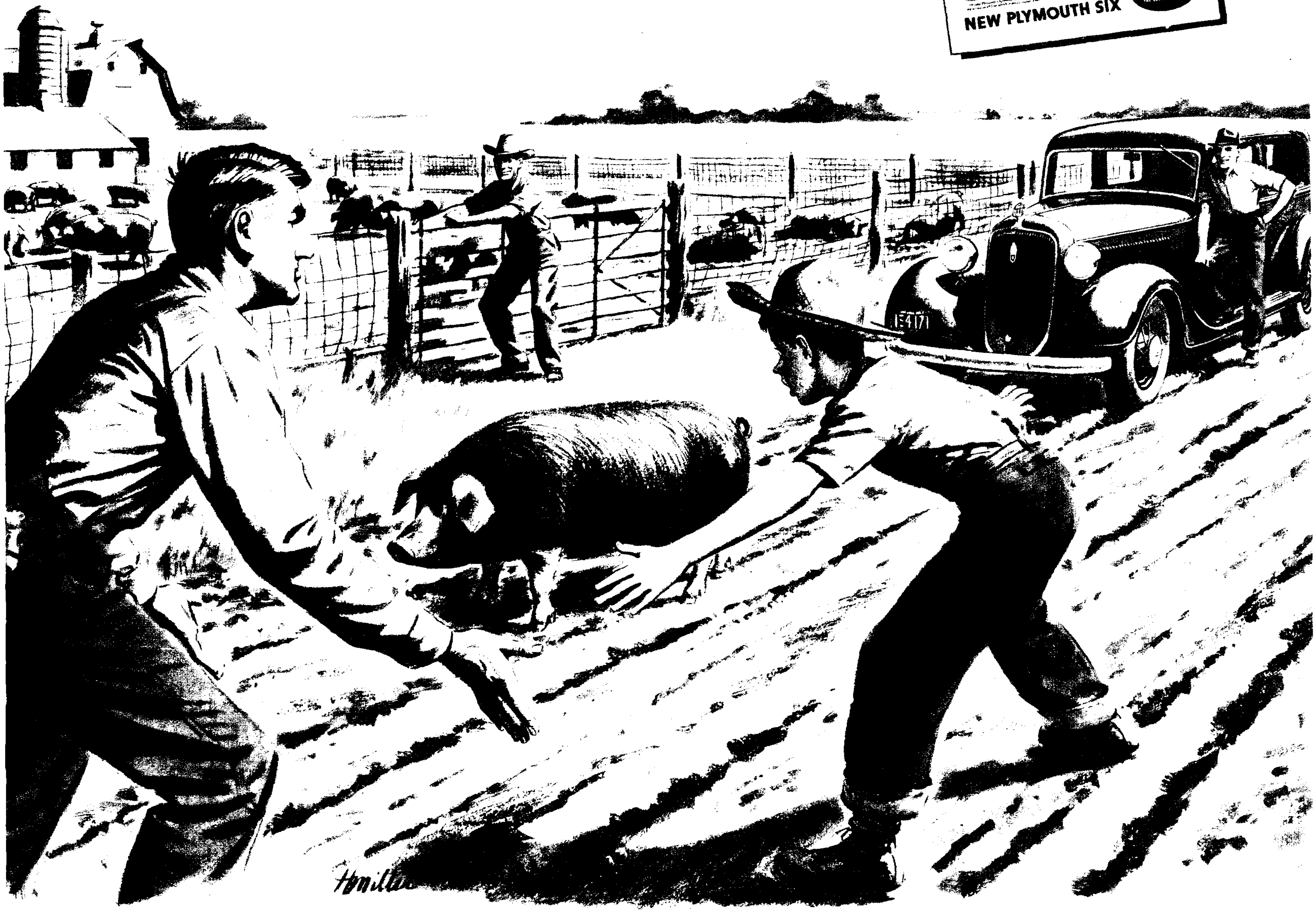
HYDRAULIC BRAKES

INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRINGING

SAFETY-STEEL BODY

IT'S THE Best Engineered CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX



Now, in 1945, Arthur Schilling, Odell Township, Illinois, farmer, says this about his 1934 model:

"I've passed the 100,000-mile mark with my 1934 Plymouth and have never had any work done on the motor. The head and oil pan have never been removed. I'm still getting good gasoline mileage and don't use any great amount of oil. The car has always been on the farm and for years it has been driven over some of the worst mud roads in the township. But it's still rolling right along."

"Plymouth Builds Great Cars" is as old as Plymouth. It isn't just a sales slogan . . . it doesn't just apply to one or a few models. The four words sum up Plymouth's *manufacturing policy* — first, last and always.

Year after year, Plymouths have been great cars — because of the value built in, the extra *usefulness* to owners. And to make our cars even better, we have constantly pioneered major advancements . . . set new standards for the low-price field with each new model.

To win and hold millions of owners, Plymouth *had* to plan and build for *service*. This same enduring policy is built into guns and tanks and planes today. It will be built into great new cars tomorrow. Meanwhile, Plymouth's nation-wide dealer organization gives good care to pre-war Plymouth cars.

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 14, 1945

MACARTHUR

THE STORY OF A GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER

BY HERBERT ASBURY AND FRANK GERVASI

Millions of Americans adore the colorful general; other millions loathe him, and almost nobody has neutral feelings about him. Here's an objective evaluation that gives the truth on both sides

I

ON a day in the dismal spring of 1942, Douglas MacArthur faced the most dramatic moment of a drama-filled life. On his shoulders were the four stars of a full general. Under his command was the Southwest Pacific area, including Australia. He had to make a decision of extraordinary importance; he could gamble or he could play safe.

If he chose the latter course, his professional reputation would not suffer, but the war with Japan might go on for another ten years. If he gambled and won, the American and Allied retreat would at last be stopped; if he lost, the results might be disastrous, both to the Allied cause and to his career. So, as is his habit, he paced the floor of his Australian headquarters and considered his problem. Sometimes he thought aloud in rhetorical, carefully turned phrases; sometimes he chewed reflectively on the long stem of an oversized corncob pipe. And sometimes he prayed.

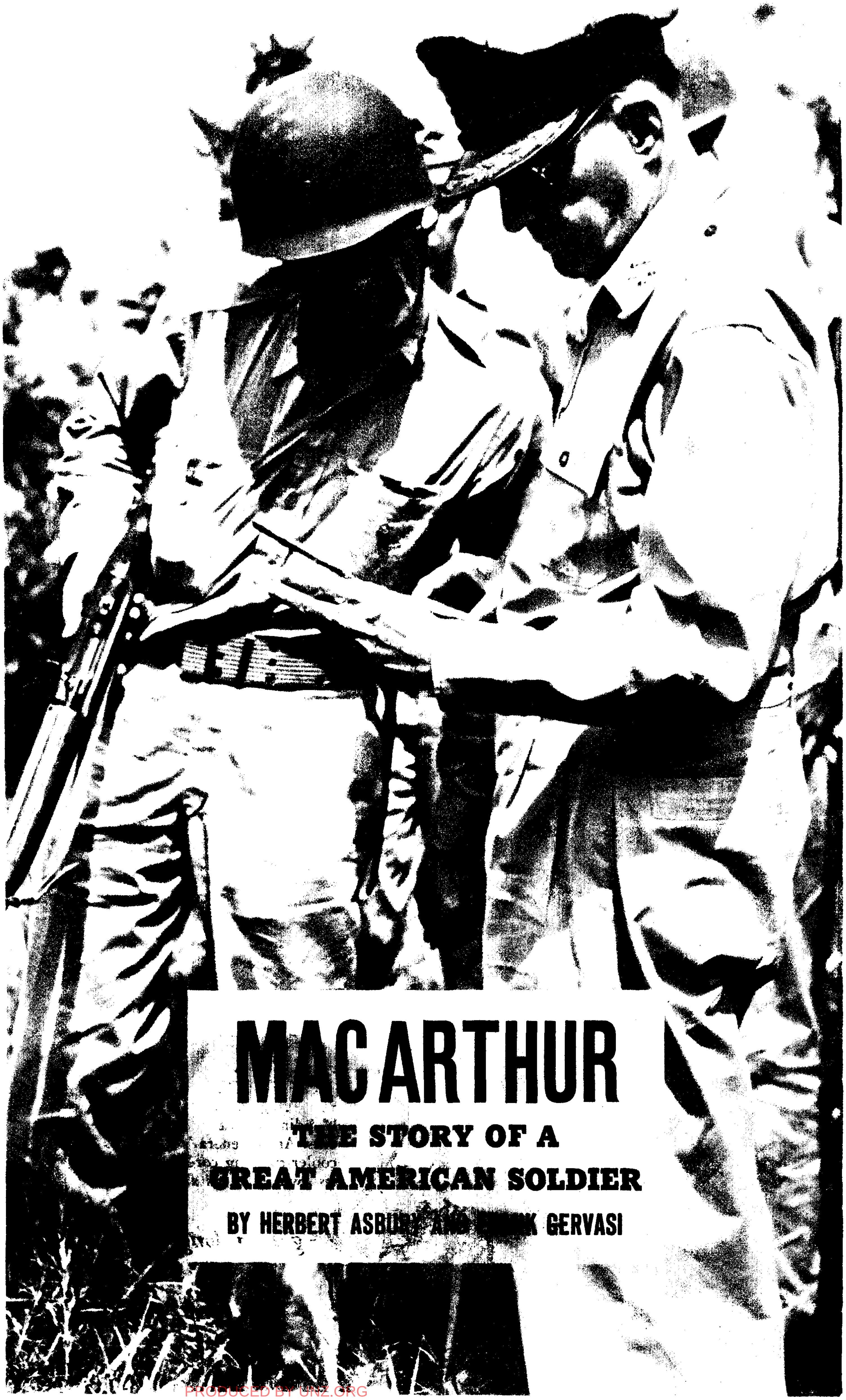
He had plenty to think about. Most of the American fleet lay in the mud of Pearl Harbor. The Philippines were lost, although remnants of American and Filipino forces still held out on Bataan and Corregidor. The Japs had overrun the Malay States and the Dutch East Indies. They had invaded New Guinea, capturing almost everything there except Port Moresby. Their planes controlled the skies. Their fleets dominated the seas. They were pounding at the gates of Australia, and the Australians were terrified and desperate.

Most of the Australian soldiers were in North Africa or had been captured by the Japs at Singapore; virtually the only organized fighting force on the continent consisted of two American divisions, partially trained and not too well equipped. The Australian High Command had decided that when the Japs invaded, the barren northern part of the country would be abandoned and the defense concentrated on a line running from Perth to Brisbane. There the Australians hoped to hold out until help could come from the United States. Already great herds of cattle were being driven southward, and civilians were evacuating or getting ready to evacuate.

The Best Defense Is Attack

But MacArthur was mindful of the military maxim that the best defense is attack. Out of his floor-pacing, pipestem-chewing and praying came this decision: that he could best defend Australia by carrying the war to the Japs on New Guinea and smashing the preparations for their attack on the Australian continent. It wasn't easy, but MacArthur finally overrode the intense public opposition in Australia and won official acceptance of his plan. For weeks it was touch and go at Milne Bay and along the Owen-Stanley Mountain Range. But New Guinea was finally won by the American troops and a handful of tired Australians hurriedly returned from Africa, and Australia was saved as a great Allied base.

Militarily, MacArthur's decision was that of a great and daring strategist. To make it required courage, imagination and limitless self-confidence; to convince the Australian generals and politicians that his plan would work required diplomacy of a high order. He



General MacArthur goes over some points with his public relations officer, Col. Lloyd Lehrbas, a former Washington newspaperman, during Battle of Philippines

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. ARMY

probably would have been unable to accomplish the latter task if the Australians hadn't been aware that he possessed unusual knowledge of the Japanese army and its methods. This he had gained as aide to his father when the latter was chief American observer with the Japs during the Russo-Japanese War, and by intensive study during his many years of service in the Philippines, as an officer of the American Army and as Field Marshal of the Army of the Philippines Commonwealth.

We know now that when MacArthur said, "I shall attack in New Guinea," he was announcing as vital a decision as has ever been made by an American general. It marked the turning point of the Pacific war; thereafter our forces advanced. Today the fighting is far removed from Australia, while MacArthur wears a fifth star with the rank of General of the Army and has been given a full partnership with Admiral of the Fleet Chester W. Nimitz, also a five-star officer, in the business of conquering Japan.

The full story of the origin of this partnership has not been divulged by official Washington, but apparently it was decided upon to appease MacArthur and prevent possible friction between MacArthur and Nimitz. Until a few months ago MacArthur had only the Southwest Pacific Command, while Nimitz was supreme in the Central Pacific, and each was known to be wary of encroachment by the other. MacArthur was asked to submit a plan for a large-scale invasion of a certain area. Instead, he sent to Washington an elaborate plan for an attack upon another area, under his personal leadership, and with Nimitz playing a secondary role. He was notified by Washington that apparently there had been some confusion and was requested to follow the original suggestion. Back from MacArthur came an even more elaborate plan for the invasion of the area which was not at that time even under consideration.

Then it was decided by Washington to make MacArthur and Nimitz equal partners, Nimitz to command all naval and amphibious forces, and MacArthur all ground forces. Although this arrangement still contains the seeds of dissension, MacArthur seems to be satisfied with it. At any rate, he will have the last word in the Japanese war; from his headquarters will come the final order to cease firing.

INTERNATIONAL

As a cadet at West Point, MacArthur had highest marks in school's history

KEYSTONE—UNDERWOOD

As Chief of Staff, MacArthur had distasteful job of routing the bonus army and burning their Washington camps. Here he eats emergency rations with the troops

A brigadier general after World War I

INTERNATIONAL

At West Point graduation exercises

PAUL THOMPSON

As major, MacArthur was news censor

INTERNATIONAL

The Growth of the Legend

The decision to rout the Japs out of New Guinea also marked the beginning of a new and positive phase of the MacArthur legend, which up to that time had been almost entirely negative. It's a curious legend, compounded of defeats, victories, animosity, adulation, lies, truths, rumors and misunderstandings, and it has made MacArthur the most controversial figure of our High Command—or for that matter, of any high command. The only Allied general comparable to him in this respect is the British Field Marshal Montgomery.

To millions of Americans, MacArthur is the greatest man of his time; the acme of military perfection, a leader who can do no wrong. But to millions of others he is an arrogant show-off and a pain in the neck, and this latter feeling seems to be shared to a remarkable degree by members of the armed forces. Naval and Air Force officers who have never seen him jeer at him and blame him for things he didn't do; soldiers, sailors and Marines disdainfully call him Dugout Doug and write jingles belittling his unquestioned courage and ridiculing his military accomplishments. Particularly they resent the lofty language of the MacArthur communiqués. It was a Navy wit who wrote this parody on the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

Mine eyes have seen MacArthur
With a Bible on his knee,
Atypin' out communiqués
For guys like you and me:
"Our heavy bombers hit Raboul
And God is filled with glee!"
While Mac goes marching on!

And from the pen of a Guadalcanal Marine came this:

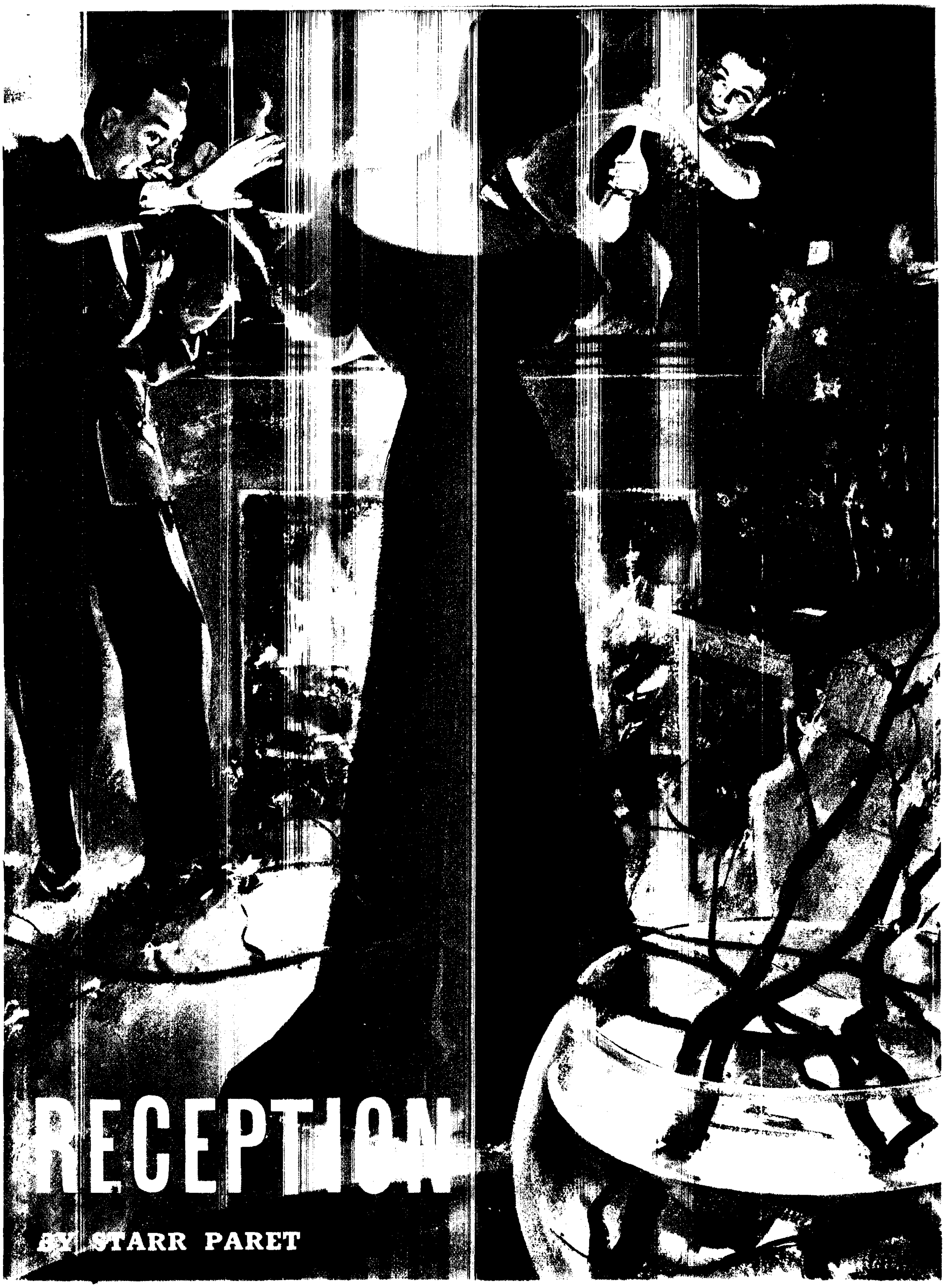
And while it's possibly a rumor now,
Some day it will be a fact
That the Lord will hear a deep voice say:
"Move over, God; it's Mac."

Like the late President Roosevelt, there is for MacArthur no middle ground in public opinion; he is either violently hated or devotedly admired. Like Roosevelt, the bare mention of his name wherever Americans are gathered will usually start an argument. The truth, as it nearly always does, lies somewhere between the two extremes, and probably can be finally determined only by some future biographer or historian.

Certainly, on the basis of his record, MacArthur is one of our ablest generals. Military experts say that his campaigns which culminated in the liberation of the Philippines could scarcely have been improved upon; he attained his objectives quickly, decisively, and with a minimum of American losses. Admiral Ernest J. King has called him a "brilliant" general, and Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal has referred to him as our brightest strategist. General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, believes implicitly in MacArthur's military genius, and particularly in his understanding of Japanese psychology.

But MacArthur is also a show-off, in the sense that every actor is a show-off. For

(Continued on page 44)



RECEPTION

BY STARR PARET

The story of a woman whose only fault was she loved one man too long and too much

EMMELINE kept roving the floor in the new dress with the glittering top that she had already told Bill four times came from New York.

"By plane," she explained. "Just in time. Bill," she said, "don't just sit there. It rattles me. How do I look? Do you like it?" She stopped to peer at her auburn hair and her face in the mirror over the mantel.

She was thirty-four, and Bill considered that in the twilight she didn't look more than forty.

"You look fine," he told her; and poked the fire. It didn't matter much how she looked, he'd always want her. "Emmy, you look like visiting royalty."

"Heaven forbid!" She gnawed a knuckle. "The last one I met looked like an unmade bed. I'm Mrs. Richmond Talbot Bancroft Thayer," she announced. The sequins glittered in a sort of purple leer. "Of Boston," she added. "Or I was. I am now the ex-Mrs. Richmond Talbot Bancroft Thayer. If he marries that creature, Bill, what does that make me then? Mrs. Emmy Thayer? Richie's mamma will blow her well-bred gasket."

That had been going on all afternoon. Bill sighed a little and told her there was no reason to conclude a man was going to marry a girl just because he took her around.

"Don't be a defeatist," he said, and went over to the window to look down at the colored sails on the toy boats in the Basin.

"Bill," Emmeline said, "will you give me a cigarette? Darling, do you know, I think I'm going to have a small drink. I'm going to have a small snort of brandy, so I won't fall apart."

"No," Bill told her, and lighted her cigarette. He could have used a drink himself, but Emmeline had been off the bottle for nearly a year. He hadn't believed it until some of her friends assured him it was true; she even refused beer. That had amused him at first: the idea of trying to get Richmond back by refusing beer. Then he stopped being amused and wondered what it would be like to have her care [illegible] much about him.

"No brandy, pet; you'd get [illegible] and the evening would blow [illegible] your face. You've been a good girl [illegible]—"

She flounced down carefully on the divan. "Go ahead," she sulked, "lecture me. Tell me John L. Sullivan fought seventy-two rounds without gloves; and Rome wasn't built in . . . Listen, Bill, how do you know he'll be there? He avoids places he thinks I'll be. We haven't met since I got back. I might as well have stayed on the desert."

"I'm going to drink this if you don't give me some brandy," Emmeline said, as she sprayed some of the perfume at Bill

She went into another room and came back carrying an enormous bottle of perfume. She sprayed herself, then shot some at Bill and giggled.

"I'm going to drink this if you don't give me some brandy," she stated. "Listen, Bill, do you think he'll have enough nerve to introduce that woman of his? Suppose he insults me, will you button down his ears?"

Bill lowered his bulky frame into the only large chair in the room, and said he would not. He said that would be carrying friendship too far.

Emmeline scowled, then put on powder for the eleventh time in two hours. She made faces in the mirror and looked at her teeth.

"Richie's a gentleman," Bill reminded her. "He is always very much of a gentleman. There won't be any scene unless you put one on. Leave the drinks alone and you'll be all right."

She nodded solemnly and put her fingertips against her temples. "You're right, Bill. You're my oldest, best friend; you're my dearest, sweetest, brightest friend. Bill, you know all the answers. Darling, do you think I'll ever get him back?" She moved around the room again, and the sequins glittered. "Am I a one-man dog, or what, Bill? Richie's an unspeakable slug. He made me divorce him, but I still hurt here." She touched her breast. "I loved him so much I let him go. Darling, what time is it?"

HE TOLD her. The room was almost dark then, and she looked wonderful. He could see only the pale planes of her face, and the occasional gray flash of her eyes. The lines didn't show. For that moment before turning on the lights, she might almost have been eighteen again—Richmond Thayer's bride and the most beautiful woman in Back Bay.

"You don't have to do this—go to this damned party," Bill said, "keep on crucifying yourself. Why don't you call it a day? You're going to marry me sooner or later, anyway. Listen, let's drive to Vermont and—"

She stared at him. "Good heavens, what would we go to Vermont for?"

"I know a judge and some other people up there."

"Bill, don't!" She patted him on the head. Once in a great while she had flashes of kindness like that, that did things to him. It was why he kept coming back, Bill supposed.

She said huskily, "Darling, he didn't really want that divorce. His family worked on him. They made him tell me I was killing them and ruining his reputation. They told a lot of lies about my drinking—"

She believed that, Bill brooded. She dearly loved to believe it.

"Richie gave you six months to give it up," he reminded her. He gave you a chance, didn't he? There was time to try."

Emmeline went over and sat on the arm of his chair and ran her cold fingers around the back of his neck. "They were all rats," she sighed. "The whole rotten family. They lied about me and other men, too. Bill, darling, I ought to have one drink; just a small one to get through this damned, damned reception. Wouldn't you know it would be a reception in Boston? It couldn't be a *kaffee klatsch* or a frankfurter roast, could it? That's why I ought to have one underprivileged, therapeutic drink."

Bill said: "No, Emmy," and felt suddenly proud of her. She could have tanked herself to a stupor before his arrival if she had wanted to.

"You can't risk it now," he told her. "You'd just be knocking the chips off your own façade."

Emmeline crowded into the chair with him. "Darling Bill," she murmured. "Wise old Bill! You're absolutely right." She added reflectively: "I've been sober for eight months. I was naughty in Palm Springs last

(Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES LEWIS

THE most ostentatious thing about Weejie Collins was his whistle; it heralded his presence twice daily at every house on the west side of Chocolate City, Minnesota. He was the postman, and had been for nearly thirty years. Without the whistle, uniform and the sack of mail which had given his meager frame a permanent cant—Weejie would have been undiscoverable in a small crowd and unrememberable even when passed on the sidewalk alone. Gray eyes, gray mustache, gray hair—somebody forty-eight or fifty-eight—somebody almost nobody.

Weejie resented being nobody, but he was too mild to say so and he had never managed to change his status. Even his nickname, on analysis, proved to lack the color it suggested. It had nothing to do, for example, with Ouija. It was, simply, the result of the fact that his mother had named him for all four of her brothers: Wilbur, Elmer, Edward and James.

Weejie would have remained forever obscure except for the matter of the Lathams' pig—and this in spite of his graduation from high school summa cum laude—as well as the fact that he had once been an Eagle Scout—and the further fact that, at the age of fifty-one, he still took correspondence courses, of which he had completed one hundred and fifteen, and all of them with honor.

After the passing of his parents, his mother's unmarried sister Maud had moved into the Collins bungalow to care for her postman nephew. Weejie had gone on studying from habit, and to hide his grief, and in a passionate, private effort to lift himself out of the heavy boots of nonentity.

Then came the Lathams' pig.

A light, premature snow was falling that autumn afternoon—the kind destined to melt in the sunshine of the following morning. Weejie left three letters in the Appleby box and walked across the street to the brick residence of the Lathams—the only other house on that block. Roscoe, his semi-setter, who had been following him, paused to inspect the fresh tracks of a field mouse.

Weejie walked up on the Latham porch. All was quiet because the six young Lathams were at school. He hitched his mailbag, blew his whistle, and rang the bell. There was no response. He blew again and rang again. This time, he was rewarded. Mrs. Latham was an audible approacher—a blonde and genial person who weighed more than two hundred. She hurried around the house, stomping at the snow.

"Registered package," Weejie said pleasantly. "Your glasses from the city, I think." His tone changed. "What's wrong?"

Mrs. Latham had a frightened look. Fear in her was unnatural: she was not only the intrepid mother of six, but also a Methodist deaconess of the assured sort. "I don't know," she said. "Something awful has happened. Mollie's gone."

Weejie, taking alarm by contagion, thought through the names of the four Latham girls. No Mollie. Then he remembered. Mollie was the Latham sow—the one that had taken third place in the last County Fair. "Gone?" he said. "Fence break?"

MRS. LATHAM leaned against the porch and breathed like a runner. "No. Wish it had. Something—peculiar. I'm glad you came by. Otherwise, nobody would believe it. The snow might melt. Come on."

Weejie put the registered parcel on the rail, forgetting, for the first time in his career, to obtain the receiver's signature. He followed her around the house, past the barn, and down the lane to the pasture that contained the Latham pigs.

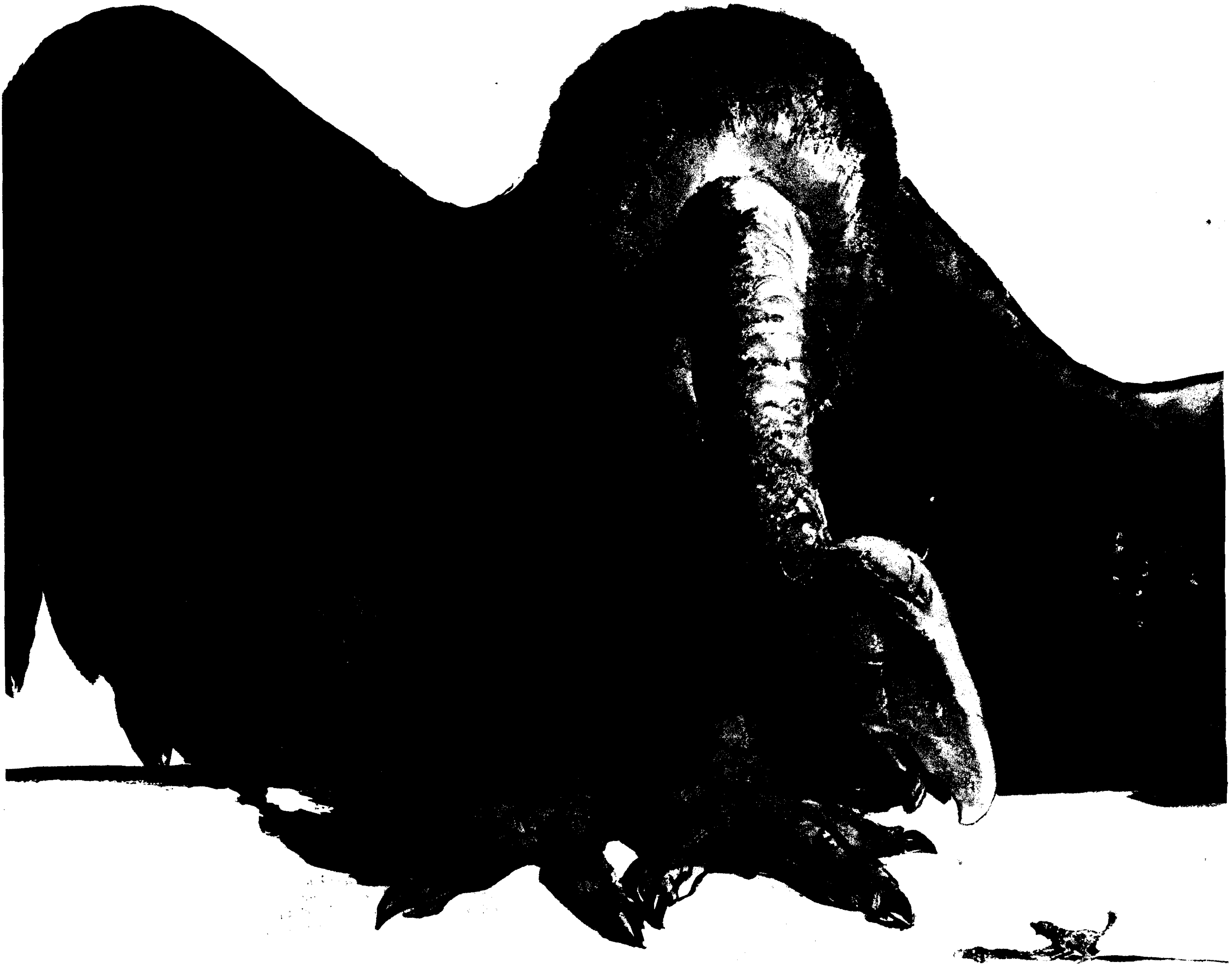
"I drove the others in their house so as to leave—what I found," Mrs. Latham said somberly. "I want you to tell me I'm not dreaming. Look."

Weejie did not at first see anything unusual: a pattern in black and white where the pigs had been tramping in the snow, an empty trough, a buried tank of dirty water. But Mrs. Latham was pointing. And then he did see—suddenly and clearly, as any Eagle Scout would. A set of tracks led away from the area of contended forage; large hog tracks with a dragged line made by a pendant midsection. Mollie's own trail. The trail proceeded some fifty feet across clean snow and came to an end. Just that. There were no returning footprints. Mollie had apparently vanished from the earth at that point.

"I heard a squeal," Mrs. Latham said in rhythm to her breathing. "A terrible squeal. I got my hands out of the dough and ran out and around the barn. Mollie was gone. And then I saw her tracks. And they stop right there!"

Weejie unshipped his mailbag, and this, also, was behavior without precedent. Afterward, he excused himself. The situation was momentous. Pigs—prize four hundred pounders—do not evaporate, and snow is incapable of lying. He walked down the fence to be nearer the terminal point of Mollie's tracks. Mrs. Latham watched him, blinking a little, because she was without her spectacles, and struggling inside herself, emotionally. She did not like to be afraid.

Weejie stood still for perhaps a minute. Then he delievered an opinion. "If a fissure had opened, we would have felt a temblor



and it would have left a crack in the snow. Mollie could have backed up, step by step, in her own tracks—"

"Then we'd have found her safe and sound!" Mrs. Latham was sharp with those words. Swine do not back-track meticulously.

"Exactly. I am eliminating. A truck, equipped with a long boom and grappling gear—but we would see the tire tracks, wouldn't we? Therefore, only one possibility remains."

She spoke dryly. "You're supposed to be smart, Weejie. What is it?"

"Helicopter."

"Good heavens, what's that?"

Weejie briefly described the helicopter. As he talked, his eyes moved about. He finished triumphantly. "You will notice that the snow has been blown aside here in front of me—and yonder, across that other fence. Down-draft of the lifting vane. I think we know what happened to Mollie. Soldiers—from Camp Claremont over in Wolfpaw County. That Air Force Base. Out joy riding. Saw Mollie and played a practical joke."

Fear easily becomes grimness—especially in the case of deaconesses. "Wait till I get the general on the telephone!" Mrs. Latham's ordinarily amiable eyes flashed.

Weejie picked up his burden. Roscoe, who had come into the yard, was sniffing earnestly in one of the areas blown bare by the helicopter. "Come along, boy," his master said.

Roscoe sniffed harder and muttered.

"That silly dog!" Mrs. Latham's gaze was derogation itself.

"He is not silly, Delia. He's intelligent. Contrary to general belief, what is called miscegenation strengthens the line. Your Eurasian is brighter on the average than either your European or your Asiatic. The trace of St. Bernard in Roscoe—"

"St. Bernard! Sheep, more than likely!"

WEEJIE ignored this familiar suggestion and snapped his fingers—for him, an imperious gesture. Roscoe knew it and reluctantly left the interesting area of bare earth. Together, they plodded toward the Johnsons' place and the whistle called blithely through the downsifting snow.

"Like math," Weejie whispered proudly to himself. "Only remaining possibility; had to be a helicopter. Boys are boys, even in uniform." It was not until he reached the Bellman home, farthest out on his route, that he wondered why the bare spots lay so far apart outside the fence rather than around the spot from which Mollie had vanished—where, presumably, a hovering helicopter would make its maximum disturbance.

Probably a wrong assumption about helicopters, he told himself. . . .

On the following morning, Thursday, the snow did melt in brilliant sunshine. Weejie approached the Latham house with anticipation and he was not disappointed. Delia was waiting for him—waiting to give vent to the particulars of a super-snit.

"Henry phoned the Army people himself," she said. Henry was Mr. Latham. "Henry agreed with you—the boys must have done it. Only, he thought, maybe a blimp."

Weejie felt dashed. "A blimp was something I hadn't considered."

"But," she went on, "Henry never did get the general—only the major. This major said there wasn't a helicopter in the camp—or a blimp. Covering up. I'll bet they're eating Mollie right now! It's a conspiracy—the military against the civilians! Henry says he may hire Dan Willis to get the law on them."

Weejie nodded and handed her a postcard, two bills and a hardware store catalogue. "Could have been a blimp, at that. You didn't hear motors, though, did you? I wondered last night."

"Only the squeal. But the radio was on loud. I switched it off before I raced out to see what was wrong." She shook her head annoyedly. "You won't ever tell Henry the state I was in, will you?"

"I won't say a word," he promised her.

Weejie left the porch after some further discussion of the calamity. In the next block, he missed Roscoe and called. The overbalanced semi-setter came reluctantly—from behind the Latham barn. There was an expression in the dog's eyes which Weejie studied as he turned into Weaver Avenue. "What is it, Roscoe?" he finally asked.

Roscoe moaned, then growled, then barked. A new combination.

"Curious," said Weejie. "Had a smell to it, that blimp."

On Thursday night, the Sorensens lost a heifer. It had been last seen nuzzling at a strawstack a while before dusk. On Friday, the Lathams lost a pair of shoats. And on Saturday afternoon, two boys, hunting in the Conover woodlot a mile from Chocolate City, discovered—not remains—but a rock ledge upon which some extensive and gory event had taken place. This last was obviously not the work of prankish aviators. Something large had been butchered on the ledge and the presence in the blood-stained environs of several horse hairs suggested what the victim had been.

That Saturday night the turnout of townspeople and farmers was extra large and the chatty knots and shifting bevies along Main

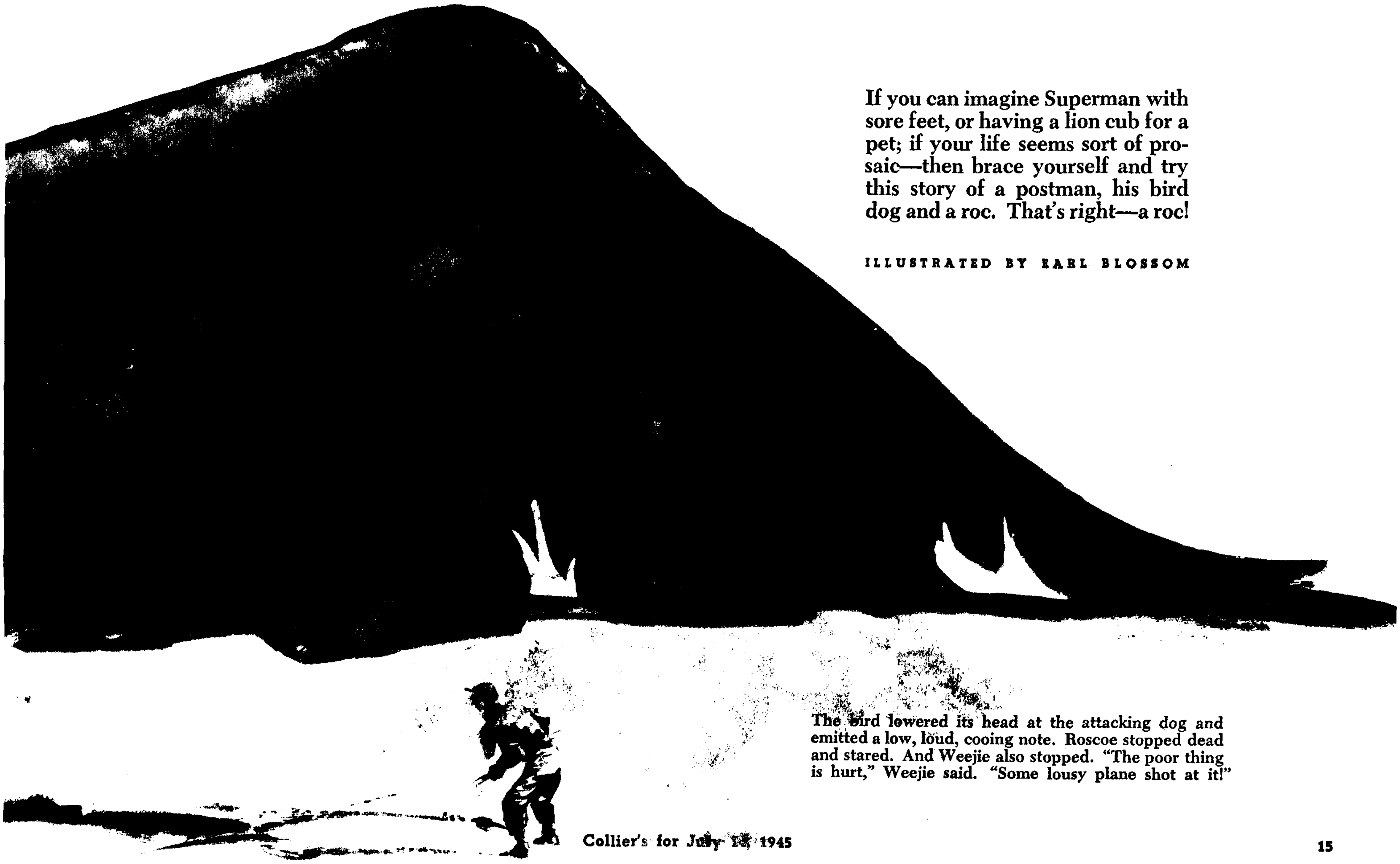
(Continued on page 61)

Weejie, Roscoe and Bud

BY PHILIP WYLIE

If you can imagine Superman with sore feet, or having a lion cub for a pet; if your life seems sort of prosaic—then brace yourself and try this story of a postman, his bird dog and a roc. That's right—a roc!

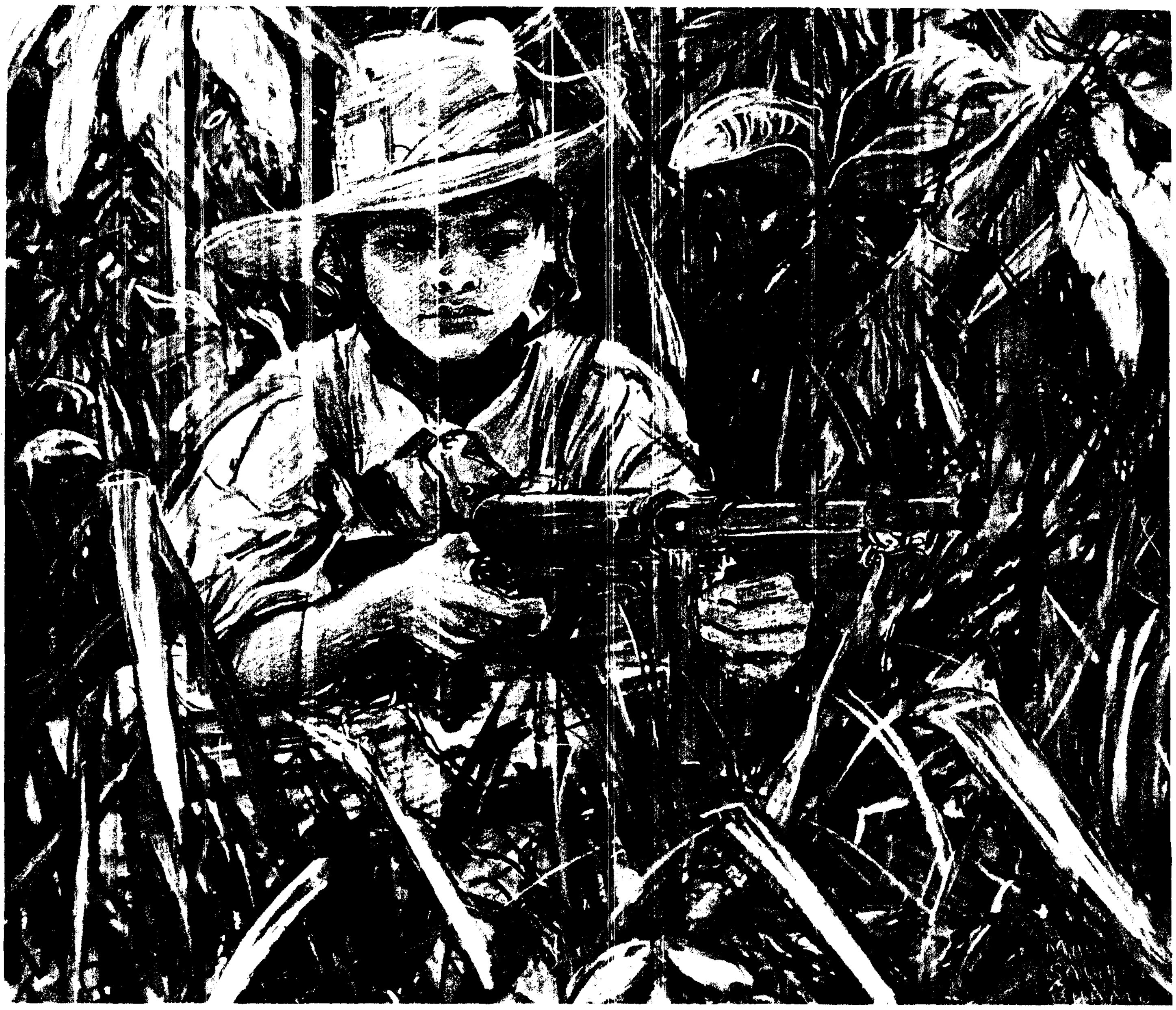
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



The bird lowered its head at the attacking dog and emitted a low, loud, cooing note. Roscoe stopped dead and stared. And Weejie also stopped. "The poor thing is hurt," Weejie said. "Some lousy plane shot at it!"

VICTORY IN BURMA

BY MARTHA SAWYERS



La Waang Gam, nicknamed Cookie by American officers, is 14 years old. He joined the Kachin Rangers when his father was killed about a year ago, and has served as a member of a combat patrol. In one action a Jap bullet creased his scalp, inflicting a wound of which he is very proud. Small for his age, he has never been able to reach the forward grip of his gun

IN THE frontier fortress town of Sinlumkaba, in the wild and mountainous Bhamo-Myitkyina region of northern Burma, men and women from fifty Kachin villages gathered a few weeks ago for a *manau*—a victory festival. They were celebrating the liberation of north and central Burma, the promised restoration of civil government and, most of all, the exploits of the Kachin Rangers, who were organized in 1942 by American officers and have been carrying on effective guerrilla warfare against the Japs for nearly three years. Lieutenant General Daniel Sultan, commander of the India-Burma theater, said recently that without the help of the Rangers, the campaign in north Burma would have taken considerably longer and been much costlier.

The *manau* was a colorful spectacle. Kachin women sat on the hillsides, decked out in the fine garments and jewelry which they had kept hidden during the Japanese occupation—handsome hand-woven bags, multicolored turbans, ornate silver bracelets and hammered silver buttons, and the beautiful skirts and jackets of silk, gay wool yarns or velvet, called *labus* and *balawngs.*

Below them in the valley, fully armed and dressed in their best uniforms—a combination of American and British—the Kachin Rangers paraded under American and British flags and received discharges and decorations from the officers who had organized, trained and led them. There were a few speeches.

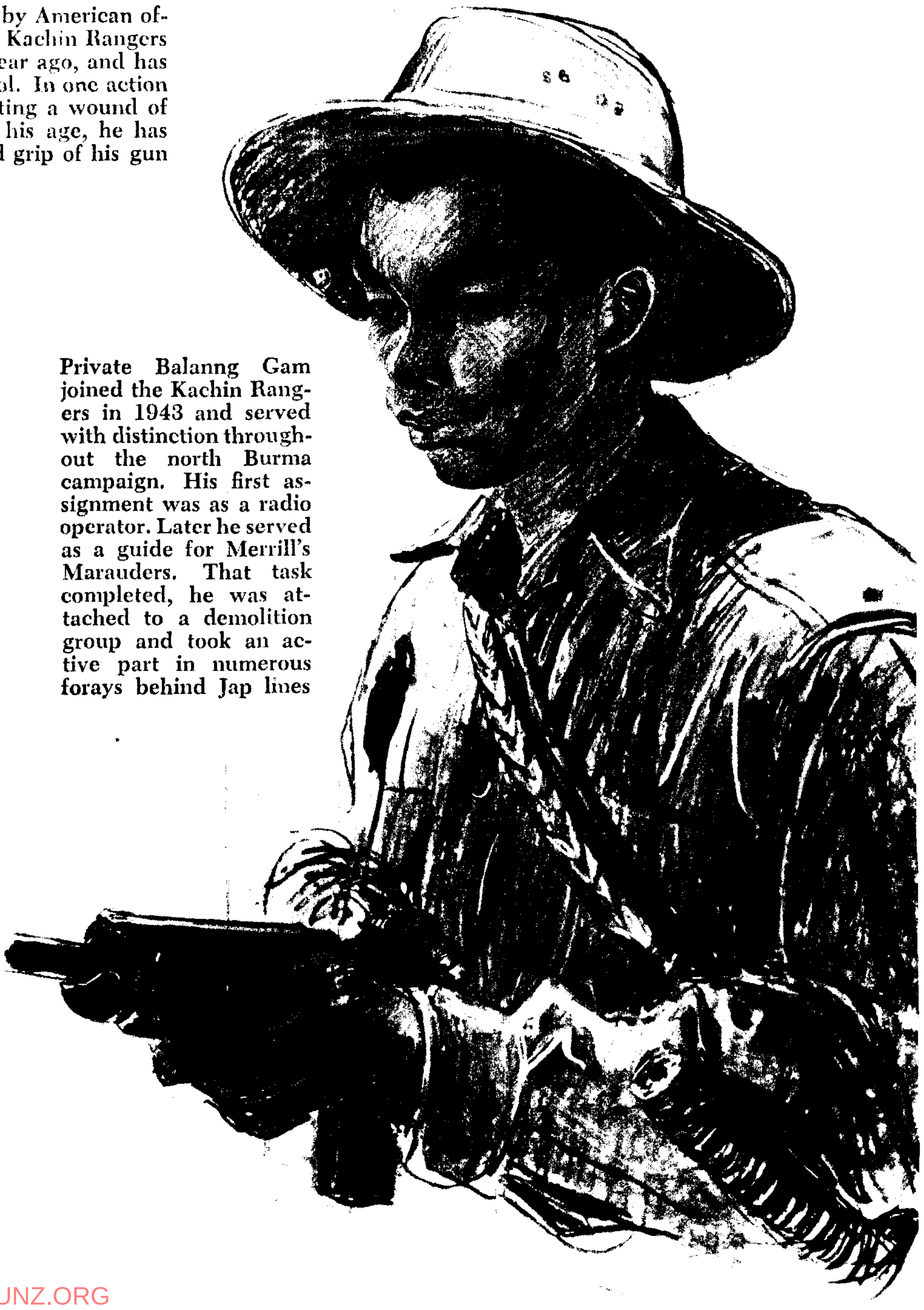
"We lived for more than a year under Jap brutality," said one village headman. "When the Americans came with guns and gave us a chance to rise up and fight, we did not wait. The Japs treated us like animals; the Americans treated us like human beings. We will always remember the brave American officers and soldiers as the people who restored our freedom."

Known also as Chingpaws and Singphos, the Kachins are a northern Burma tribe whose language and customs show marked traces of Tibetan influence. They have recognized British authority, more or less, ever since Burma was conquered, but the hand of England has rested upon them lightly.

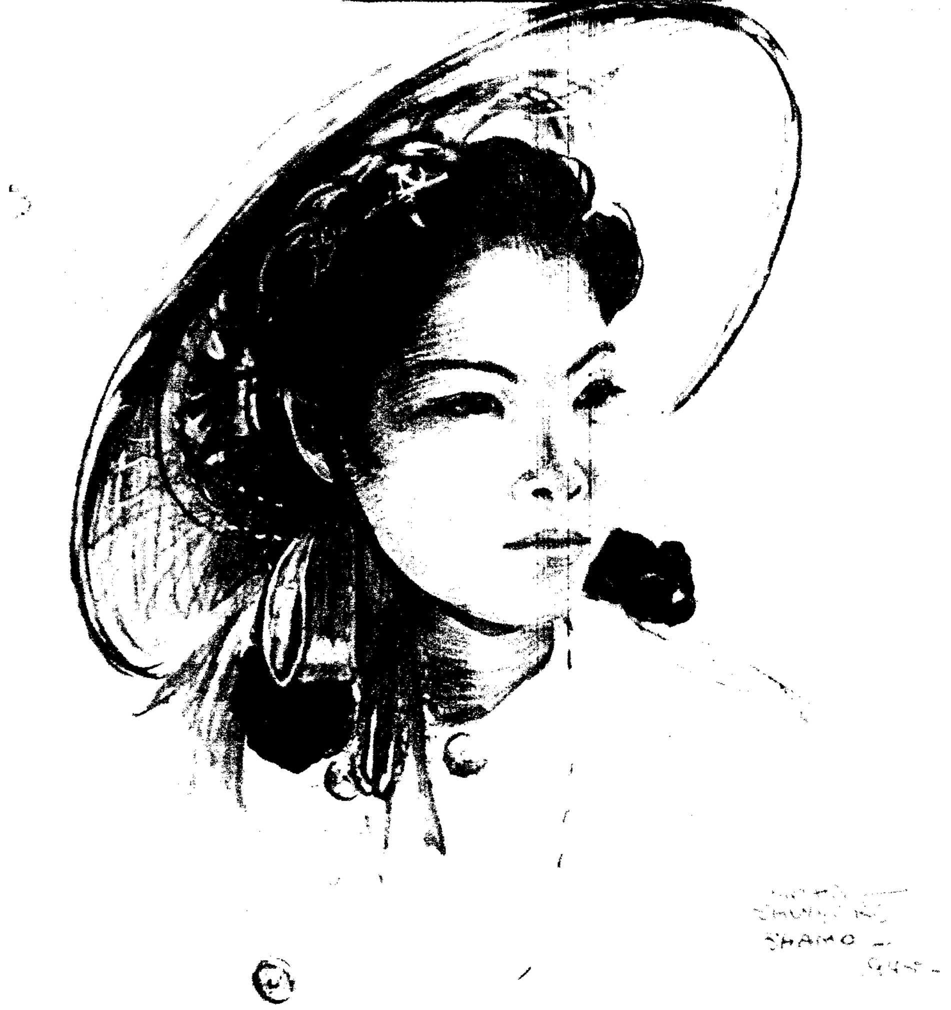
Actually, the Kachins are governed by hereditary chiefs or headmen. They live in small communities in the mountains, cultivate dry instead of irrigated rice and are a violent, warlike people; to keep them in order, the British have had to make many punitive expeditions against them. As the Japs have learned, they deeply resent any encroachment upon their ancient liberties. Many of them abandoned their villages when the Japs came, and retreated into the mountains, from where they harassed the enemy as best they could with primitive weapons and virtually no organization.

The Kachin Rangers came into being in October, 1942, when a group of eleven American officers and nine soldiers began organizing the north Burma resistance movement and perfecting special weapons and equipment. Others of all ranks soon joined the group—some had been schoolteachers in civil life, some newspapermen, and others had been engaged in various peaceful occupations. British officers who had served in Burmese regiments also joined, as did many American civilians who had done social work in Burma.

American officers parachuted into Jap-held territory at night, described their plans to the village headmen, and flew out again from hastily constructed air strips with recruits who had volunteered for special training in India. Other officers and men landed behind



Private Balanng Gam joined the Kachin Rangers in 1943 and served with distinction throughout the north Burma campaign. His first assignment was as a radio operator. Later he served as a guide for Merrill's Marauders. That task completed, he was attached to a demolition group and took an active part in numerous forays behind Jap lines



Jap lines and set up large bases and dropping grounds, into which arms, ammunition, medical supplies and personnel were dropped.

Meanwhile, recruiting continued throughout northern and central Burma. There has never been a dearth of recruits, for Kachins of all ages were eager to march against the Japs. One youngster of nine begged to be taken along when a Ranger unit was formed in his area. He was told he was too young to march and carry a heavy pack.

"Let me go with you," he said tearfully. "If I fall behind, you can shoot me."

Many of the recruits were fourteen and fifteen years old. One 15-year-old boy, using a modified submachine gun, participated in an important ambushing operation. After emptying his gun and killing several Japs, he drew his *dah*—the long, vicious knife with which every Ranger is armed—and crouched in his foxhole. As the Japs advanced toward the inner perimeter, he hacked and slashed at their legs. More than eighty Japs were killed in this engagement.

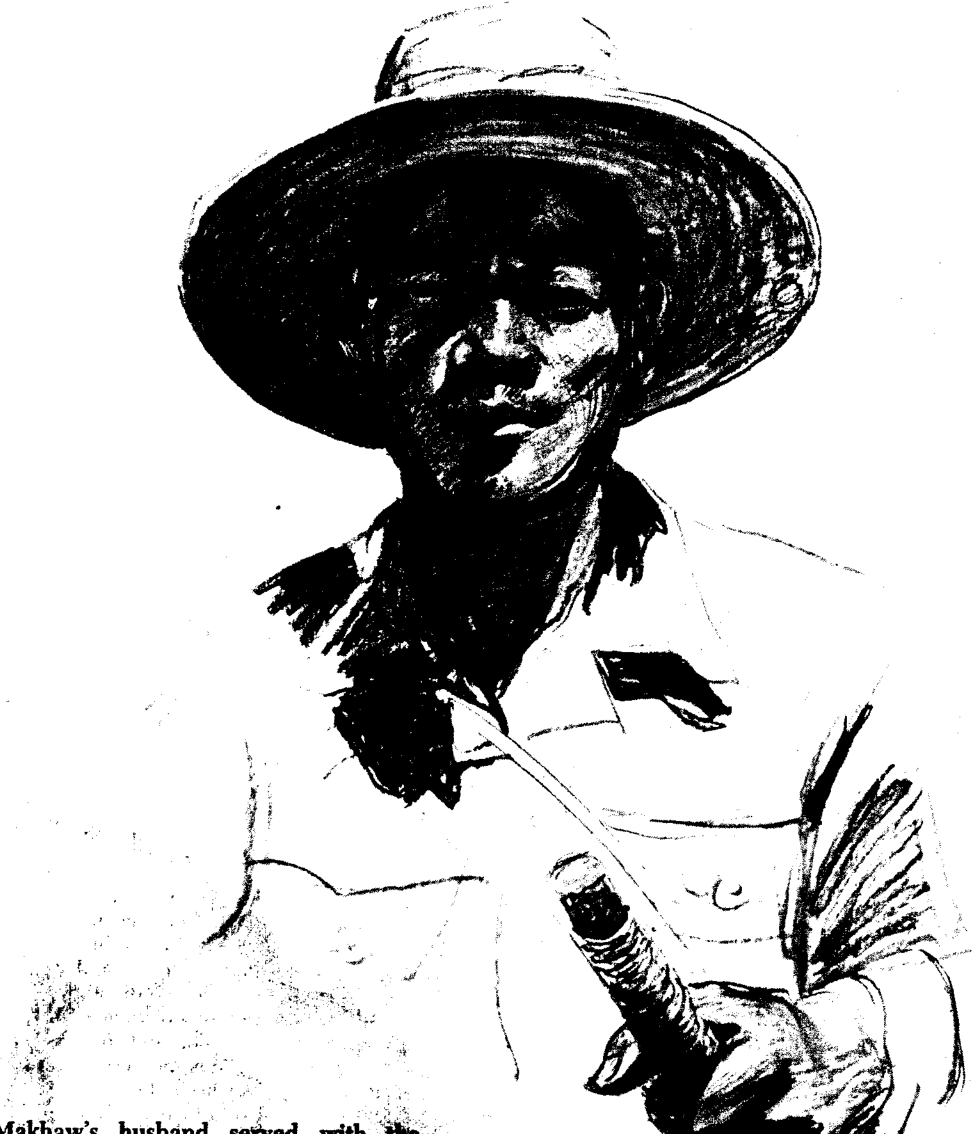
The number of Kachins who served in the Rangers has not been disclosed, because many units are still operating. About one quarter are former members of the Burmese Rifles or Frontier Guards, and many, including several officers, served with the British forces in the first World War. Statistics of their activities against the Japs are incomplete, because in many areas, conditions did not permit written records or reports. But since they went into action late in 1942, the Rangers are credited with having killed 4,100 Japs, not including many enemy dead who were carried away. Ranger losses have been 75 killed and 120 wounded. Among the former was an American officer shot by a sniper.

Unofficial records show that between February, 1943, and December, 1944, the Kachin Rangers either demolished or made unusable twelve vital bridges. They destroyed hundreds of Jap supply vehicles, blew up ammunition and supply dumps containing hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition, and captured thousands of pounds of rice and salt.

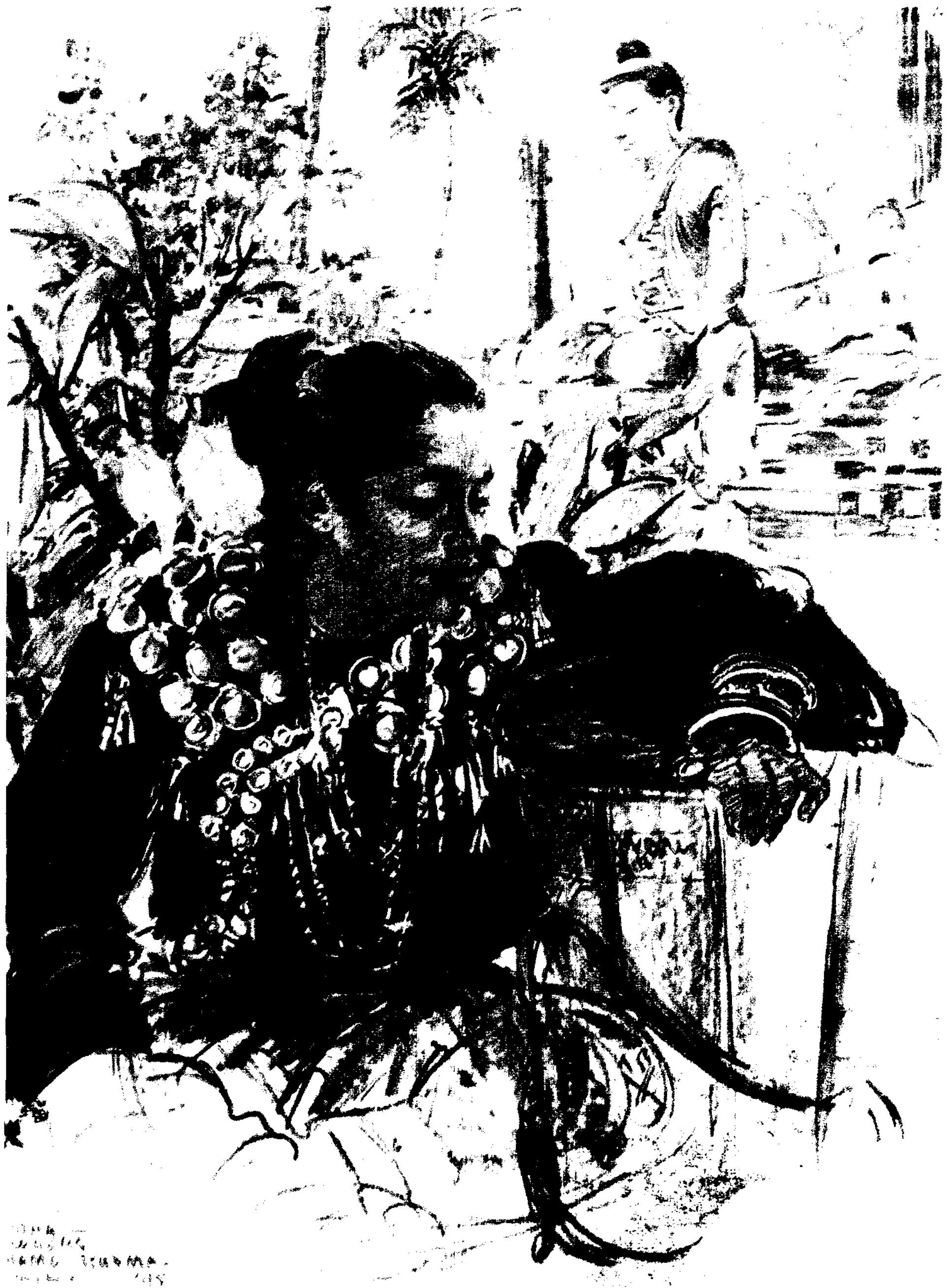
Their methods of fighting have been completely unorthodox. American officers soon learned that too much training in American ground-combat techniques impaired their usefulness. Thereafter the Americans dictated the strategy and left the tactics in the hands of the subadar majors and noncommissioned officers. The Rangers made long and exhausting marches, carrying heavy packs, sometimes living off the country and sometimes subsisting on a standard ration of salt and rice. Occasionally they received dry rations, canned milk, sugar, tea and cigarettes.

They seldom engaged in frontal attacks, but were used constantly for surprise forays, ambushes and road blocks. They perfected booby traps made of hand grenades, and used them with deadly effect. They dug pits in the jungle trails, placed fire-hardened, sharpened bamboo sticks in the bottom of the pits, then covered the trail with leaves and vines. Hundreds of Japs fell into the pits and were impaled on the sharp sticks. In perimeter defense, the Rangers used similar pits and bamboo *pungjis,* the latter so placed that the advancing Japs were impaled in the ankle, thigh, or face. ★★★

Tin E Yang is a Chinese girl, born in Mandalay. She was living in Bhamo when the Japs invaded Burma, and her father, a jade merchant, took his family into the jungle. There they lived for more than two years under severe hardships



When the Japs overran Burma, Subadar Zanng Dan was a teacher in the American Baptist Mission School at Myitkyina. He organized four companies of Rangers and led them on many forays against the Japs. He killed thirteen Japs with an automatic pistol, and was one of the most valuable officers in the Rangers



Makhaw's husband served with the Rangers for over a year. She wears the traditional dress of the Kachin woman—hand-woven skirt, or labu, and black jacket of light cotton velvet, called a balawng. Latter is profusely decorated with silver coins and silver buttons

NEW HOPE FOR THE DEAF CHILD

BY EVA YATES

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

Mrs. Tracy devotes as much time as possible to superintending and participating in the children's activities. Mothers of children under training are required to spend at least one day a week at the Clinic and are expected to assist in the teaching as well as carry on at home

Through the work of the John Tracy Clinic, founded in honor of her own deaf son, Mrs. Spencer Tracy has proved that children so handicapped can be taught, through lip reading and trained oral speech, to take their places in normal living

OVER the door of a plain mustard-yellow house on the edge of the campus of the University of Southern California is a small sign which reads: "John Tracy Clinic." Many distraught families are finding their way to this new clinic for deaf children and their parents.

As one mother said, "It doesn't look like a clinic, or sound like one. You can see, through the windows, bright chintz curtains and toy animals. And you can hear children, laughing. Imagine that—*deaf* children *laughing!*"

Little wonder that parents flock to this unique clinic with their handicapped offspring. They have heard how Mrs. Spencer Tracy, wife of the movie star, helped her born-deaf son, John, "to hear"—to find his normal place in everyday life through heightened observation, lip reading and speech. John Tracy, now twenty, acts as natural and rugged as if he had been born with hearing. He drives his own station wagon through traffic, is a talented cartoonist and plays tennis and polo.

His training was no miracle. It was the result of long, patient years of faithful, sympathetic experimenting and persistence on the part of his mother. In gratitude, Mrs. Tracy now devotes her zeal and experience to developing this progressive clinic, in her son's name, for other deaf children all over the country. This is her promise:

"Children without hearing can become *oral* if started early enough, can learn to talk intelligibly and to lip-read to the exclusion of any other form of communication."

Supported by Contributions

Established in 1942 with the assistance of the University of Southern California and through the interest of its president, Dr. Rufus von KleinSmid, John Tracy Clinic is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

In the clinic's entrance hall, a large U.S. map, dotted with colored pins, shows the rapid spread of free correspondence courses being mailed across America. Every pin marks the beginning of a return to a normal world for some deaf youngster, a world of communication with others through lip-reading and speech. The hundreds of snapshots of smiling tots enjoying the benefits of the course speak for the happy results. All over the world, from Canada to Australia, the Tracy Clinic sends monthly lessons by mail on tested principles of oral training which can be taught at home by the mother.

There are more deaf in the United States than you think. The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection estimated that not less than 300,000 have enough hearing loss to be definitely handicapped. And there may be as many as 3,000,000, inasmuch as so few report the deafness of their children.

"The handicap of deafness," says Mrs. Tracy, "is lack of communication, and communication with our fellow men is possibly the greatest need of man."

For centuries the lot of the deaf, as with others physically handicapped, was a tragic

Miss Rowena, an instructor, training the children in visual education. The woman making notes in the foreground is the mother of Peggy Hunt, four years old, who can now understand more than a hundred useful words and phrases. It is important to urge the deaf child to speak aloud as often as possible

Tommy Utley, three years old, is working with his mother on sense training, which is basically a game of matching things—first, color to color, and later object to object

Here are a few of the children who are being taught at the Tracy Clinic. Among them are Anne Marie Labore, 4 years old; Peggy Hunt, 4; Elaine Rodgers, 3; Bobby Coats, 4; Helen Zuker, 4; Barbara Goldman, 4½; and Tommy Utley, 3. They are in various stages of progress, but when they eventually leave the Clinic they will all be able to communicate and to understand many words and phrases. Each child is handled as an individual student, receiving separate instruction from teacher and mother

one. Education for the deaf is comparatively recent, having been begun by a French priest in an effort to "save their souls." The ignorance which still exists concerning deafness is appalling. Even today there are cases where a miserable deaf child is kept hidden in the back of the house, out of sight, seldom seen by outsiders, the shame of the family.

When Louise Tracy first took her baby son to an otologist, she was told that he would never talk. Not that there was a secondary physical handicap, not that there was anything wrong with his voice mechanism. "But," he said, "we learn to talk through hearing—by imitation." True, but he did not know that the deaf can learn to talk through sight and touch—by imitation—and have been doing so in this country since 1867.

So, although the young mother knew her son was not mute, because he laughed and cried and cooed like any hearing baby, still for months she thought John would never talk. "However, I was lucky," she says. For eventually she learned that the deaf could be taught to speak and to read the lips, and she found out the names of schools where this was being done. Also, she discovered that the Wright Oral School in New York sent out a correspondence course to mothers —and she signed up for it at once. Written and compiled by John Dutton Wright, long known as one of the foremost educators in the country, and costing $100, it presented a program of home teaching on oral lines for mothers and their preschool deaf children. After the founding of John Tracy Clinic, because Mrs. Tracy was anxious to make this course available, gratis, to all parents of little deaf babies, Mr. Wright generously contributed it to the cause. Today, revised to include new methods now in use at the clinic, it is being sent to parents everywhere.

It is Mrs. Tracy's desire to have this home-training course reach deaf children who would otherwise be neglected. Eventually, she hopes for a Tracy free clinic for the deaf in every large city.

Asked about the objective of the clinic, Mrs. Tracy defined it: "The work of the John Tracy Clinic is to find, to encourage, and to educate deaf and hard-of-hearing children and their parents, with emphasis on the parent and the preschool child."

School for Parents and Children

The clinic work, in detail, consists of: (1) A year's correspondence course for mothers of deaf children up to six. (2) Clinic weekly classes for parents of a deaf child of any age, in psychology and speech training. (3) A daily nursery school for a limited number of deaf children who enter at from two to three years and stay for a three-year period. (4) An intensive six weeks summer school with daily sessions for a limited number of parents and children. All the clinic instruction is free, so it may reach the children who need it most.

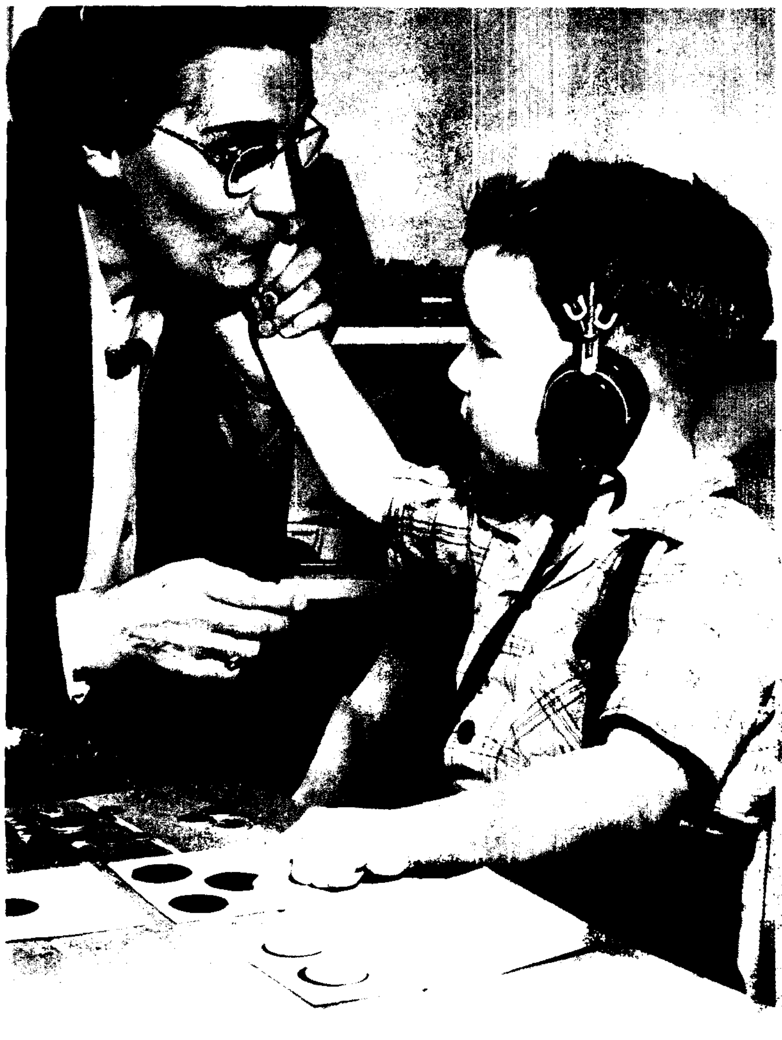
Educators agree that the first six years are the greatest learning period. Any deaf child, Mrs. Tracy believes, with good intelligence to start with, can be taught to lip-read and speak, if proper training is begun early enough and continued faithfully all through his education.

"First, and most important in a child's education, is normalcy," emphasizes Mrs. Tracy. "He must be treated the same as if he could hear. He must be talked to and played with and must be shown that he is loved and wanted.

"'Talk, talk, talk,' parents are told. Upon this constant flow of language, to which lucky little hearing babies are exposed and effortlessly absorb from birth, will depend in great measure the child's future *oral* ability

(Continued on page 47)

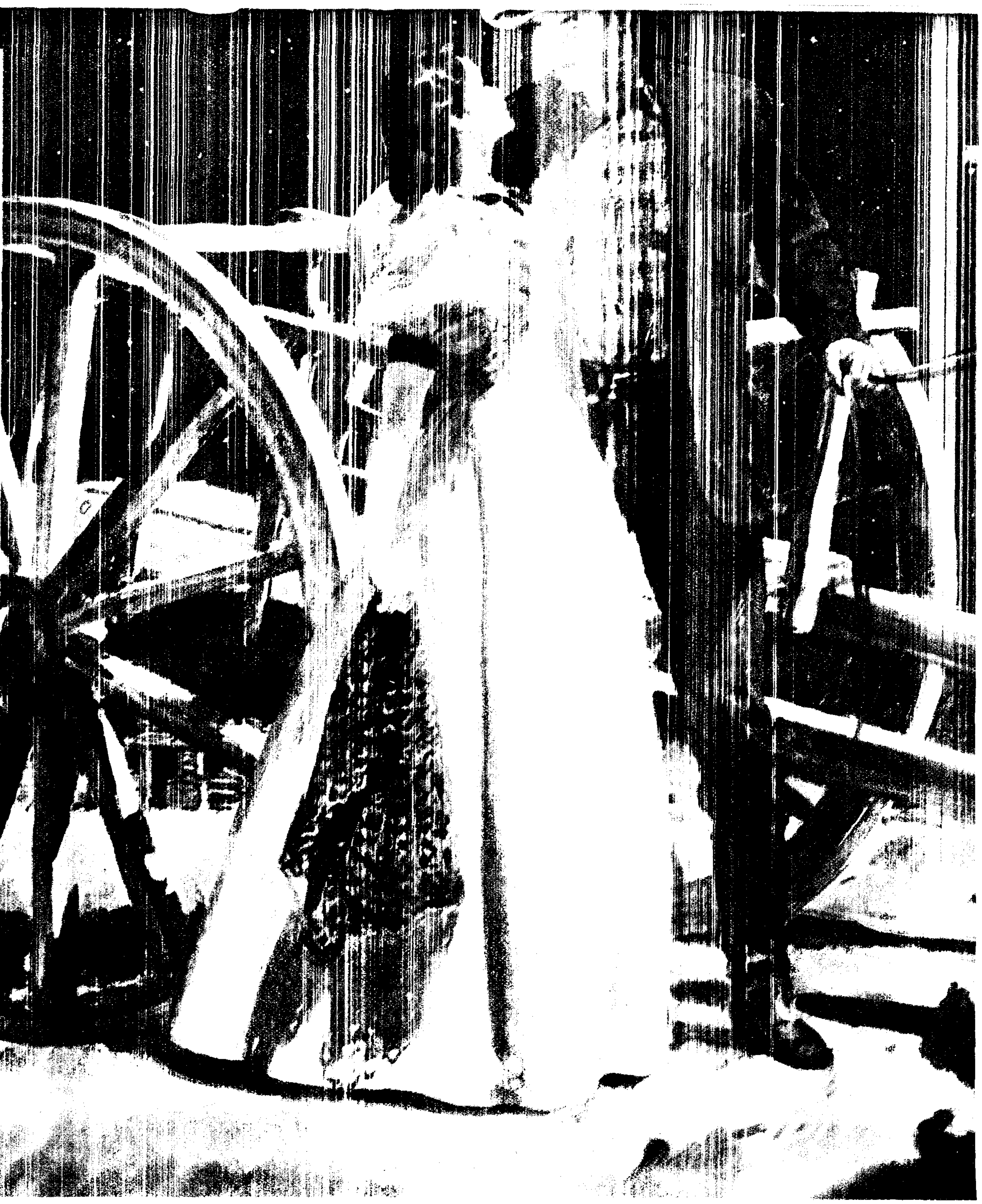
Miss Hattie Harrell explains money and coins to Bobby Coats. He feels the vibrations on Miss Harrell's cheek. The amplifier is fitted to his ears so he may utilize every least bit of hearing



Tommy Utley's mother makes notes as Barbara Goldman, left, and Helen Zuker respond eagerly to music transmitted by means of the amplifiers fitted to their ears. The instructor is Miss Harrell. These amplifiers, which aid the development of hearing, are used by each child once a day

Love Happens

BY NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD



Mamma wanted her daughters to marry proper young men, but 17-year-old Lottie disagreed with Mamma on the definition of "proper"

COWBOYS, Mamma said, were irresponsible, and Tim Cronin was no exception, even if he did look clean, and even though he was the Tarbells' nearest neighbor.

"In Illinois," Mamma said, "you girls would have met only proper young men, but things are different here in Oregon, and while we are homesteaders, we must remember to hold to our Eastern ways." West was West to Mamma, but Illinois was refined.

Tim Cronin rode into the ranch yard while she was speaking. He was big and gaunt and graceful, and he rode a wicked horse. Lottie, at the churning, watched him through the window. She thought what a pity it was he had to be so handsome, since he was a cowboy. She thought he would be just right for Minnie, if Minnie could only get Ed Whitlow out of her mind.

"How awful it would be," she said aloud, "to fall in love with a cowboy!"

"Charlotte," Mamma said, "I won't have loose talk from my girls."

Mamma was small and rounded, and she starched her morning dresses here, just as she had in Illinois, and rolled down her sleeves when she went out into the sun. Mamma had had two years at the Academy before she had married Pa, and manners came natural to her. Lottie sighed.

"Love happens," she said, "and what can you do about it? Look at Minnie, pining to a shadow for Ed, and Ed didn't have the gump to come West with us, and he hasn't written her once, but she fell in love with him just the same."

"Love is nonsense," Mamma said briskly. "It has very little to do with marriage, and I'll thank you to turn your thoughts to more improving things. Seventeen," Mamma said, "is much too young to be concerned with unhappiness, and love brings little else."

Pa was talking to Tim in the ranch yard, and Pa looked small and dumpy beside the cowboy, but Tim was listening to him with bent head as though what Pa had said made sense. Lottie thought it was nice of Tim to be respectful. Pa didn't get much respect from Mamma and Minnie, and Lottie, siding with him as she mostly did, had to be careful not to say so too often. Men were easily spoiled, Mamma said.

Minnie came into the kitchen, her auburn hair piled neat and high, her face pale but set in the patient smile that had become so familiar with each day that passed bringing no word from Ed Whitlow. A rush of fierce tenderness assailed Lottie's heart. Minnie was too good for Ed, but here she was, going into a decline about him. Mamma's right, Lottie thought—*love doesn't bring happiness.*

"I can't find our spool of blue silk," Minnie said, and held up the silk patches she was working into a quilt for her trousseau. Mamma had said she might just as well go ahead with it because she'd certainly marry someone some day, and perhaps she'd be lucky enough to find a man who'd show some appreciation for the work she had put into the nice things she made.

"One of the neighbors will be going into town soon," Mamma said. "Write 'Spool of blue silk' on the list."

"I could ride in on Buck," Lottie said.

"Charlotte," Mamma said, "you know I wouldn't let you ride straddle in public, like a Westerner."

Buck was the only horse the Tarbells owned, and Pa had bought him because he looked shaggy and Western. Pa had a Western soul, and so did Buck probably, but the two didn't mate comfortably, and Lottie was the only one who could manage the horse which, Mamma said tartly, proved Lottie had a good deal of self-disciplining ahead of her. Buck was headstrong.

"Tim Cronin goes into town often," Lottie said.

"I'll thank you," Mamma began, but she changed her tune briskly, in her quick way. "Why, yes," she said, "there's no harm in asking him to match our silk and I'll bake a batch of cookies to pay him for the favor. Lottie," she said, "ask Mr. Cronin to step in here. No, I'll go myself."

IF SHE had meant to keep Tim Cronin out of the house, she failed; he came dogging right after her into the kitchen, and he smiled at the girls as though he'd known them all his life.

"Where'd you get all those curls?" he said to Lottie and reached out and pulled one. Mamma had gone to get her purse, but Lottie was properly shocked at such temerity. Too shocked to speak.

Minnie spoke instead. "Please don't be familiar, Mr. Cronin," she said, and Mamma couldn't have done it better. "We aren't accustomed to it."

Tim thought she was joking and laughed, but then he saw she wasn't, and he stopped laughing and looked from Minnie to Lottie and back to Minnie again with queer, fiery little blue sparks leaping up in his eyes.

Lottie shivered. Cowboys, Mamma said, were savage as Indians when they were angry.

While she was shaping her mouth to give him a piece of her mind, he kissed her. "That'll teach you," Tim said, "not to call on a man at night"

Mamma came back with money and the swatch she wanted matched; Tim said he'd be glad to do the favor for her. He was going into town tomorrow, likely, he said.

"I got fifty head of cattle coming on a drive-through," he added. "I'm getting anxious about 'em. They should have been here a week ago." At the door he paused. "I'd like you all to come up and see my cabin one day soon," he said. "It ain't finished yet, but maybe it'd be just as well for you to see it the way it is now. Maybe you'd have some suggestions. Could be I might get married some day, if I find courage to get to know a girl well enough to ask her."

"I declare," Mamma said when he'd gone, "there's no telling what a cowboy will say."

Lottie was abruptly sick of churning and she wished Pa would come in and say he needed her again, as he had yesterday, to help him put the roof on the barn.

"You getting tired, Lottie?" Mamma said

(Continued on page 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

BOB LEAVITT

Done up in "sky plates," resin-coated and disposable, frozen pre-cooked meals are used by the Naval Air Transport Service at the rate of a thousand a day

BOB LEAVITT

On the naval planes passengers can choose from half a dozen different menus. After fifteen minutes in a special oven the food comes out hot and tempting

BIG FREEZE COMING

BY RUTH CARSON

Important developments are being made in the frozen-foods business. Eventually, they may solve many of your toughest household problems

IN THE midst of rationing and food shortages and standing in shopping queues, don't hanker for the good old days. Have a look instead at even better ones ahead. For the time is coming when you'll need to do your major shopping only once or twice a month. You'll be able to cook what you like and when you like. You can even take a complete holiday and buy your meals ahead, ready cooked.

Frozen foods will make all these things possible. Not only the fresh frozen things that you already know, but frozen cooked food from soup to pie, that you just heat and eat. This revolution in your kitchen is already well under way. Even now, frozen foods make up about two per cent of our food supply. Prophets in the food business say they're going to be a third of that supply one day.

At the last count, there were 237 companies proposing to make food freezers as soon as they can get materials. There are already over 400 companies freezing food, and about 6,000 locker plants operating.

Dinners all ready to heat and eat? Since November, William Maxson, consulting engineer, has been shipping them out to the Naval Air Transport Service, Atlantic Wing, as fast as he can freeze them, done up in what he calls sky plates. The plates are paper (to be disposable) and resin-coated so that nothing soaks in. They're covered with neat circles of cardboard. All the people on the planes have to do is take the plates out of the freezer fifteen minutes before dinnertime, uncover, and stick them into a specially constructed oven, also a Maxson invention.

Dinner comes out hot and tempting. The meat is tender and juicy, the vegetables cooked just right. The half dozen different menus are all to Navy specifications. And the Naval Air Transport Service is so pleased that Pacific transport planes and the big Mars flying boats are being fitted to serve only frozen meals, with four of the special thawing ovens per plane.

Mr. Maxson is so fascinated now with the possibilities of freezing all kinds of food, that he's going into the business full tilt after the war, even though his past fame has rested on such unassociated inventions as the gadget on the gasoline pump that computes your bill, and a multiple gun mount that's done a remarkable antiaircraft job in this war.

Lucky People Around Chicago

Frank Hutchins runs the Villa Moderne, a roadhouse outside Chicago. He's a pioneer among the hundreds who will be supplying you with special frozen cooked dishes one day. He's been doing it for several years now for lucky people around Chicago, and half the food served in his own restaurant is cooked and frozen ahead. He's got enough food ready in the freezers to keep the place running for three weeks straight.

"We used to need forty-eight hours notice for a birthday cake," he says. "Now all we need is thirty minutes. That gives us time enough to get one out of the freezer, thaw and trim it with candles. I'm looking to the day when cooks will be registered like pharmacists." And he ushered us into the kitchen to meet Armand Chevalley, graduate of the long years of apprenticeship required in European schools of cookery. Chevalley now presides over the Villa Moderne kitchen, supervising all the necessary careful steps to make their frozen foods a success.

"Some seasonings freeze out," this rosy-cheeked perfectionist told us. "You've got to experiment to see what holds. And go light with the salt, or the product may get rancid in time. The food should be cooked just to the point of perfection, then cooled and frozen immediately. That way you get the fresh-cooked taste frozen right in."

Villa-cooked foods are packaged and sold now in frozen-food stores in Hubbard Woods outside Chicago, and in Washington, D. C. The day is coming, freezer people say, when you can get such specialties from many a famous restaurant. New Orleans restaurants and New York hotels are already stirring with the idea. There's talk that someday, when Paris is Paris again, you can get frozen French delicacies to serve right in your own home.

But there's work going on, too, to make everyday meals available at everyday prices. Big chain grocery stores, many of them, are aiming at extensive frozen-food departments out of which they can sell you complete cooked meals. Mr. Maxson is toying with the idea of blue-plate specials for youngsters, and diet plates for certain ailments. Department stores are set to spend a lot of money experimenting to see just how much frozen-food service you want from them.

In the test kitchens of the companies that will manufacture freezer equipment, home-size experiments are going on. What can you freeze out of your own garden? How do you do it? How long can you store it in the freezer? How do you defrost frozen foods? What can you cook and freeze?

The answers are going to be detailed for you, complete with step-by-step illustrations, in booklets that go with any freezer you may buy. The manufacturers only hope you will follow instructions. Freezing is simpler than canning. But for best results, you do have to do it right. They put in a special plea for speed, to get that garden freshness straight to the freezer.

You have to handle foods right after they've been frozen, too. Don't think they'll keep forever. Eventually fats become rancid, and all foods deteriorate. With steady zero storage, tests are showing, many foods will keep well for a year or even more. But hoarding

(Continued on page 55)

COURTESY FRIGIDAIRE

Above is cooked beef stew, being packed to freeze for later use

Pies, wrapped and frozen, will keep until you're ready to use them

OUT FROM

BY WALTER TAUB

RADIOED FROM STOCKHOLM

LIKE a mighty storm, Norway's national hymn swept over Oslo: "Yes, we love this land, our country. . . ." After five years of terror and increasing hunger and neglect, not even the heavy rain, which transformed the capital into a picture of unending gray, could dim the spirits of the rejoicing Norwegians, exulting in their freedom.

Actually it will take months before all the disarmed German forces will have left the country, Lieutenant Colonel Garner-Smith, head of the British Operations Staff, told me; months before the Norwegians can truthfully say, "Now freedom has really come." In the meantime, as long as they remain in the country the Germans would be ignored. It is noticeable that the Norwegians do not mention them in their stories. They are to be forgotten as quickly as possible. As far as I know, no acts of revenge were made against German soldiers anywhere in Norway.

Most surprised are the Germans themselves. Bad psychologists as they are, they had expected to be treated as they themselves had treated the Norwegians—as if the roles were reversed. "They were so decent to us and comforted us by saying we would soon go home," one German youth who had been fighting four years whispered to me.

"Yes, we love this land, our country." This wonderfully simple song has been sung so often I decided to go without a hat to avoid having to take it off so frequently. There were always great crowds which joined in singing, but never so great as when the Norwegian army's commander in chief, Crown Prince Olaf, after five years absence, jumped from a little boat onto Norwegian soil at four o'clock on Sunday, May 13th.

Nevertheless I will always remember the moment when the words of the national hymn made the deepest impression on me—the occasion when they were recited by Norway's greatest actress, Tore Segelcke, one evening when the National Theater reopened as a free people's free stage. There sat the Crown Prince in naval uniform, in the royal box which for five years had been degraded by the German butcher Terboven and the whole Quisling gang. Here, in worn tails and dinner jackets, in old-fashioned evening dresses, was an audience that for more than sixty months had boycotted the theater which had been chosen as the Nazi Party's official stage and daily entertained Party members.

Not all had seats. Many stood in order to be present. A gigantic Norwegian flag was the only stage decoration, in front of which white-gowned, black-haired Segelcke, her voice coming from the depths of her heart, proudly acknowledged, "Yes, we love this land, our country."

An Oath of Allegiance

As one man, the entire audience stood to join in the oath: "As our fathers, so shall we also, if it be necessary, stand guard over our country's liberty." Each person in the theater had for more than 2,000 days stood guard over his country's liberty, and many had suffered in Norway's prisons or Germany's torture chambers.

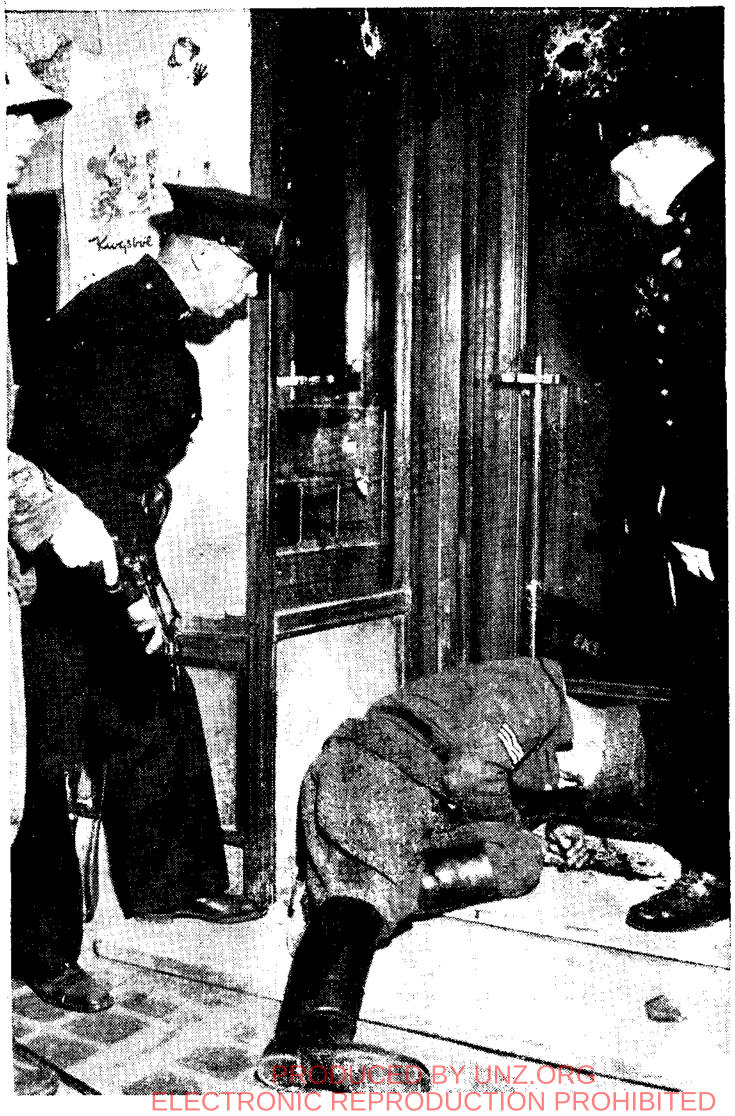
Here sat Rector Seip of Oslo University, who a few hours earlier had told me about the first scene he witnessed when he arrived at Oranienburg concentration camp: a hanging. There was Bishop Berggrav's shrewd, smiling face; a man who for three years had sat isolated in his cottage, far from his family, cut off from the outer world by a strict Quisling guard; a man who not only succeeded in eluding guards and now and then reached Oslo disguised as a policeman, but who also succeeded completely in converting his Quisling guards so that they became his helpers during the final flight and whose leader, Herman Uglum, had wept at the farewell moment when the bishop gagged him to give the impression of attack; a man who was one of the fighting church's wiliest knights and who now, in the hour of triumph, determinedly made use of his fate to strengthen the Church's influence.

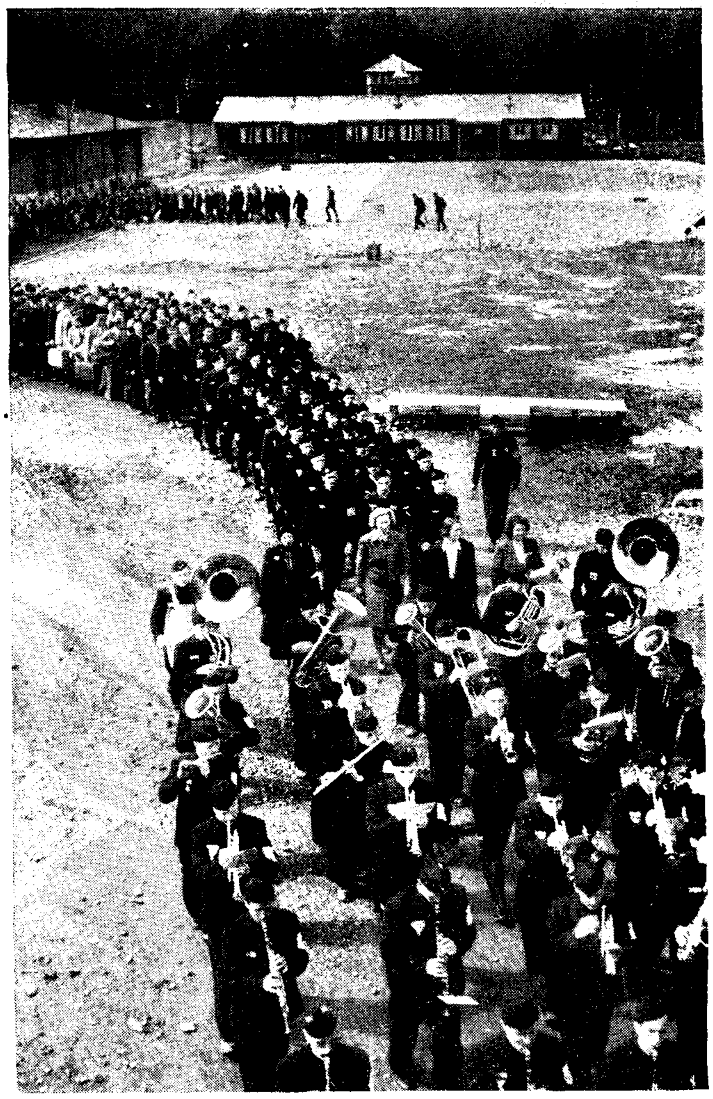
Two men had opened the memorable eve-

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BLACK STAR

After 5 years absence, Crown Prince Olaf returns to Norway

Bishop Berggrav refused to bow to Germans, was held captive

This Nazi wouldn't surrender, was shot by Norwegian police


Preceded by band, last prisoners are released from Grini


UNDER

At the last moment it was touch and go whether Norway would be liberated peacefully or with a bloody struggle. Then the Nazis and quislings quit

Crowds welcome Olaf and bishop before Oslo's Concert Hall

These Home Front soldiers fought with makeshift matériel

Joyous throngs gathered all over Oslo. Here they enthusiastically greet Norwegians liberated from Grini Concentration Camp

ning with speeches from the stage: Professor Francis Bull, who during years in a concentration camp had held more than 1,000 illegal lectures on literature for his fellow-prisoners; and Publisher Harald Grieg, who, after his years in solitary confinement, now had an opportunity to say a few words in memory of his poet brother, Nordahl Grieg, killed as a war correspondent in a raid over Berlin. A choir of former and present university students sang of those who "burnt our farms," and there wasn't anyone who hadn't a father or son or brother or relation or friend among the thousands of students that were taken to Germany.

In the second row stood the man who for years had looked after underground mail connections to Sweden and England and had never even been shadowed, despite the fact that he worked in an attorney's office next to the editorial offices and printing shop for the official Nazi paper, *Fritt Folk,* where Gestapo men were always present.

Behind me sat Christian Hauge whom the Gestapo would have given many millions to catch had they known what he did. He was the central figure of the Home Front's military organization, of whose 100,000 active members only 40,000 were armed, and these mostly with old-fashioned rifles hanging by a cord from the shoulder. That wasn't much against 300,000 well-equipped Nazis.

When Robbery Was Justified

It was Hauge who organized a daylight attack on a well-guarded lorry carrying 90,000 ration cards along one of Oslo's main streets. Suddenly five patriots jumped onto the lorry, one behind each guard, with a revolver ready to silence him should he make trouble. After that it was an easy job to force the lorry into a side street, remove the ration cards to a waiting car, and speed the five guards over the Swedish border, where police would see that they didn't blab. Then the patriots drove the car into a forest where hundreds of hunted young men, threatened by enforced mobilization and having no new ration cards, were facing starvation.

This Christian Hauge, who held all the threads of the military resistance in his hands, had been under the Gestapo's nose all the time. He was a police commissioner! One of his best assistants was a young man who is still known only under the name of "Grenade" Larsen. He was the Home Front's arms producer.

In May, 1943, Grenade Larsen attended an underground course in the use of arms and came to the conclusion that he could start manufacturing automatics himself. He took one gun to pieces and thought out for what other purposes the various small parts could possibly be used. When he succeeded in finding a camouflage for each part, he ordered them from 21 different workshops. The most difficult was to find a plausible explanation for the barrel of the gun, but finally he hit on an idea: It could be a spindle such as that used in a spinning mill—so he ordered spindles through a middleman. When all the parts were delivered, he put them in a rucksack, cycled out to a forest and set up a secret assembly workshop. During twenty months he produced 1,000 automatic Sten guns costing $17 each.

In December, 1944, he noticed that he was being shadowed by the Gestapo, and the Home Front immediately ordered him to be sent to Sweden. To gain time, it was decided that a young man resembling Larsen would play the latter's role for a while. This double slept at Larsen's home evenings and by day attracted the Gestapo's attention by cycling at high speed with mysterious, heavy bags on the carrier. Four Gestapo men were continually after him.

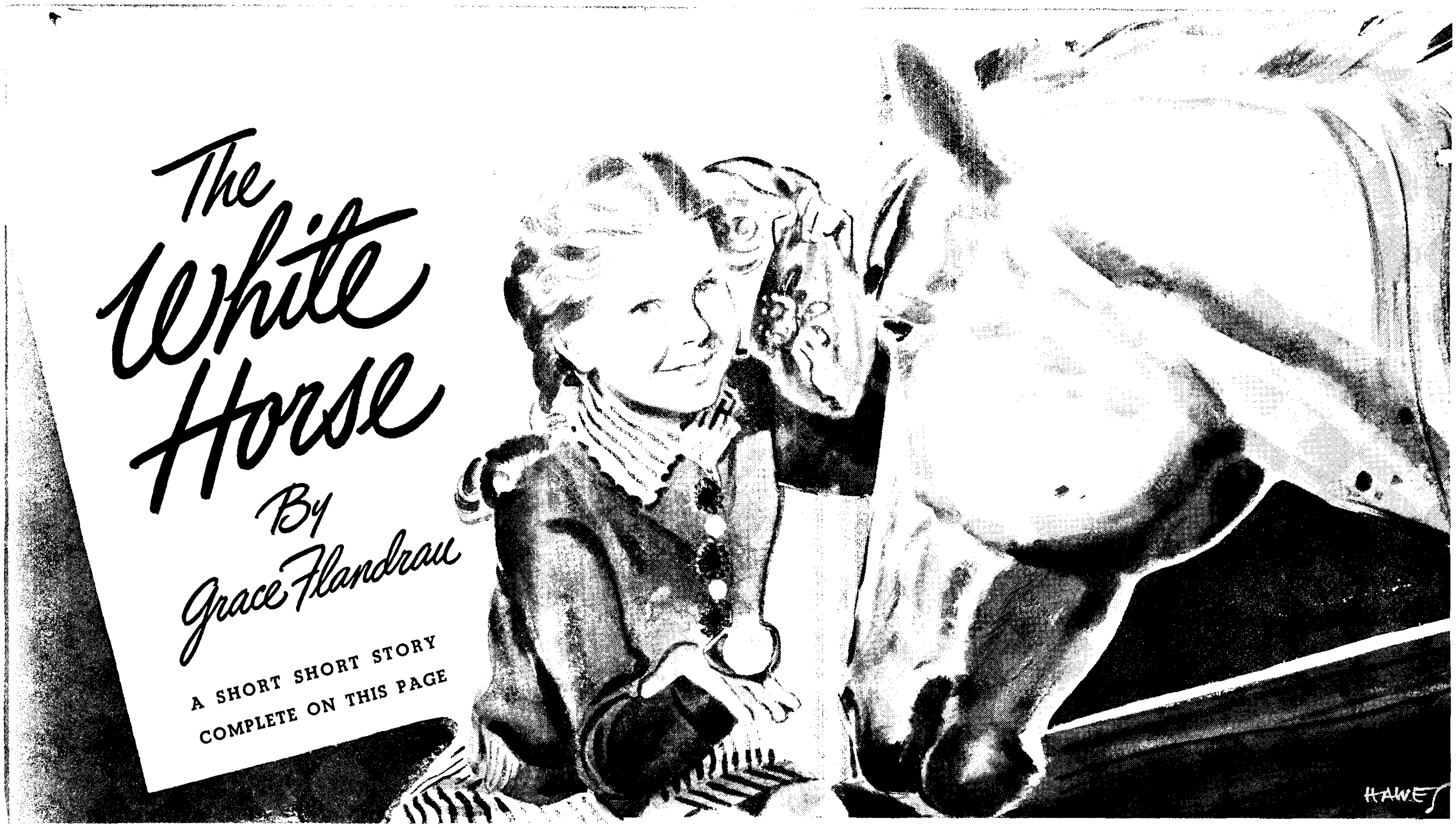
At five o'clock one morning, they came to arrest him—but he had already learned that Larsen was safely over the border. The next day, the Gestapo received a letter from Sweden: "I thank you for your recent attentions and apologize for taking a short holiday without permission. To convince yourselves that I really am myself, look at some samples of writing in my flat. Yours, Grenade Larsen." Larsen took a short holiday and returned in time for the capitulation.

(Continued on page 58)

The White Horse

By Grace Flandrau

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"Come along!" she shouted. And, wonderfully, this time he did. With his long leathery lip he nuzzled the outstretched hand and delicately picked up the apple

ELSIE ran along the corridor and through the big doors and down the steps. She always got out before anybody in her class, even the boys. Not because she was in a hurry, but—well, that was the way she was.

She knew, too, there was something wrong about it. "What's the idea?" her mother always said. "Where's the fire?" Although when she didn't hurry that was wrong too. "Don't potter, Elsie." Or: "Mercy, that book—you'll ruin your eyes!" And her mother's eyes, looking at Elsie, were too cold, saw her too plain, so that Elsie would see herself, not pretty like her mother, but with skinny legs and thin face, her straight brown hair braided in two pigtails, her eyes too big and eager.

Now, still running, she had got to the corner. Little streams of water were twinkling through the new grass in all the front yards, and she stamped on a thin film of ice that covered a pool in the gutter. The ice shivered like isinglass and, underneath, the water was clear and dark and made a fast, gurgling sound.

She bent over the pool a moment, poking the shivered ice with a stick, then went on toward home. Maybe her mother had changed her mind, and the door wouldn't be locked and she'd be there after all. But Elsie knew, from the very look the front door had and the curtains, that nobody was there.

Slowly she went up onto the porch and sat down on the top step. She was safe there. The Mitchells, who lived next door, couldn't see her.

When her mother went out for the day, she always arranged for Mrs. Mitchell to look after Elsie. And Elsie had never been able to explain to her how she felt about the Mitchell house—steamy and full of wet clothes and diapers drying in the kitchen—or about the Mitchell children, who were loud and rough and didn't wipe their noses.

She sat quite still on the step. Her mother wouldn't be back for a long time. Twilight—she'd be home, she always said, about twilight.

And suddenly Elsie remembered her father's name for it—blindman's holiday. Just to remember that made everything different for a moment—the way it had been before he went away to war and something happened to him that was called "reported missing." Elsie had never quite understood what that meant, but she realized it was something that had more to do with her mother than with her father. Now that this awful thing had happened, her mother said, she had to think of herself a little, get out of the house more—nobody realized what she was going through.

Elsie pulled up her knees and folded her hands tightly around them. The wind was getting sharper and she only had on her thin sweater. In spite of what her mother said, it might be after dark before she came home. This idea was so unpleasant that Elsie put it out of her mind and in its place there popped another, nicer one. It lifted her from the step, took her swiftly around the house to the storeroom at the back.

Today, as usual, there were plenty of apples there and she picked out several of the biggest and reddest she could find. These she cut in quarters and tied them up in her scarf. Then she climbed on a chair to reach the high shelf and filled her pocket from the box of loaf sugar that was kept there.

IT DIDN'T take long to reach Maple Street which was nothing much but weeds and vacant lots. Her own special lot was high above the street and she couldn't be sure till she scrambled up the clay bank whether the white horse would be there. Several times lately, he had not been. Today, however, she saw with intense satisfaction, that he was standing in the far corner, his big head hanging, one of his bony hips sagged down, his tail blowing sideways in the wind.

She climbed to the top of the fence and sat for a moment, contemplating him. "Hi," she called at last. "Hi, please, mister, I've been here before."

He did not seem to hear, looked, in fact, as if he might be asleep. She untied her scarf and took out a piece of apple. Opening her hand very flat, she laid it on her palm. "Look, please," she begged, stretching it toward him, "look what's for you."

He did not stir. A sigh burst from her and she put her hand up to cover her mouth as if, had he heard, he might be annoyed. Then once more she stretched out her hand and she was so eager that she spoke quite sharply.

This time he heard. The skin over his rump shuddered and he heaved up his sagged hip. Then, swinging his head around, he started forward, lifting and setting down his big feet in a [illegible], stumbling way. But in the middle of the field he stopped.

It made her quite angry. And yet, standing there all white against the gray sky, his head up, his ears, that had slanted loosely in opposite directions, pointed forward, the wind lifting his mane in a crest along his neck, he looked so beautiful she nearly died of longing to touch him, to feel the kid glove softness of his nose pricked with sharp bristles, to pat his hard neck, warm under his mane.

"Oh, *you*," she shouted in her exasperation, "you come along!"

And, wonderfully, this time he did. In the same floppy, sleepy way he came slowly but directly to her.

Stopping just within reach, he stretched out his neck and, blowing a sudden blast through his nostrils, nuzzled her outstretched hand. His long upper lip was leathery against her flesh and, very delicately, his big, yellow teeth picked up the apple.

With pure delight she watched him eat, took note, too, of his beauties. He was not entirely white, there was a sprinkling of gray in his coat, and spots, too, where it was worn off, exposing black, leathery places she rather admired. His eyes were big and dark and sad and half hidden under a row of stiff white lashes, straight as pokers. She didn't care for the lump he had under one ear, but his smell was lovely and somehow familiar, as if, although she'd never smelled it till a few weeks before, she'd known it always.

Little by little, as he ate, he came closer, till she had to move her legs so he wouldn't squeeze them against the fence. And when it was all gone he didn't go away, but stood, settled heavily on three legs, his white lashes drooping over his eyes. And he didn't seem to mind how much she stroked his neck or petted his silky soft nose, and even let her lay her cheek against his scratchy mane.

Till now, she had thought of nothing except the white horse. But, suddenly she saw that dusk had fallen. Almost instantly, she lost interest in the white horse, forgot indeed, all about him. And scrambling down from the fence, she ran away without so much as a backward glance.

It was time now for her mother to get off the bus and she wanted to be there, to rush down the street to meet her. ("Please, Elsie, why do you have to be so rough!") But she'd keep hold of her mother's hand and the door would be unlocked and she'd be home.

She was running now, as fast as she could, but her mother didn't get off a bus, she got out of a car that stopped in front of their house, then drove off by the time Elsie got there.

"Mother, why did you come in a car?"

"A friend gave me a lift, Elsie; that way I got home earlier."

"Will you always get home earlier?" she cried, delighted.

Her mother did not answer. She looked at herself in the glass when they went in, and then sat down at the telephone. "Listen, Elsie, that nice old lady, the one who sat with you last time—"

The sitter—the old woman with the wart on her nose and the smell Elsie didn't like—the smell of old people. "No, no, Mother—"

Her mother looked up from the telephone and then for the first time seemed really to see Elsie. "Heavens, child, how dirty you are! Whatever have you been doing?" She took Elsie's two hands in hers and turned them over, frowning at the palms, sticky with apple and sugar and saliva. "Run along, do, and get cleaned up for supper."

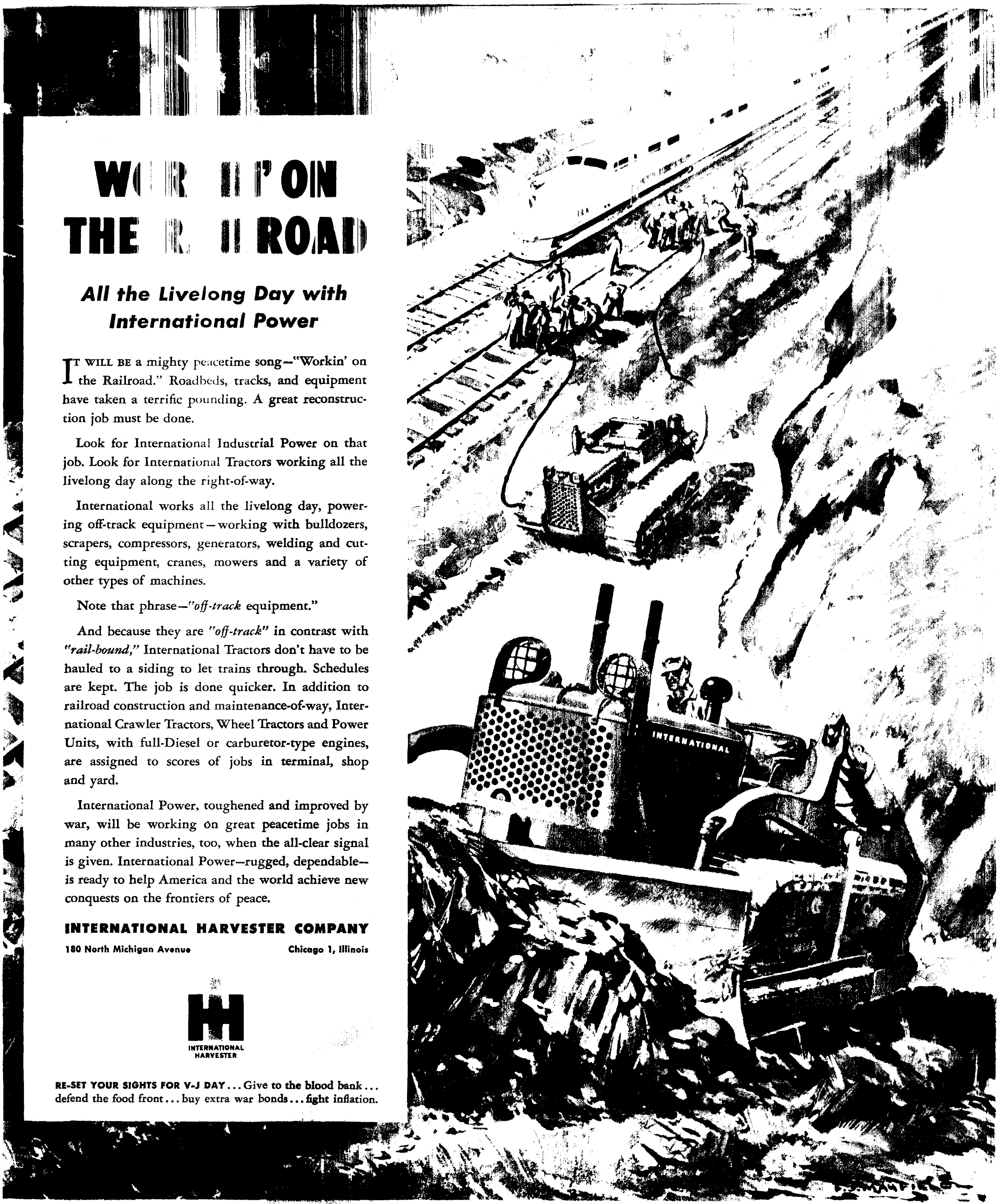
"Are you going to have it, too?" Elsie asked.

"Certainly. Why not?" But then her mother dialed the number and in her best party voice said, "Mrs. Baxter? This is Mrs. McClean. Could you sit with my little girl tonight? No, after supper. But come as soon as you can, please. I'm leaving early."

IT WAS dark in the room and the window was open. Elsie hadn't been able to eat much supper and she'd been sick afterwards, which made her mother late and made it difficult for everybody. Now she lay with her face toward the wall so as not to see into her mother's room where the old woman sat beside the lamp. She wouldn't think about her. She wouldn't think about her mother or anything.

But by and by, without trying or meaning to, she began to see the white horse—his big dark eyes and the way he shuddered his skin and his tail blowing sideways in the wind. She smelled him too, heard the snuffling blast he blew, felt under her hand his silky soft nose, soft as a tender word. And his white coat was so pure, so luminous, it was like a light in the dark room.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



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All the Livelong Day with International Power

IT WILL BE a mighty peacetime song—"Workin' on the Railroad." Roadbeds, tracks, and equipment have taken a terrific pounding. A great reconstruction job must be done.

Look for International Industrial Power on that job. Look for International Tractors working all the livelong day along the right-of-way.

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Note that phrase—"*off-track* equipment."

And because they are "*off-track*" in contrast with "*rail-bound,*" International Tractors don't have to be hauled to a siding to let trains through. Schedules are kept. The job is done quicker. In addition to railroad construction and maintenance-of-way, International Crawler Tractors, Wheel Tractors and Power Units, with full-Diesel or carburetor-type engines, are assigned to scores of jobs in terminal, shop and yard.

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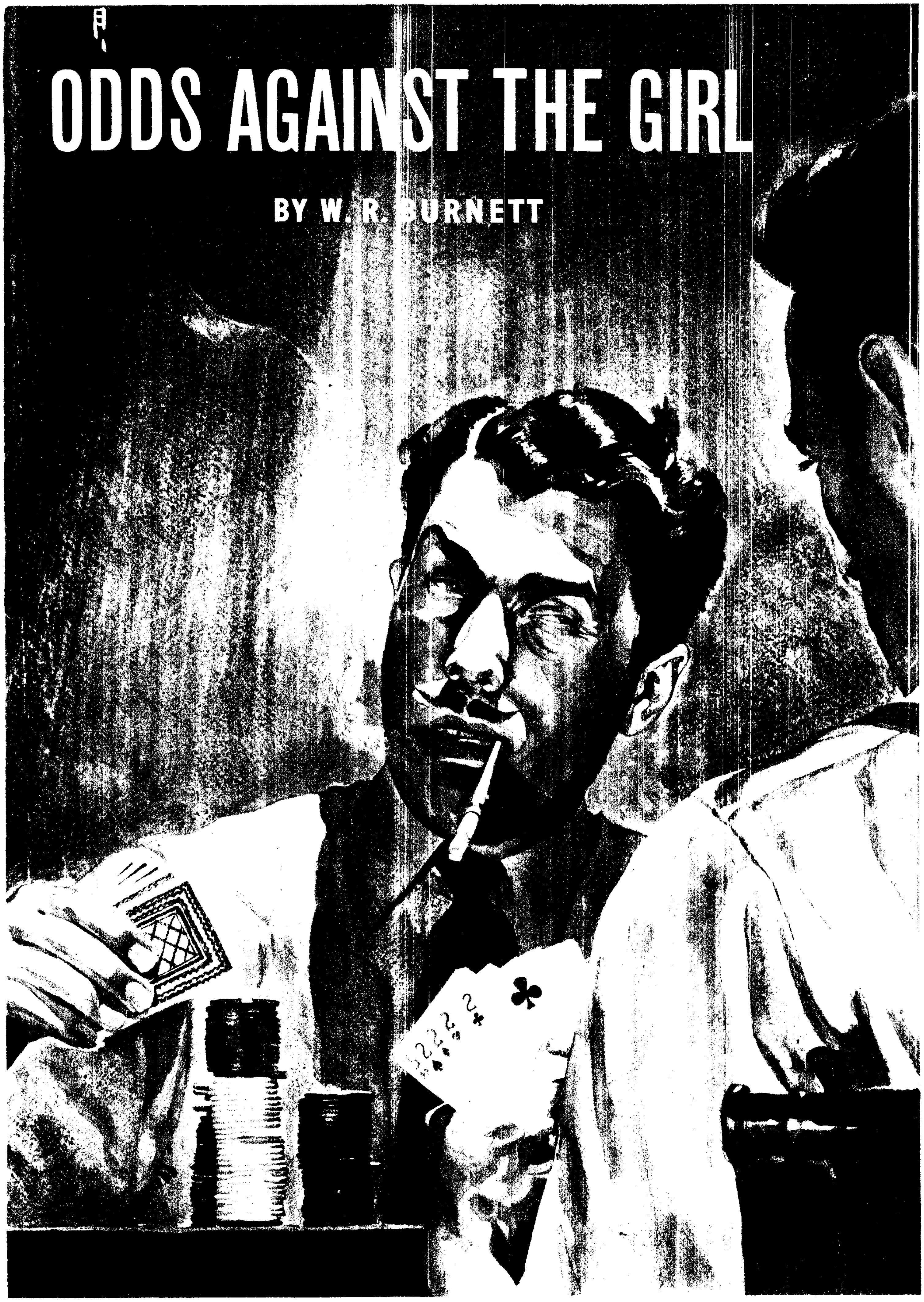
Power for [illegible]

ODDS AGAINST THE GIRL

BY W. R. BURNETT



In half an hour the Greek was out nearly $12,000. "Lucky in love, I guess . . ." said Coster. The Greek said nothing. He was filled with hatred for them

The Story:
Ray Cooper could hardly believe that marriage to lovely Mary Donnell could so drastically change Lonnie Drew. Lonnie, the inveterate gambler, now scoffed at betting of any kind, and had settled down to running the Lake Shore Inn for a living. There was only one hitch: Money was very short, and Lonnie and Mary were living 'way beyond their income. It was inevitable, then, that Lonnie should slip. His downfall came when the Greek (Jack Pool), a scheming, high-pressure gambler, offered him a $10,000 commission to place a hundred grand for a big syndicate on Ed Gregg's horse which was to run in a fixed race. Lonnie didn't trust the Greek—and with good reason; after all, Pool had wanted to marry Mary and it was hard to imagine him forgiving Lonnie for winning her love. But the deal looked clean and Lonnie desperately needed cash, so he agreed—without Mary's knowledge. The first shock came when he learned that Gus Borgia, sinister Chicago racketeer, had replaced reliable W. W. Keller in the gambling syndicate. But the real blow was unexpected: No sooner had the Greek handed over the hundred grand than two armed men held up Ray and Lonnie and walked off with the money. . . .

III

RAY came around slowly. The first thing he noticed was a fiery taste in his mouth, then he realized that he was lying on a couch and wondered how he'd got there. Suddenly it all came back to him. He jumped up off the couch and looked about him wildly. Lonnie was sitting on the corner of the desk, smoking a cigar. He seemed a little pale but calm.

"Did you call the police?" cried Ray frantically. "What's going on? Why are you sitting there? You're ruined, Lonnie! You know that, don't you?"

"Be quiet," said Lonnie. "Sit down and compose yourself. I'm thinking."

"You're thinking! Lonnie, get this thing on record! Call the police right away."

Lonnie didn't move.

"I'll call them," Ray said and reached for the phone, but Lonnie pushed him back.

"Take another drink of that brandy," he said, pointing to the bottle on the desk. "And then sit down and stay put. I've got to think this thing out."

Ray stared, and slowly, vaguely, he began to understand that there was more to this stick-up than he had at first realized. He took a stiff drink of brandy, shuddered violently, then sat down.

"Anything strike you funny about this?" asked Lonnie, pouring himself a drink.

"Come to think of it," Ray replied slowly, "yes. In the first place, it was too pat."

"Much too pat."

"Yes. But what's the idea? It's not very healthy to go around robbing Gus Borgia—or I wouldn't think it would be."

"They didn't rob Gus. They robbed *me*. Don't forget I signed a receipt."

"Hell—"

Lonnie laughed ruefully. "That brief case the Greek was so anxious to give me really came in handy, didn't it?"

Ray stared for a moment like a man who'd just been hit with a club and was getting ready to fall.

"The Greek! He . . ."

"It looks like it," said Lonnie. "I guess Mary stuck in his craw worse than I thought. He fixed me good. And to top it off, he gets away with a hundred and five Gs, most of it belonging to his pals Benny and Gus Borgia."

"You better call the police, Lonnie. Get it on the books, or you're cooked."

Lonnie slowly shook his head. "I'm cooked any way you look at it unless I can figure an angle."

RAY stared at Lonnie, beginning to understand. A feeling of panic was growing on him. He reached for the bottle and took another stiff drink.

"Gosh, this is awful! What are we going to do, Lonnie?"

"It's me—not you. You got nothing to worry about."

"The hell I haven't," said Ray simply.

Lonnie glanced at him and smiled. "There's one thing about that Greek," he said. "He *thinks* he's the *only smart guy* around. He took months working on this, and to him it looks foolproof."

"What do you mean? Got an idea?"

"No. But nothing's foolproof."

Ray's face fell. "I thought maybe you had an idea."

"I'll get one, don't worry. This guy has really annoyed me!"

"To put it mildly."

Ray was trying to be sarcastic. But he'd already begun to look at Lonnie with admiration. The trouble was he was too used to Lonnie, too well acquainted with his weaknesses to be much impressed with him as a general thing. He was apt to forget that Lonnie had the gall of the devil, was afraid of nothing—in fact, rather inclined to rush into danger; was a very ugly enemy and an excellent manipulator; maybe not so subtle and evasive as the Greek, but certainly as smart. Ray began to feel better.

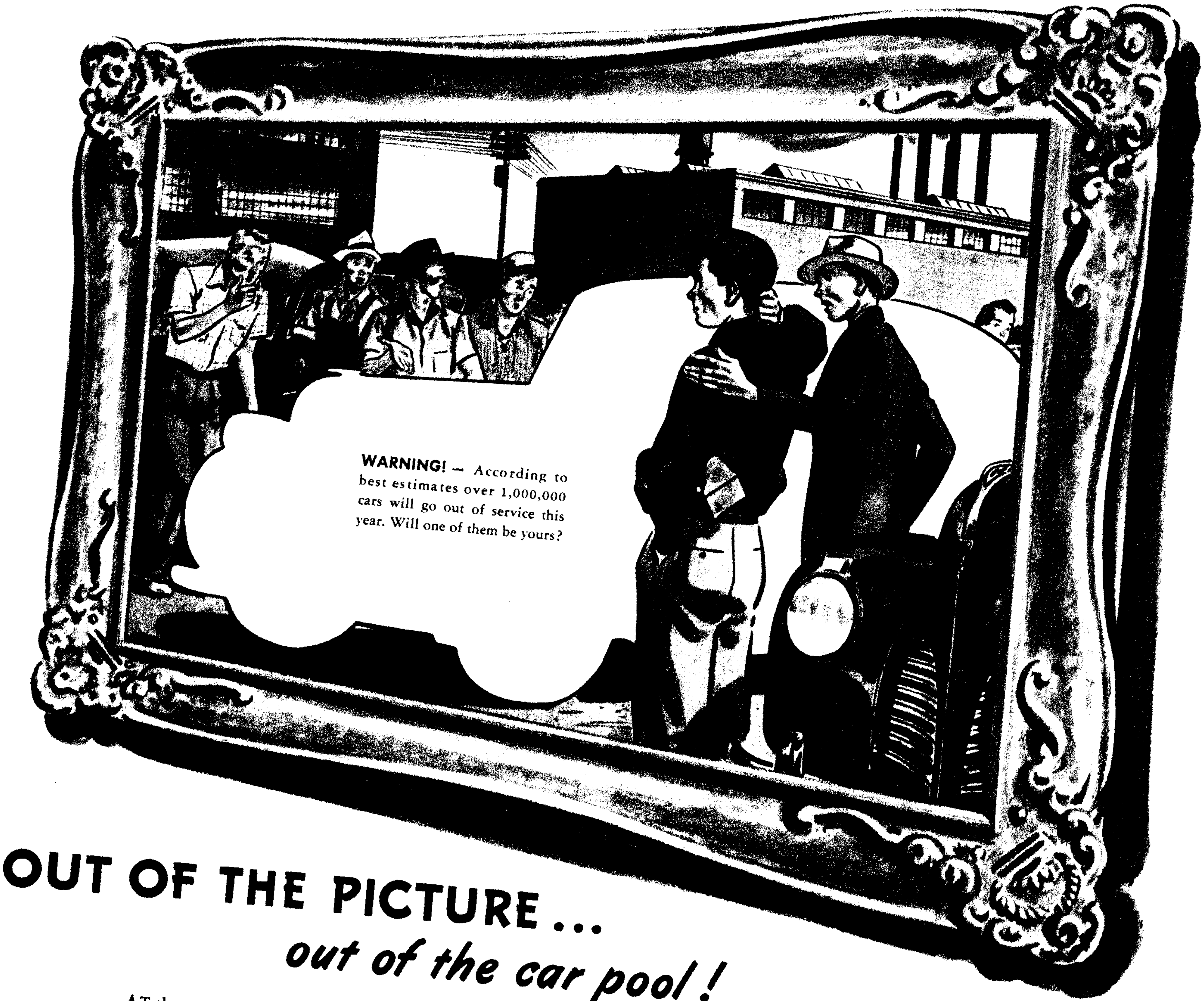
A fool would have called the police immediately, made a hullabaloo, and ruined himself in the eyes of everybody—not to mention making a deadly enemy of Gus Borgia. Ray admitted ruefully to himself that that was probably what *he* would have done.

A violent man, with enough intelligence to figure at all, would by now have the Greek by the throat, might even kill him. That would only make matters worse. A fearful man would already be on the lam.

Lonnie, apparently undisturbed by thoughts of consequences, was calmly trying to work an angle, not only to save himself—which would have been anybody's concern—but so that he could pay off the Greek with interest.

"Jack is a cinch to come back," said Lonnie. "He's probably sitting at the bar right

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL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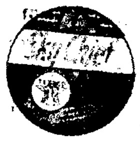
SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

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MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

now wondering why we haven't run out yelling. In a little while he'll begin to think maybe the thing went haywire, because he's dead certain I'll yell copper. Now look, Ray. When he comes back we'll just be sitting here talking. As far as he's concerned, the money's in the safe. That'll be the first jolt. Of course, he'll hear from his boys later. But even so, he's going to be mighty uneasy."

"This takes nerve," said Ray, shaking his head.

"Sure," said Lonnie, "and I figure I got more than the Greek." Suddenly Lonnie gave a jump, snapped his fingers and cried out: "I've got it."

Ray, whose nerves were jangled to the point where he could hardly hold himself together, started half off his chair. Just as he was asking Lonnie for an explanation, there was a knock at the door.

Lonnie held up his hand in a warning gesture, then he called, "Come in."

The door opened and the Greek came in, followed by Ducky Flanagan, who was coughing violently, his face almost purple. The Greek looked too calm and composed if anything.

"The rock-and-rye didn't do you much good, Ducky," said Lonnie.

"No, Mr. Drew, it sure didn't," moaned Ducky.

"I got tired waiting for you to come out for the drink," said the Greek, smiling pleasantly. "Anyway, it's time I went home."

"We got to talking. Sorry," said Lonnie.

The Greek threw a quick glance around the office. "Money's all put away, I see," he said, laughing, making a joke of it.

"You bet," grinned Lonnie. "Right in the safe."

A shadow crossed the Greek's face and was gone. He spoke to Ducky over his shoulder: "Come on. Let's go. And when we get in the car, turn your face the other way when you want to cough."

"Sure, Mr. Pool. I'm sorry."

The Greek tried to open the outside door but it stuck. He tried it again, then he turned and looked at Lonnie. "Is it locked?"

"I don't think so," said Lonnie carelessly. "It's hard to open."

Ducky grabbed hold of it, eager to show his strength, jerked at it violently—and the knob came off in his hand.

The Greek groaned and turned away. "I guess we'll go out through the restaurant," he said, trying to smile and appear calm.

He opened the inside door and went out quickly. Ducky followed him to the doorway, then stood looking down stupidly at the doorknob in his big hairy paw. He was embarrassed and speechless. Suddenly he handed the doorknob to Lonnie and rushed out.

Lonnie burst out laughing and slammed the door shut behind them.

"The Greek's really worried," he said, "and boiling. He'll be doing worse than that when I get through with him."

"He's guilty, all right," said Ray. "He's not such a poker face as he thinks. What have you got up your sleeve, Lonnie?"

"Sit down, Ray," he said, "and relax. I want to go back over the whole business."

RAY sat down, even if he couldn't relax, and he tried to give Lonnie his undivided attention, but little fears kept creeping into his mind, fears he tried unsuccessfully to shrug off. Lonnie was up against a bad bunch and, with a shudder, Ray remembered the old gag, "A guy can get killed around here."

"The Greek wanted to get me," Lonnie was saying, "and he figured out a good angle. Not only would he get *me* but he'd grab maybe seventy-five Gs on the side. Perfect! But he made his first mistake by being so sure I'd yell copper. What made him think I would? Who'd believe me? Not Gus Borgia. He's too cagey. You hand a guy a hundred Gs, and right away a couple of strangers walk in and grab it. Would you believe it? Of course not. And the police wouldn't have believed it, either. They'd've started grilling me right away, figuring I arranged the whole deal."

"Sure," said Ray. "But as far as I can see, you've only got one other out."

"What's that?"

"Why," said Ray, "to beat it—lam."

"Ruined for good, eh? And what happens to Mary? Does she lam, too? No, Ray. You underestimate me. Look. Nobody can prove I haven't got the money except the Greek, and he'll keep his big yap shut. You can bet on that. We've got two weeks grace."

"Yeah. But after that?"

"Hold tight to your chair, son. Because now I'm really going to throw you a curve. I'm going to bet the money on credit!"

"What?" cried Ray, jumping to his feet.

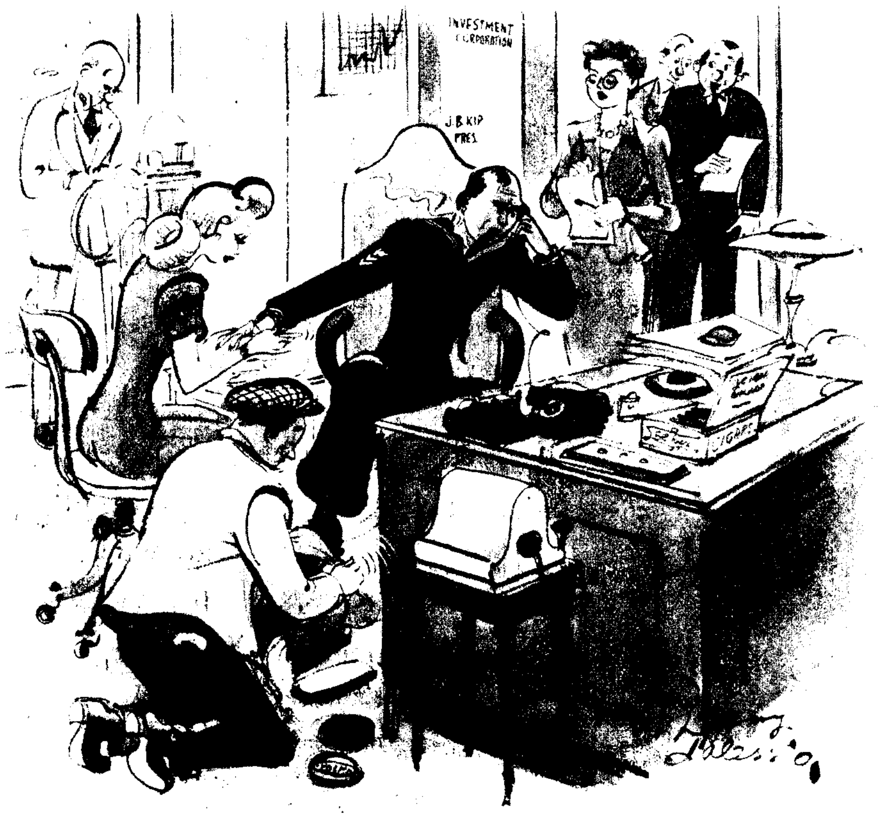
"Yep. I got plenty of credit, and for once, I'm going to use it."

"Suppose the horse loses? You'll owe every bookie in the Middle West. Then you *will* have to lam!"

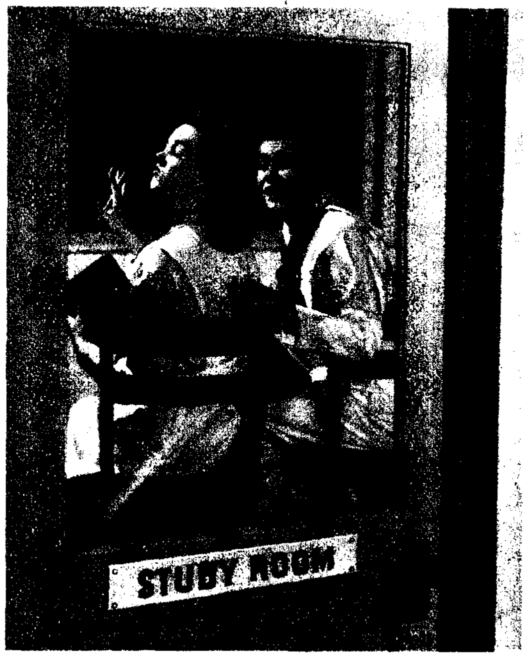
"He's not going to lose. It's the nearest thing to a cinch in racing history."

"Wait a minute now," said Ray, rubbing his hand across his eyes. "You're going too fast for me. Wait, Lonnie. All right. Say

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO

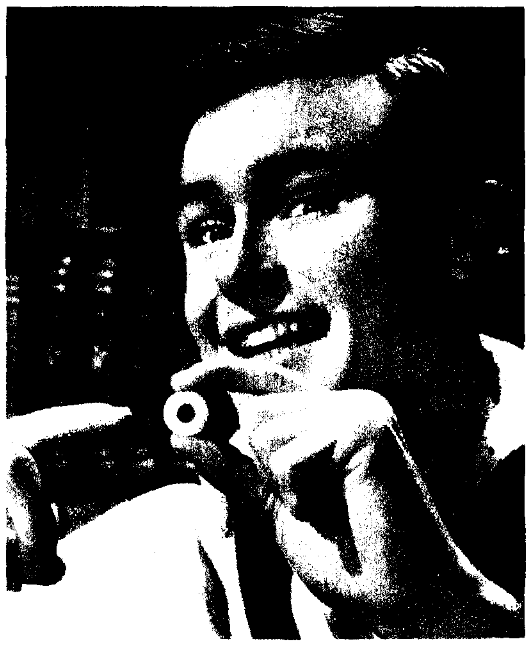


COLLIER'S "J. B. didn't waste any time picking up the threads, did he?"



When her nose turns up like this . . .

And you wish it turned up like this . . .



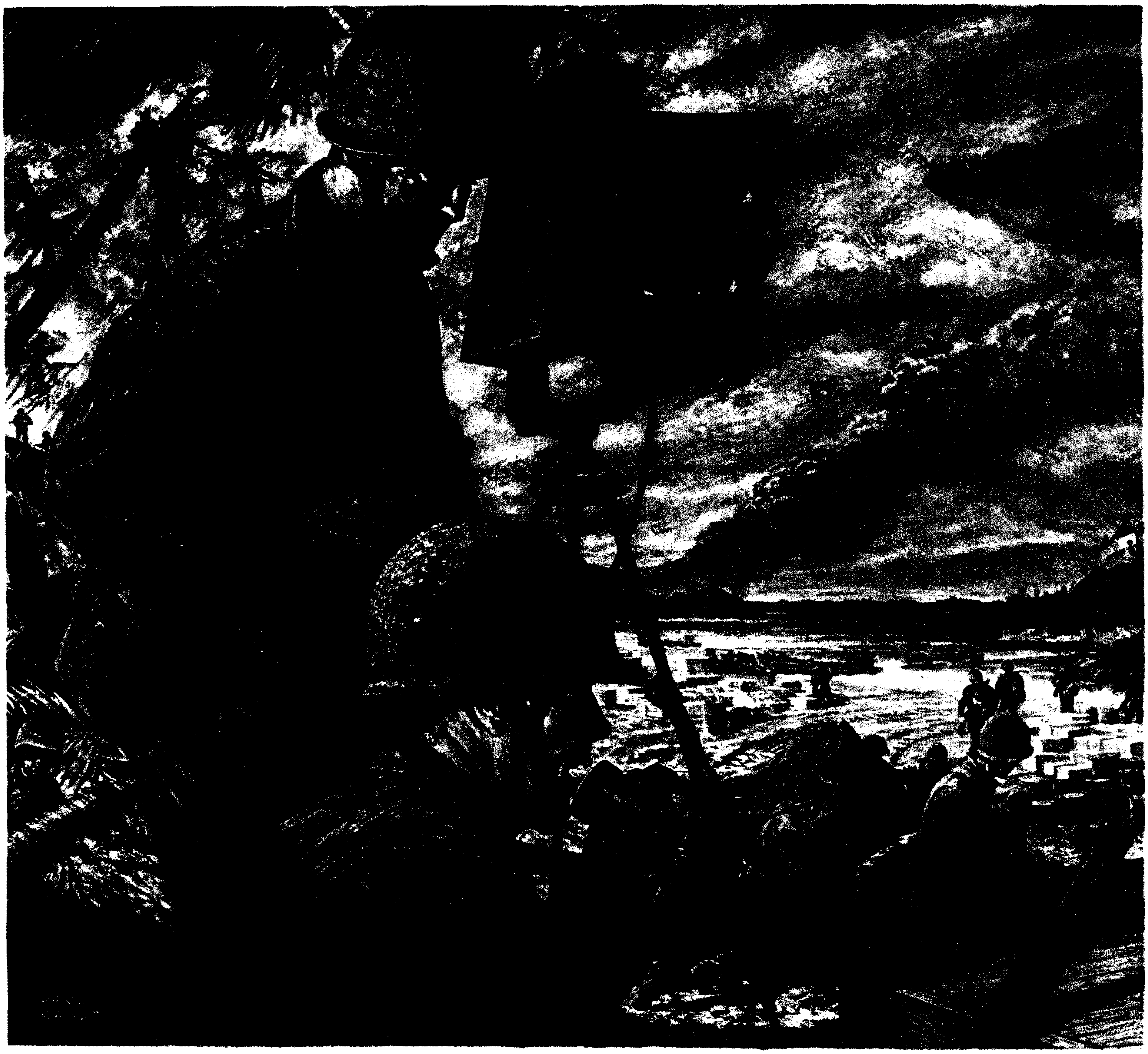
TRY THIS

MORAL: ***Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.***

WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS

Been missing your favorite flavor? Chances are, the Life Savers you want are going to men in the Armed Services. But keep asking and try other flavors, too. Life Savers are *all* grand!

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 16 of a series, Navy Amphibious Command.



Traffic Cop of Invasion—that's the Navy Beachmaster! He comes ashore with one of the first waves of fighters to direct the landing of troops, weapons and supplies. One of his crew "broadcasts" his commands over a powerful loudspeaker. Keeping order in the midst of seeming chaos, he speeds the taking of another stepping stone to Victory.

Until the war is won, Western Electric will continue to supply vast quantities of "battle talk" equipment to our armed forces. Then—and only then—can we return fully to our primary job of producing equipment for the Bell Telephone System.

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You've got a part in his job!

He works for days at a stretch getting guns, tanks, ammunition, gasoline, food, medical stores and countless other supplies ashore. Our fighters must have more and more of these things. *Buy more War Bonds—and keep all you buy!*

you get it up on credit, and say the horse wins. You'll still be a hundred Gs out—the amount of the original bet. Not having put up anything except markers, the bookies will take a hundred Gs out of whatever you win."

"That's right," said Lonnie. "I'm going to run short."

"Plenty short—even, as I say, if the horse wins. If he loses . . ."

"Forget about him losing. Anyway, if he loses, I'll be clear with the Syndicate."

"But the bookies . . ."

"All right, all right," said Lonnie, waving Ray to silence with impatient gestures. "Now about that shortage. There's a way to handle it. I can tell the Syndicate there was such a huge amount up that the bookies wouldn't pay track odds. We'll never get better than three-to-one, you know. . . ."

"They might check."

"Yes—they might. But if I turn over to them, say: three hundred Gs, they're not going to kick too much. It's quite a coup!"

"Too many ifs, Lonnie."

"However," said Lonnie, ignoring Ray's remark, "I don't like to work the shortage angle that way. It might look like too big a gyp."

"Then you're licked."

"Maybe not. You're forgetting something, Ray. I'm not only trying to get out of a bad hole. I'm going to fix the Greek's clock—so it won't run so good any more."

Ray suddenly had to sit down. He was having that nightmare feeling again. He hesitated, then took another stiff drink.

"I'm getting drunk, Lonnie," he said, shuddering; "but tonight . . . I just don't give a damn!"

Lonnie snapped his fingers, too intent on his problem to be concerned about Ray. Picking up a pencil, he wrote something on a card, slipped the card into his coat pocket, glanced at his watch, and stood up.

"I told Mary I'd be home early tonight, so I'm on my way."

Ray nodded wearily. "This has been quite an evening!"

"Yeah," said Lonnie. "Now grab yourself a good sleep tonight."

"You must be kidding!"

"Get up bright and early and keep working on those lists. It's going to be tougher than ever now."

Ray sat staring at Lonnie. "I'll be damned," he said rather thickly, "if you don't look almost pleased about the whole thing!"

"In a way, I am," said Lonnie, going to the door. "I hate guys who think they're smarter than everybody else. Goodby."

He went out. Ray shook his head apprehensively. Now that his spirits were no longer buoyed up by Lonnie's optimistic presence, he began to see things more realistically: it was hopeless, hopeless! Lonnie would end up completely discredited—or shot. Ray reached for the bottle, paused, picked it up, held it for a moment staring at it, sighed, hesitated, then locked it carefully in a desk drawer.

"No time to start that, you fool!" he admonished himself. "All Lonnie needs now is for you to go on one of those two-week benders like you used to do in the old days!"

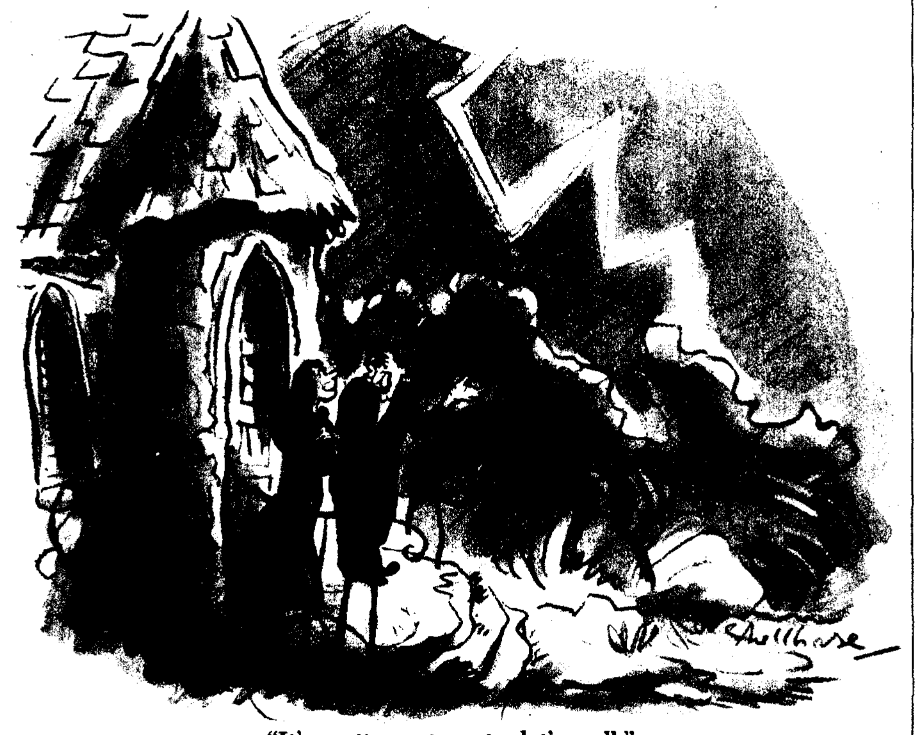
LONNIE'S mind was too full of projects for him to sleep. But if Mary suspected he wasn't sleeping, she'd worry and begin to talk about him working too hard, so he lay without moving, staring up at the patterns of light on the ceiling. It was very late. Occasionally a lone taxi hooted in the street below, and at long intervals a surface car went clanging past. Beside him, Mary was breathing gently.

Forgetting the Greek for a moment, he began to think how pleasant it was to be lying there in the darkness, close to Mary. Images of the past rose before him: dames he'd known, wild parties he'd gone to, week ends in Chicago and New York . . . he rejected these images contemptuously. He'd just been marking time—waiting for Mary to come along.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" Mary asked suddenly.

Lonnie jumped and then sat up. "For that matter—why aren't *you* sleeping?" he demanded, startled and slightly irritated.

"I was playing possum," said Mary, "wondering how long you'd lie there staring at the ceiling. Is something wrong, Lonnie?"



COLLIER'S "It's pretty nasty out—let's walk" GEORGE SHELLHASE

"Nothing's wrong."

"Oh, yes there is. You didn't eat all your chocolate pie at dinner, and any time that happens . . ."

"I wasn't so hungry tonight."

"You see? There *is* something wrong. When you're not hungry . . ."

"You make me sound like a pig," said Lonnie.

"Well, as far as appetite goes . . ."

"Besides, I had a sandwich with Ray this afternoon. A big one."

"What kind?" Mary asked quickly.

"Well, a . . . a . . ."

"Please stop lying, Lonnie."

"Do you think I've got nothing to do but go around remembering what kind of a sandwich I had?"

Mary said nothing.

"Do you?" he insisted.

"You're probably getting to the blonde stage again," said Mary. "If so, please say so. Because . . ."

Lonnie grabbed her suddenly and began to kiss her. She struggled, pushed at him, turned this way and that, and even kicked at him with her bare feet. Finally she lay still.

"Lonnie . . ."

Some time later they were sitting at a corner of the big dining-room table, eating scrambled-egg sandwiches and drinking chocolate. Mary had her long dark hair back over her ears and no make-up on. She looked very young and fresh and schoolgirlish, especially as now the faint freckles high up on her cheeks were visible.

"The trouble with me is," said Mary between bites, "I've got nothing to think about but you. You've got the restaurant and making money to occupy your thoughts." She shook her head slightly. "I never had any idea this would ever happen to me. Not this way—at least."

"Are you kicking?"

"Of course not," said Mary. "I never knew anybody could be so happy. But . . . sometimes I know you get very irritated with me because I'm always worrying about you. How can I help it? I think about you all day long, Lonnie—wondering what you're doing, if you've seen a pretty girl and wish you weren't married. Things like that. I get furious with myself. I try to be indifferent. One time when I was trying to be very indifferent, you got worried about me and asked me if I was ill."

They both laughed.

COLLIER'S "No, no, Peggy, don't slap them afterward" FRANK BEAVEN

"I'm afraid you're not the indifferent type," said Lonnie.

"Worse luck. Until I met you, though, Lonnie, I was always so sure of myself. I never got ruffled about anything. I always, in a way, had the upper hand. But you got me all mixed up."

"I suppose you think *I* wasn't all mixed up! I was the guy who was never going to get married, remember? The second time I saw you, I wanted to marry you, and it made me mad as hell."

Mary laughed. "Oh, how I hated you that day you tried to pick me up on the corner. . . ."

"What a beautiful brush!"

"Yes. But that night I couldn't sleep and I got more and more irritated with myself. Mr. Pool called me up, poor man, and I'm afraid I was very rude to him."

"I'm sorry to hear that!"

"Yes, I know you don't like him. But there was no reason for me to be so—well, that's over with; thank goodness! Then that night at the restaurant—the night Wanda was drunk and caused the disturbance. In the office I wasn't myself at all. I felt so unnatural and you irritated me so."

"And you kept making fun of me."

They both laughed.

"Love me, Lonnie?"

"More than anything in the world, honey."

She studied his face for a long time. "But if you ever don't any more, please . . ."

"Wait a minute," said Lonnie. "Are we going to start all over again? I thought . . ."

She jumped up suddenly, mischievously pulled his hair, then ran out of the room. He leaped after her, dashed into the living room in pursuit, crying, "Wait till I get you, young lady," wrenched his ankle as he tried to avoid an ottoman and fell flat on his face.

Mary turned quickly, surprised by the crash, and looked round for him. He had disappeared. She hurried back. Lonnie sat up, holding the gimpy ankle, and emitting a long string of profanity which made Mary wince. She finally put her hands over her ears.

A few minutes later, Lonnie was sitting in the bedroom with his foot in a tub of hot water. "It's swelling fast," said Mary, kneeling beside him, bathing it. "You'll have to stay in bed tomorrow."

"Oh, no, I won't."

"Please, Lonnie. Then I can wait on you."

"I'm too busy."

He spoke so sharply and with such irritation that Mary looked up at him in surprise.

"Lonnie . . ."

"It hurts like hell," said Lonnie quickly, trying to cover up his unpleasantness.

She was immediately mollified. "I'd better call a doctor. I never saw it swell like this before."

"It'll be all right in a little while. Lie down, darling. You'll be worn out tomorrow."

She ignored him and continued to bathe his ankle. Lonnie was groaning inwardly. Fine time for a thing like this to happen!

JOE SANDOWSKY shifted his bulk about uneasily on a small straight chair in Lonnie's office.

"You get around a lot, Joe," Lonnie was saying, "places I'm never in. And there's something I'd like for you to find out for me. That is—if it's okay with you."

"Sure, Mr. Drew," said Joe, grinning. "Anything I can do for you any time, just speak up."

"By the way, how's your sister?"

"Wanda's fine. Got a new job. She left Karr-Dean a couple weeks ago. She's over at Mandell's now. We often talk about you. Wanda thinks your missus is A-one."

"Didn't go to New York then?"

"Naw. That was just one of her wild ideas." Joe grinned indulgently.

Lonnie handed him a cigar, took one himself, and they lighted up.

"It's like this," said Lonnie, settling down to business. "We'll say that a big robbery has been pulled off. Maybe as high as a hundred thousand dollars."

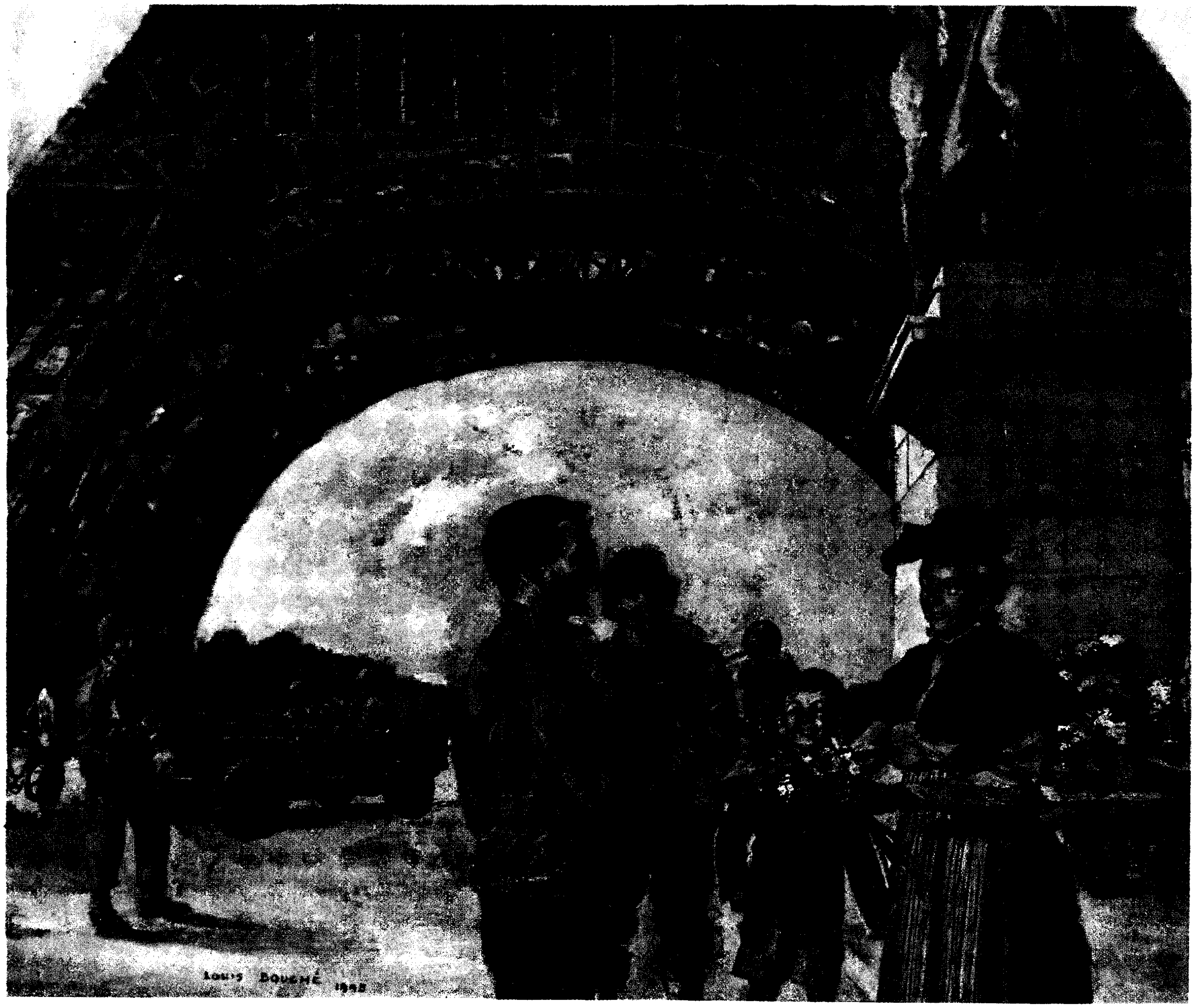
Joe lowered his cigar and whistled with feeling.

"We'll just say that, you understand," Lonnie went on. Joe nodded.

"We'll say that the robbery was committed

Une perm' a Paris . . . Have a Coca-Cola

(PARIS LEAVE)



. . . *Yank friendliness comes to the Eiffel Tower*

It's a natural impulse for a Yank soldier to share his home ways and home things with friendly foreigners abroad. The invitation *Have a Coke* is a symbol of his feeling of friendliness toward folks in Paris. It says *We're your allies—we wish you well* in a way as American as baseball or the corner drugstore at home. Wherever you hear *Have a Coke* you hear the voice of America . . . inviting you to enjoy *the pause that refreshes,*—a national custom now becoming an international symbol of good will as well.

* * *

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You said it!
L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

by a couple of guys from Lake City—professionals. Now, Joe, it's pretty unlikely that a job like that could be pulled off without it getting around—among the guys in the know. Am I right?"

"Sure," said Joe. "Nobody's ever going to keep one like that from getting out. Guys are bound to brag—maybe to their dames; maybe to some other racket guys. Trouble with most birds is, they can't learn to keep their big mouths shut."

"That's what I figured. I want you to find out about it for me."

Joe shifted uneasily and his chair groaned and creaked. "I'd like to do you a favor," he said finally. "But ain't that like finking?"

Lonnie smiled soothingly. "The police have got nothing to do with this, Joe."

"I see. You just want to find out for yourself—personal."

"That's right. It's actually sort of a business matter."

Joe puffed on his cigar, rolled round in his chair and crossed his legs. "I never heard of no heist like that in Lake City," he said. "It ain't going to be hard to find out *something* about it."

"Joe, do you know Gus Borgia?"

Joe looked at Lonnie quickly and sharply with his hard, slanted blue eyes and spoke cautiously: "Yeah. Why?"

"You might be doing him a big favor."

"Yeah? That wouldn't hurt me none."

"It's just a tip."

JOE smiled more at ease. "Come clean now, Mr. Drew," he said. "What is it you want to find out?"

"The names of the guys that pulled the robbery."

"Okay," said Joe, getting up, "as long as the law's got nothing to do with it."

"You got my word."

"Swell."

Lonnie reached for his billfold, but Joe warned him off with a gesture.

"No, no. This one is on the house. You was pretty nice to the kid sister and I don't forget things. All I ask is: Put in a good word for me with Gus Borgia. That's better than dough in the bank."

When Joe had gone, Lonnie sat staring thoughtfully off across the room for a long time, then he reached for the phone and called Mary. "Hello, darling."

"Hello, Lonnie, dear. How's your ankle?"

"Feels a lot better. I can lace my shoe now."

"Don't forget what I told you. Use your cane when you walk around."

"What are you doing? You were a long time getting to the phone."

"I'm a busy girl. Pinky's holding the man from the cleaners while I talk to you."

"Oh, go ahead then, honey."

"I'm sending your gray suit and your brown tweed suit and the ties you put out. Anything else?"

"No."

"The man from the cleaners is very good-looking. He reminds me of you."

"I'll have him shot tomorrow. I'd hurry home right now if it wasn't for my ankle. Oh, by the way, I'm going to be late tonight. You better eat something light about seven. Then we'll go to Salini's later."

There was silence at the other end.

"Hello. Hello," said Lonnie.

"Oh, I wish you were coming home, but . . . Don't forget now, Lonnie. Stay off that ankle."

Lonnie hung up, smiling. He was lucky to have a wife like Mary. He winced inwardly thinking about some of the bums he'd gone around with in the old days.

WHEN Ray came in about eight o'clock, Lonnie was having dinner in booth one with Gus Borgia and Benny Hayt. Ray frowned slightly, nodded to them, then hurried on to the office. He had been feeling pleased with himself, for he'd been up half the night working on Lonnie's betting problem, and he felt sure that he'd worked out an almost foolproof system for distributing the money so that not too much of it would be placed in one spot and cause comment. Now he sat wondering why Lonnie was having dinner with Benny and Gus. It made him feel very uneasy.

Benny and Gus were working on huge steaks which Lonnie had had cut especially for them, and an attentive waiter kept filling up their wineglasses with champagne.

From time to time, Gus grinned at Lonnie. "The real thing," he said, indicating the food. "This makes Salini's look sick."

"Yeah," said Benny, smiling dolefully and stuffing his mouth full of French fried zucchini. "Best food I've tasted since the war."

"I thought you both might like a nice dinner."

"How's that wife of yours?" Gus inquired. "She sure is a beautiful girl. Did you ever see her, Benny?"

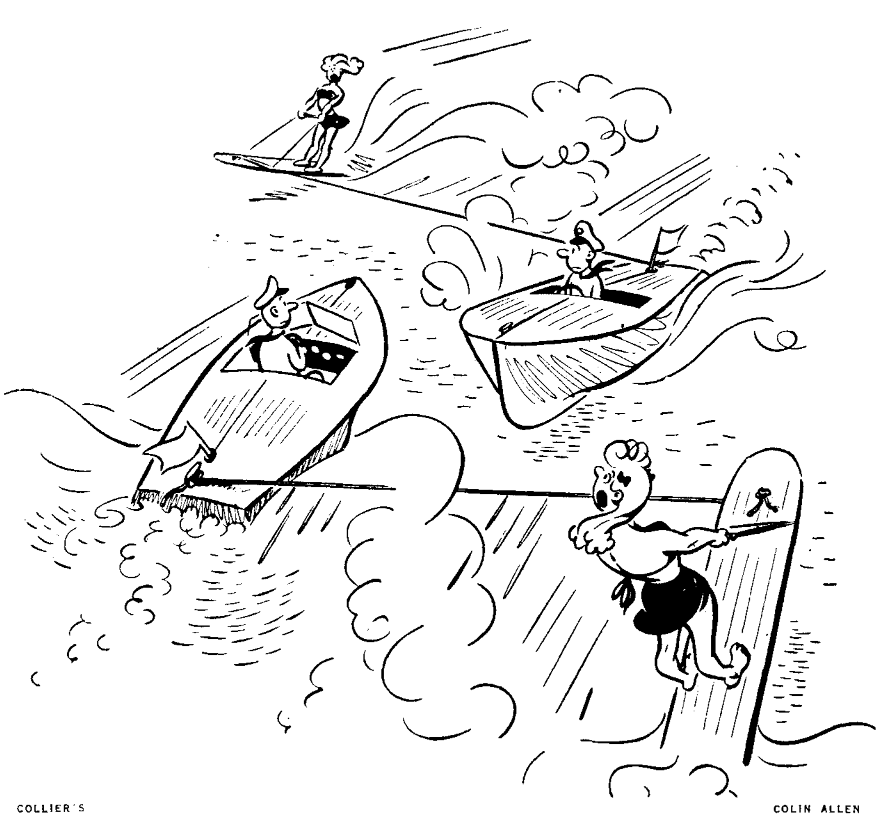
"No," said Benny.

"This guy's got no right to be that lucky."

"What happened to Rita, Mr. Borgia?" asked Lonnie.

"Oh—one of them things," Gus sighed and stared sadly at his plate for a moment. Then he shook his head. "I don't know. She talks too much, and half the time I don't know what she's saying. Then she laughs and laughs. It got on my nerves. She left town the other day."

Benny and Lonnie exchanged a glance. They both knew that the Greek had used Rita as a come-on. Now that Gus was in the fold, Rita didn't have to worry with him any longer, and he'd been given the brush.



Lonnie had an idea. "Excuse me, will you, fellows? Little matter I've got to look after. I'll be back in a minute."

When Lonnie had gone, Gus observed: "Nice guy. Got class. And he's a smart so-and-so. Take my word for it."

"Sure, Gus."

"If he pulls this one off, he's tops in my book."

"He better pull it off."

Gus glanced up at Benny. "What's bothering you?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"All I say is," Gus went on, "it's a big one and a tough one. The Greek figured it out. But you notice he ain't pulling it off. Now what does that make him?"

"Smart, maybe."

Gus studied Benny with fork poised. "Sometimes he's smart in a way I don't like," said Gus. "Someday he'll get so smart he'll figure himself right into a first-class jam." Gus spoke so bitterly that Benny began to prick up his ears.

"That so, Gus?"

"I'm saying so. He rubs me the wrong way, Benny, and you might as well know it. When I first settled in here, he was ringing my phone from morning till night. He was taking me out to dinner; he was introducing me to dames. Okay. So I come in the deal. Now what happens? He's always busy."

Benny was surprised at Gus' attitude. You never knew about a guy. Who'd ever figure he'd be that touchy?

"He's been sick lately."

Gus grunted. "It's the fumes from all that junk he sprays on him. He stinks like a perfume factory."

Benny laughed and reached for his glass. It was empty. The waiter rushed over and filled it.

"Me, too," said Gus. The waiter filled his glass and left. "Best service I've had since I was in San Francisco," said Gus expansively, "and the best damn' dinner."

About half an hour later, Benny, Gus, Ray and Lonnie were sitting in the office, sipping liqueurs and listening to a comedy radio program. Gus felt great and even smiled happily, something unusual for him. He kept laughing at the cracks of the radio comedian and winking at Lonnie. Ray looked on with a distinct feeling of trepidation.

The door opened and Wanda Sandowsky came in. "Oh," she said, starting back, "I didn't know you were busy, Mr. Drew. I just dropped in to . . ."

Lonnie jumped up. "That's all right, Wanda. We're just sitting around talking. How about joining us?"

She looked about her at the other men.

"Well . . . so long as I'm not interrupting anything."

Lonnie glanced at Gus, who was on his feet, staring eagerly at Wanda.

At a little after ten, Benny went home alone, and Gus and Wanda started out for a round of the night spots. Gus was very much taken with the Polish girl, who said that she really ought to go home and get a good night's sleep, that she wasn't even dressed to go out, but if Mr. Borgia, who had such a way with him, insisted. . . .

Lonnie winked at Ray as soon as they were alone. "The Greek's not so smart," he said.

"Will you stop congratulating yourself?" Ray demanded. "And sit down here and look over this plan?"

IT WAS after eleven o'clock when Lonnie got to the hotel apartment. He was anxious to see Mary and he acted so impatient that the elevator boy kept looking at him out of the corner of his eye as the elevator climbed slowly upward. Lonnie had intended to call Mary but he'd been so busy he hadn't got around to it. What he couldn't understand was why she hadn't called him.

Pinky met him at the door with a scared face. "What's wrong with you?" Lonnie demanded. "Where's Mrs. Drew?"

"She's gone. She . . . she took a suitcase full of clothes and left."

"Why?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. And I don't want you to think it had anything to do with me. I . . . I . . . been so damned upset I . . ."

Lonnie grabbed Pinky by the arm. "What did you do?"

"Me? I didn't do anything. All of a sudden I hear her walking up and down. And pretty soon I peek in. Her hair's going every which way and she looks so mad I'm scared. I never knew that a woman like the missus could look so mad. I thought maybe it was something you said to her over the phone and . . ."

"Over the phone! You mean it was that long ago?"

"Yes, sir. Right after the cleaning man left."

"Why the hell didn't you call me when she took the suitcase and went out?"

"Well, like I said. I thought maybe it was something between the two of you and none of my business."

"This is a hell of a note," said Lonnie, bewildered. "I don't get it."

He hadn't even taken his hat off. He walked around the living room, trying to figure out what to do. His ankle began to hurt him, so he sat down, but in a moment he jumped up and started to pace the floor again.

Pinky stood near the door, looking on apprehensively. He was badly shaken and couldn't realize that this had really happened. Things were going along perfectly when all of a sudden—boom—they blew up.

"Would you like a drink or something, boss?" he asked.

LONNIE turned and looked at Pinky strangely. Mary only gone a few hours and Pinky already starting to call him "boss" as in the old days. A sense of loss began to grow on him. He went quickly to the window and stood looking out so that Pinky couldn't see how panicky he was. Without Mary nothing seemed to mean anything at all.

"Did you hear me, boss?" Pinky insisted.

"Don't call me 'boss,' Pinky. You know Mrs. Drew doesn't like it."

"I'm sorry. It's because she's gone and . . ."

The phone rang. Pinky went to answer it, but Lonnie cut in front of him and grabbed up the receiver.

"Yes, Ray," said Lonnie, his face falling. "Talk up. I can't hear you."

"I've got to whisper. I'm afraid she'll hear me."

"Who?" cried Lonnie.

"The missus She's here at the beach house and she's mighty upset about something. She's borrowed all our gas tickets, and Willy's got the 'wreck' over at the filling station now, filling it up for her. I think she's going home."

"Stall her. Do something. I'll be right there."

Lonnie brushed Pinky aside and went out. Pinky stood staring off across the room, shaking his head. Then he began to whistle. He felt better. They'd just had a row, that's all, and Lonnie wouldn't admit it.

If he's started chasing dames already, thought Pinky, I hope she busts his head wide open with something.

LONNIE knocked on the bedroom door repeatedly but got no answer. Then he tried to open it. It was locked.

"Mary," he called. "I know you're in there, so you might as well open the door."

"I'm not going to open the door until you go away. I'll stay in here all night if necessary."

"But what in hell is this all about?"

"And I'm not going to listen to any of your smart explanations. I've made up my mind. I'm going home and see my folks, then I'm going to New York. I just had a feeling things would turn out this way. That's why I almost didn't marry you."

"What are you talking about?"

There was a long pause. Suddenly Mary unlocked the door, opened it and faced him. Her eyes were flashing, she looked much taller and she seemed so formidable that Lonnie stared at her with a sort of awe.

"This!" she cried, slapping a card into his hand.

He glanced down at it, hardly able to make

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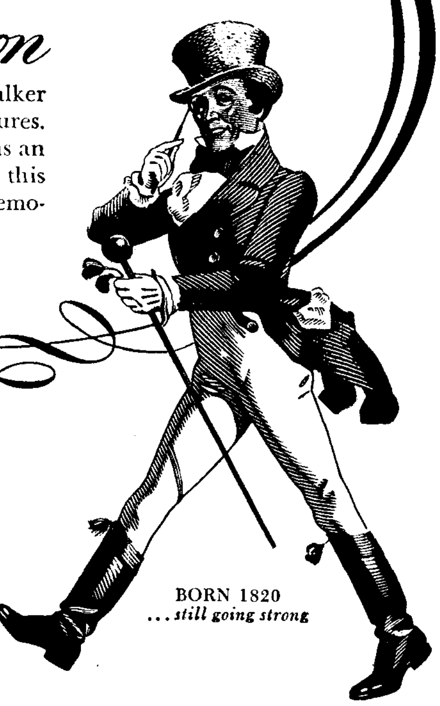

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it out in the dim light. He saw that it read:

SANDOWSKY
Call

Lonnie stared, looked up at Mary, who was regarding him fiercely, then he burst out laughing. "Where did you get this?"

"In your gray suit. And I wasn't snooping. I was sending it to the cleaners."

"That means *Joe* Sandowsky," said Lonnie, very much relieved. "I called him today on some business."

"Oh, really," said Mary. "Then why was it that Wanda turned up at the restaurant this evening?"

Lonnie cleared his throat, carefully rubbed his chin, and looked past Mary into the bedroom, avoiding her eyes. This was one for the book: circumstantial evidence!

"That's a hard one to answer, Mary."

"I thought it would be. You acted exactly as I thought you would. I knew you'd say it was her brother. So I made it my business to find out. Now do you give up, Mr. Lonnie Drew?"

"Yes," said Lonnie, "but not in the way you think. I've been holding out on you, Mary, and . . ."

"You don't need to tell me. I've been watching you lately. You're nervous as my aunt's tomcat. You pay no attention when I talk to you. You can't eat your dinner. You . . ."

"Mary, come in the living room," said Lonnie firmly. "You've just got to be told, that's all."

Mary glanced at him, very much puzzled.

"Hurry up," Lonnie said. "Don't stand there. I'll tell you the whole thing. But I want Ray with us. He'll bear me out."

"Ray!"

"Yes. He's in on it. And maybe he can help me explain it to you. I've been trying hard to keep this from you, Mary, but . . ."

Mary studied him, trying to read his expression. She felt very calm now. Some instinct told her that she'd been wrong and she had already begun to feel a little ashamed of herself.

A short time later Ray entered the living room. Mary was sitting on the big couch by the huge view window; Lonnie was staring into the fire.

"Ray," said Lonnie, "we've got to tell Mary the whole thing. She's all mixed up."

Ray was taken aback. "But, Lonnie . . ."

"No 'buts' about it. I'll start at the beginning and you prompt me if I get stuck. Some of it is going to be a little tough for her to understand, so we've got to make it plain."

THEY were both very much surprised by her reaction. She was neither angry, frightened nor worried. She was exhilarated. Her color was high and her dark eyes were dancing with excitement.

"You understand," said Ray, "Lonnie's in quite a spot, Mary. He's in real danger."

Mary turned and smiled at Lonnie, then she went over and sat on his lap.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said. "But you must admit . . ."

"Sure. I admit it looked bad," said Lonnie, kissing her. "Otherwise, do you think I'd have bothered you with all this stuff?"

"I still don't think she . . ." Ray began.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Mary. "I understand very well. Of course—maybe not about the odds and . . . and the betting. But I can plainly see that Lonnie's in trouble." She kissed him. "But I'd rather have him in this kind of trouble than mixed up with Wanda Sandowsky."

Lonnie and Ray exchanged a glance.

"Well," said Lonnie, "I'm glad it's all straightened out. Now we can go home."

"No, Lonnie," said Mary. "Let's stay here tonight. It's nice and warm now. Don't you think that would be fun?"

"Sure. Why not?"

Ray still felt uneasy about the whole thing, but he was glad to see them so happy and so absorbed in each other.

"Why don't I get Willy to fix a little snack?" he suggested. "You can eat right here in front of the fire."

"Grand idea," said Mary. . . .

Later, Mary turned to Lonnie in bed and asked: "This little Mr. Borgia—you want to make him a friend of yours: is that right?"

"Yes," said Lonnie. "Why?"

"Don't you think I could work on him just as well as Wanda?"

"Now wait a minute, Mary," said Lonnie, sitting up.

"Not in the same way, of course. Don't be silly. But couldn't I give a nice dinner for him? He can bring Wanda. And we'll have wonderful food and champagne. And I'll be very sweet to him, and you can hold Wanda's hand under the table."

"Not bad. Not bad."

"I'll really go out of my way to make this a wonderful dinner, Lonnie. In no time at all we'll have him eating out of our hands."

Lonnie took her in his arms and began to stroke her hair gently. "You're quite a kid. Lucky day for me when I saw you."

"Lucky day for *me!*" She sat up abruptly. "I think I'll have guinea fowl, if I can get any. Clear mushroom soup with sherry. Perhaps baked Alaska . . ."

Lonnie pulled her back. "Can't it wait till tomorrow?"

"But I've got to start planning, Lonnie."

"Sounds wonderful. Gus'll never have the heart to get me shot after he eats a dinner like that."

Mary hugged him suddenly. "I'm scared in a way, Lonnie. If anything should happen to you, I wouldn't know what to do. But . . . it's so exciting. And I have such confidence in you, darling. Those other men—well, they haven't got a chance."

Lonnie wished it were that easy but refrained from saying so.

"We'll pull it off, honey. Don't worry."

"But, Lonnie, Ray's right. I do wish you'd told me how much money we were spending and . . . and I wish I hadn't bought the coat. Please. You must tell me things."

THE dinner was even better than Lonnie had expected. Willy and Pinky outdid themselves serving, and the food was excellently cooked. Mary looked calm and beautiful in a dark dress and she kept up a continuous conversation with little Gus Borgia, who was so flattered he didn't know what to do with himself.

Wanda seemed perfectly at ease, but Gus was out of his element and suddenly became conscious of his table manners, dropped a fork, almost upset a wineglass, and finally dribbled his dessert down the front of his coat. He was as awkward as a boy at his first party, but he was having a great time.

Later they had coffee and brandy in the living room. Gus sighed with contentment and observed, "You people sure know how to live. Now take me. I'm an old bachelor. I'm always knocking around from place to place. And I get into the strangest joints. Course it's getting worse all the time." He turned to Mary. "Mrs. Drew, where do you get servants like that?"

"She trained them herself," Lonnie explained.

"I'll be damned!" said Gus, looking at Mary with a sort of awe. "A kid like her, training grown men!"

"The one with the black hair is Charley Fiala's brother," said Lonnie.

"No kidding?"

"He used to be a taxi driver in Chi."

Gus laughed and finished his brandy. "Imagine—Charley Fiala's brother. And this little lady here trained him. Mrs. Drew, you're a hundred per cent okay."

"Thank you, Mr. Borgia. Now how about some more brandy?"

"Maybe a little more. Thimbleful."

"Mary used to model with me at Karr-Dean, Gus," said Wanda. "She was our star."

"How come the guy who owns the store didn't marry her? He must be a sucker."

"Mary wasn't interested." Wanda laughed. "Were you, Mary?"

"I'm afraid not. He was already married. More coffee, Mr. Borgia?"

"Yes. Hell, why should I stint myself? I'll probably lay awake all night. But if I do, I'll be thinking about this dinner and the little lady that figured it all out."

"Gus, you're a gentleman," said Wanda.

"I've been called a lot of things in my time," said Gus. "But never a gentleman." He laughed loudly and reaching forward slapped Lonnie on the knee.

Lonnie laughed appreciatively.

Hours later, Gus had made no move to go home. He was sitting in a big armchair with a highball in his hand, talking about the old days in Chi, carefully editing it, of course, for Mary's benefit. Lonnie kept wanting to yawn and took drink after drink to keep himself awake. Wanda had long since given up and was now sitting with her legs stretched out, nodding from time to time. But Mary was sparkling as brightly as ever.

"You've certainly had a most interesting life, Mr. Borgia," said Mary. "It must have been wonderful."

"Oh, I don't know," said Gus pensively. "It's more fun telling about it than it was living it."

Wanda's head fell forward and she woke with a start. They all looked at her.

"Say," said Gus, "what time is it getting to be?" He glanced at his watch and almost dropped his highball. "Holy smoke! It's nearly two. This evening has sure gone fast."

It took Gus nearly half an hour to thank Lonnie and Mary and to say good night. As soon as the door had shut behind him and Wanda, Mary kicked off her high-heeled shoes, flung herself down on the couch and lay full length.

"If he'd stayed another fifteen minutes I'd be stinking drunk," said Lonnie.

"Well," said Mary, "at least it was a success. But . . . poor Wanda!"

"Yeah. I guess that's what all dames say about Gus. Maybe that's what makes him look so sad and beaten."

"I thought he was very nice and polite—considering."

"He certainly thought you were wonderful. Well, I think we struck a good blow tonight."

"Oh, I'm so tired," said Mary. "I think I'll sleep right here."

GUS BORGIA was sitting in booth one at the Inn, waiting for Wanda. He was wearing a new double-breasted blue serge suit, he'd discarded the starched collar he always wore, for a soft one, and he'd had his lank black hair, which was usually hanging about his forehead in a bang, cut shorter. He looked decidedly better and younger.

George and Leonard, the Austrian waiter, who handled booth one, were hovering about him seeing that he had everything he wanted. Gus tipped as fantastically as he'd done in the Capone era in Chicago. Several nights before, he'd given George a fifty-dollar bill, and Leonard a twenty. Things like that simply didn't happen any more, and the help needed no urgings from Lonnie to wait on Gus hand and foot.

In a little while the Greek came in and went to the bar. Mack, the bartender, grinned and immediately began to mix a double Martini. Although as immaculately turned out as usual, the Greek seemed nervous and jumpy. There were signs of strain in his face and under his eyes were dark shadows of fatigue.

Gus noticed him but gave no sign. Wanda had told him a few things about the Greek which had annoyed him excessively. From time to time, Gus glanced in the direction of the bar where the Greek sat with his chin in his hand staring gloomily into the bar mirror, but seeing nothing. Gus misinterpreted his stare and thought the Greek was admiring his handsome face in the glass.

"Loves himself—that guy," said Gus, under his breath. "I can't stand a man who fights a mirror. A dame—yes!"

Mack put the Greek's drink in front of him. Shifting his position to sip it, the Greek caught a glimpse of Gus in the mirror. At that precise moment, Gus was looking at him with distaste. The Greek noted the expression and turned. His aplomb deserted him. He grew pale. But in a moment he composed himself, smiled, nodded, and came over to booth one, carrying his drink.

"Hello, Gus," he said, smiling. "Didn't know you were here."

Gus nodded, studying him, making no effort to be friendly.

"Mind if I sit down?" asked the Greek.

"No," said Gus. "A dame's coming here to meet me, but . . ."

"As soon as she comes, I'll leave," said the Greek, sitting down quickly. "Talked to Lonnie about the deal lately?"

Gus nodded.

"Everything's all right, I suppose," said the Greek.

"Why not?"

"Well, it's a big deal. Sometimes at night I get to thinking maybe Lonnie's not big enough for the job—might bungle it."

"You picked him."

"A man can be wrong, Gus. He seemed like the best available at the time."

"Why didn't *you* handle it?"

"It's a little out of my line."

Gus sipped a highball and looked past the Greek, who cleared his throat, hesitated, lighted a cigarette, then said, "I understand you've been seeing a good deal of Lonnie."

"Yes," said Gus proudly, "him and his wife. Classy people. I was out there to dinner the other night. Best food I ever tasted."

"He's a smooth worker, Gus. Probably got an angle."

"Such as?"

"He might be trying to get you in a good humor—just in case."

"Just in case—what?"

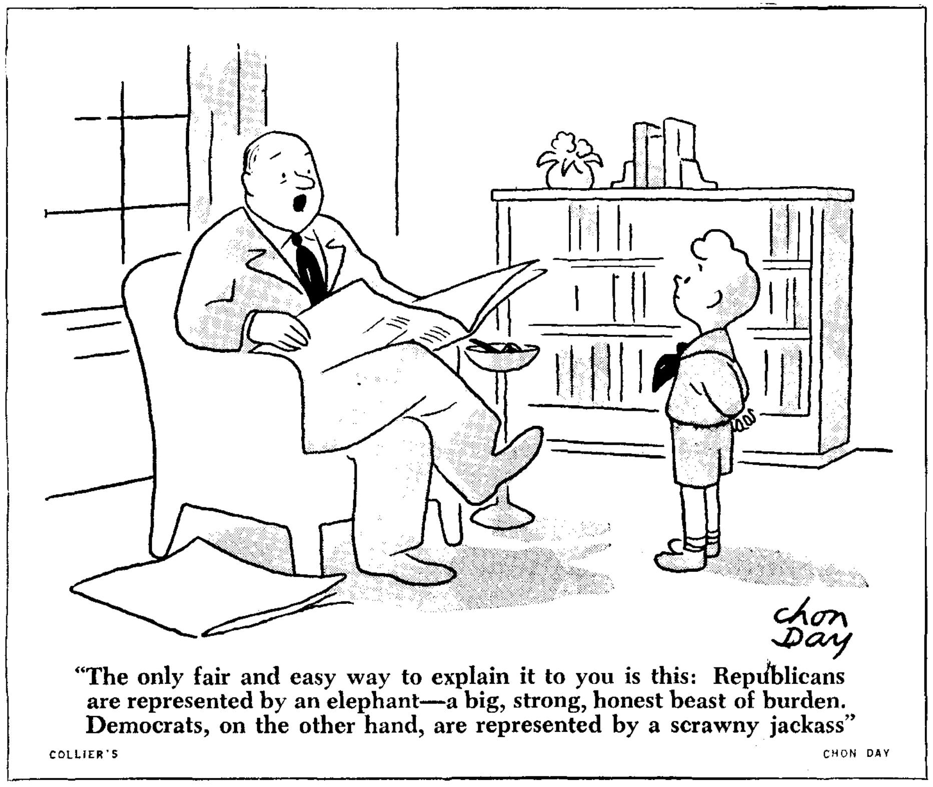
"You never know."

"Look, Pool. I'm nearly fifty. I been around a long time. Don't tell me my business."

The Greek laughed. "Gus," he said, "who am I to tell you your business? It was merely a suggestion."

Gus studied the Greek for a moment in

(Continued on page 36)



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THE Heroes

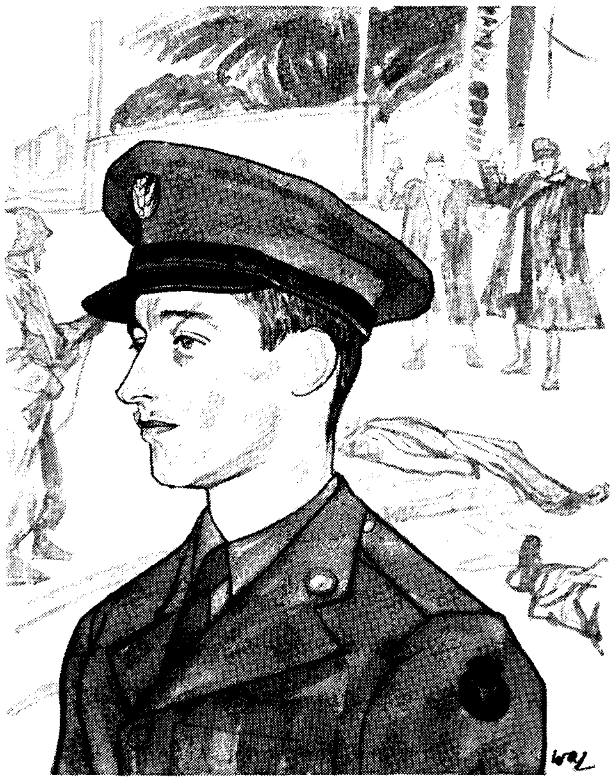
XXXVIII

THERE is nothing very new in the fact that Staff Sergeant George J. Hall charged two machine-gun nests single-handed, killing seven Germans, capturing nine, and opening the way for an American advance. The records of the Army are thick with similar instances of courage and devotion. What sets the young sergeant apart from others is an exhibition of fortitude without known parallel. When an enemy shell shattered his right leg into bloody tatters, he amputated with a steady hand, his instrument a sheath knife, and his operating room a fire-swept furrow in an open field. The dangling leg detached, he then crawled forward to wipe out a third nest, and complained bitterly when a support squad came up and carried him back to an aid station.

All of this happened on the Anzio beach in May, 1944, at the time of the push on Rome. The Thirty-fourth Infantry Division, spearheading the drive, had to cross flat terrain without cover of any kind, and was soon pinned down by heavy fire from three machine-gun emplacements. A charge in force meant wholesale slaughter, and as his officers debated, 24-year-old George Hall volunteered to take over the attack as a one-man job. His explanation, given afterward from a hospital bed, was quite simple.

"Somebody just had to knock out those guns," he said, "and there was no sense in losing a lot of lives. Anyway, I was pretty mad at the Krauts. They had given us a mean time at the Volturno River crossing, and again at Cassino. It looked to me like a good chance to get even," he added bitterly.

Loading himself down with hand grenades, he dropped into a plowed furrow and bellied forward inch by inch through the fog and rain. A sixty-yard crawl, and then leaping to his feet, he hurled four grenades into the center of the first emplacement. When the smoke cleared away, two German gunners lay dead, and four others were stunned or injured. The sergeant motioned them toward the American lines and gave the last one a lusty boot in the pants by way of making his meaning clear.



STAFF SGT. GEORGE J. HALL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Even so, he was still in a tough spot, for after several exchanges with the second machine-gun nest his supply of grenades ran out. Pawing around, however, he found a stock of the German potato-masher type, and one or two warming-up throws enabled him to "get the hang of 'em." Now followed a deadly pitching duel, the sergeant "burning 'em in," to use his own words, and the Germans coming back at him both with grenades and rifle fire.

In the end, superior control won out. Hall was a farm boy from Stoneham, Massachusetts, and the tosses from his steel arm hit the target, while the demoralized Germans threw wild. Bawling "Kamerad," five Krauts soon burst from cover, their hands raised as high as they could get them, while stretched on the ground in the nest were five dead riflemen. Sending his prisoners to the rear, the indomitable sergeant collected an armful of "potato mashers," and started off on another crawl for the third machine-gun emplacement.

In plain view, for the mist had lifted, the German gunners gave him everything they had, but by some miracle the youngster went untouched until an enemy artillery concentration fell on the area. One shell exploded a few yards away from the creeping sergeant, and when he came to, he looked down to see his right leg a pulp of bloody flesh and shattered bones. What he thought and what he did is told by George Hall himself:

"As soon as I saw what had happened, I knew I couldn't go forward any more; so I turned around and tried to crawl back. It was only about seventy-five yards to our lines, but I couldn't make it. Every time I tried to drag my leg, the pain was so bad I had to give it up. I lay quiet a bit, but I was still under fire, and knew I had to do something. After studying things over for a minute or two, I pulled out my sheath knife, and cut through the two tendons that were holding my leg on. The big toe on my left foot was almost off, but I took a chance and let it stay on."

With two enemy machine guns eliminated, Hall's company flanked the third and continued the advance without excessive casualties. When aid men reached the mangled sergeant, lying in a pool of his own blood, he begged them to fix him up so that he could go on, and came close to tears when they refused.

As a usual thing, the citations that accompany the Medal of Honor are somewhat terse, simply setting forth what the recipient did to deserve the award, and stating that he had lived up to the heroic traditions of the American fighting man. In the case of Staff Sergeant George J. Hall, however, the Army went beyond the regular form, for after praising his fearlessness and iron determination, the citation made specific mention of his "*prodigious* combat skill." An understatement at that! . . .

GEORGE CREEL

Odds Against the Girl

Continued from page 35

silence, making him very uneasy. "Of course," said Gus, "if you got some real information . . ."

"No, no. Just an idea." The Greek waved the whole thing aside. "Forget it."

Gus saw Wanda coming and got up. The Greek glanced at Gus, thought for a moment that he was dismissing him, but, noticing finally that Gus was looking toward the front door, he turned, started slightly at the sight of Wanda and got to his feet.

Wanda was out of breath from hurrying. "Gus," she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry I'm late. But . . ." Then she turned as if just noticing the Greek. "Oh, hello," she said coldly.

"Hello, Wanda." The Greek smiled and bowed politely. "I was just leaving."

"I'm so sorry," said Wanda sarcastically, sitting down.

Gus grunted with amusement.

"See you around," he said to the Greek, really dismissing him now.

The Greek went back to the bar and ordered another double Martini.

THAT night the Greek couldn't sleep even after taking a lukewarm shower and a sleeping tablet. He lay for hours in the darkness listening to the night sounds and trying to figure out what was going on. Gus' attitude worried him. About three o'clock he sat up in bed, struck by a sudden thought. "Lonnie must be going to bet the money on credit," he told the walls. "Why didn't I think of that?"

He got up, threw on a bathrobe and began to pace the floor. For a little while he felt completely demoralized, then he sat down and began to figure. But the longer he figured, the less sense it made. Even if the horse won, Lonnie'd be a hundred Gs short, and how could anybody explain a shortage like that to Gus Borgia, who, in the old days, had had men shot for much less?

The Greek laughed to himself. "Lonnie's trying to soften Gus up—that's obvious. But he'll never get away with it. Underneath, Gus is all business and wants what's coming to him to the penny."

The problem became more and more complex; its ramifications seemed to stretch off endlessly in all directions. The Greek finally forced himself to narrow it down to one simple item: He wanted to ruin Lonnie. That had been the motive behind the whole idea. The fact that he'd already made around seventy Gs out of the transaction was pleasant but merely incidental.

Every time the Greek thought about Mary and Lonnie, he broke out into a cold sweat and was plagued by vicious, murderous desires, which horrified him. Violence was foreign to his subtle, evasive nature. Never in his life before had he been troubled by such impulses; consequently he feared that his defenses against them were weak.

Gradually he calmed himself and after another cigarette went back to bed.

"He's done," the Greek said aloud. "He's washed up. Finished. And he'll be lucky if he doesn't end up on a slab in the morgue."

He tried to compose himself to sleep but after a while gave it up and lay staring at the ceiling. Another facet of the situation had occurred to him. If the horse won, he himself stood to make a considerable sum. But if this happened, Lonnie would be in a less precarious position. If the horse lost, the thing would be out of Gus' hands entirely, but Lonnie would owe every big bookmaker in the Middle West.

The Greek lay for a long time torn between his desire for more money and his passion to see Lonnie reduced to a cipher—if not actually killed.

He realized, knowing Gus, how dangerous it was to tamper in any way with the running of the race, but . . .

Thursday night, and the race was to be run on Saturday. It was after one o'clock, a fire was burning brightly in the living-room fireplace, Mary was lounging on the couch, trying to keep from falling asleep, and Ray and Lonnie were sitting at a table, working over a huge schedule which seemed to grow more and more complicated as time passed.

Finally Lonnie threw down his pencil and got up. His ankle was hurting him and he felt irritable and tense.

"Mary," he called, "why don't you go to bed?"

"No," said Mary, drowsily, "I want to stay up till you're through."

"It may be a long time yet," said Ray wearily, taking off his glasses and wiping them. "We get it together in one place and it falls apart in another."

"I wish I could help."

Lonnie came over to the couch and kissed Mary lightly. "You've been a great help, honey. And you're a great girl. I hope we don't end up in the gutter."

"I'll take a chance," said Mary. "Of course, we can always go to New Vienna to live. I own a house there."

Lonnie turned to Ray. "She's been holding out on us."

"It's a very small house. It only rents for forty-five a month furnished."

"Your furniture, too?"

"Yes. It's an old place my grandmother used to own."

"First time I ever heard of it."

"I let my folks keep the rent money, so I've never . . ."

"How would you like to live in New Vienna, Ray?" asked Lonnie.

"Sounds great."

They all laughed. Feeling better, Lonnie went back to the table and sat down.

"What did Gregg have to say about Saladin tonight?" asked Ray.

"He thinks there's nothing to it. He worked the old horse seven furlongs in .26 and he was hard held all the way."

"He should walk in."

"That's what Gregg thinks."

Lonnie turned to look at Mary, then he nudged Ray, who glanced over at her. She was sitting up with her arms folded, sound asleep.

FRIDAY was mild. Mary, Ray and Lonnie had had a light evening meal at the Inn and were now driving out Lake Shore Boulevard toward the Lakeland race track. On their left was the lake, pale, vast and empty under the stars; on their right were the massed, tall buildings of the downtown section. After they crossed the North Shore viaduct, over the labyrinthine mazes of the railroad yards, they could see, far to the south, the fiery glow of the steel plant against the soft blue night sky.

"Fast track tomorrow," said Lonnie, looking out at the cloudless, starry sky. "Gregg says the old horse can run on anything, but according to the form, his best races were over a fast track."

"Do you know," said Mary, "I've never seen a horse race? My father was always going when we still had some money. One winter we took a trip to New Orleans and my mother and father went to the track every day. But they left me in the hotel with my nurse. I was three years old. I was very much annoyed with them for that."

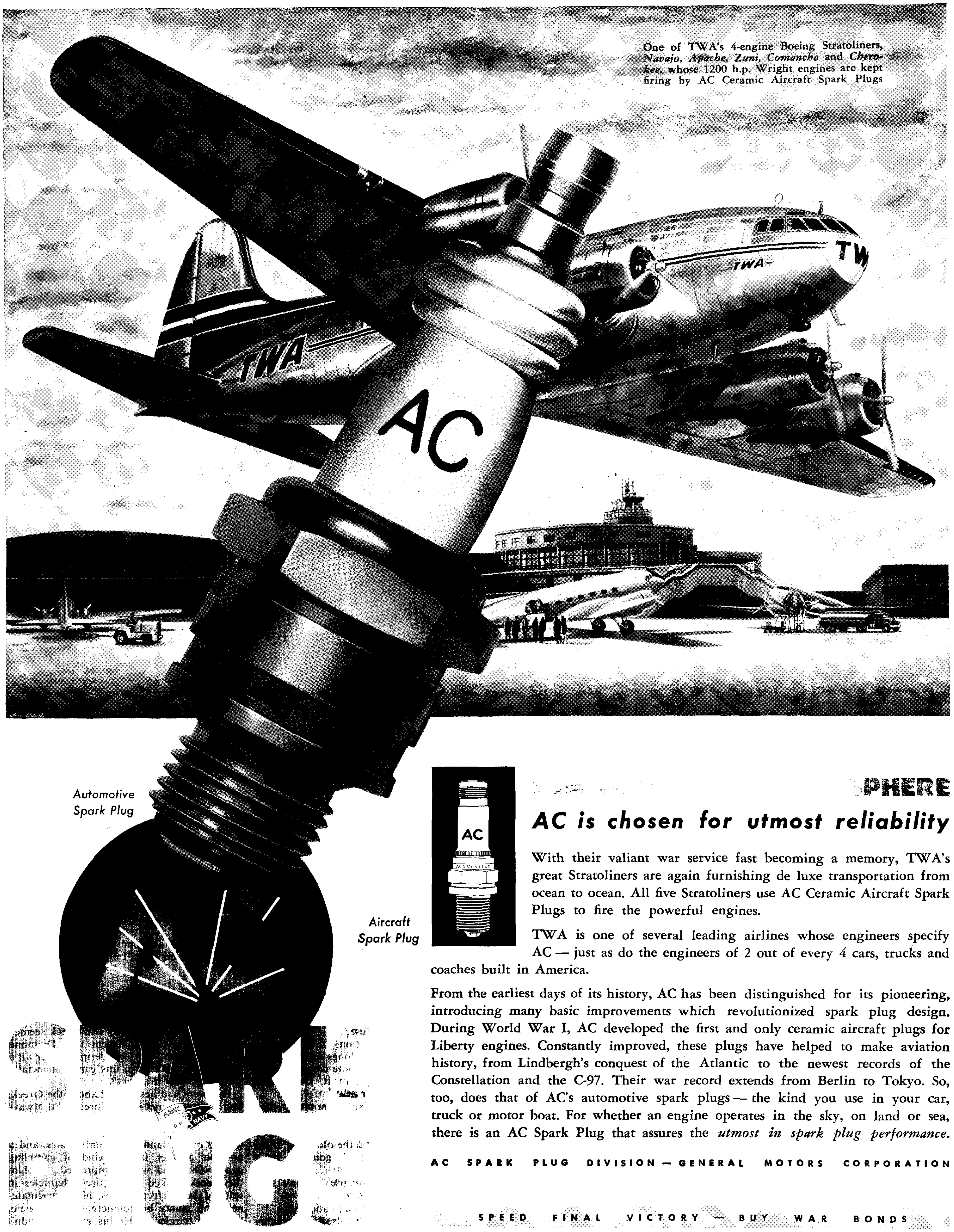
"At the age of three she was annoyed with her parents!" laughed Lonnie.

"Well, it's true," said Mary, turning to look at him. "I can still remember how lonely I was. I spent half my time staring out the hotel window. I remember one day it rained and the town was all misty and the roofs looked like pale silver—it made me very sad. When my parents came home they'd be laughing and happy and talking about the horses and the crowds. I almost hated them."

"That's no way to talk about your parents," said Lonnie glancing at her, mildly shocked; and Ray turned away to hide a smile. He had never expected to hear Lonnie voicing such conventional sentiments.

Mary ignored Lonnie's remark.

"Maybe that's why I never went to horse



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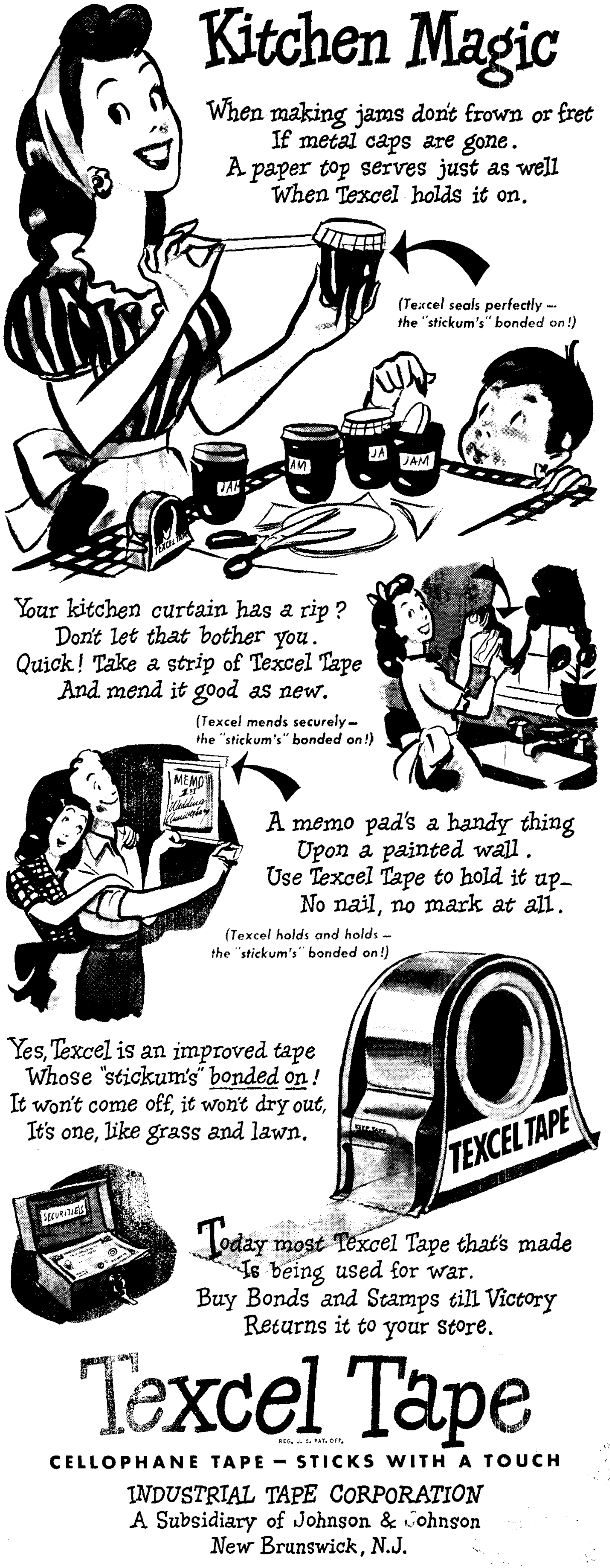

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races after I grew up," she said, thoughtfully.

"There have been days," said Lonnie, "when I wished my parents had scared *me* away." He and Ray laughed.

Lonnie turned off the boulevard now and went down a narrow side road which led to the stable area of the Lakeland track. Ahead of them loomed the tall bulk of the grandstand, dark now except for a few small, scattered lights.

At the stable area gate a couple of watchmen flagged them down and came over to the car. Lonnie explained that he had an appointment with Owner Ed Gregg, but the watchmen shook their heads.

"No visitors," said one of them. "Owners, trainers and employees only."

A man came around the end of a barn, walking fast. He passed under one of the eaves lights, and Lonnie called to him. It was Ed Gregg.

He hurried over to the car.

"Just coming to look for you," he said. "Mighty strict around here."

Gregg got into the car with them and they drove a short distance down the road and parked. Beyond was the huge stable area, housing hundreds of horses and men, and giving off a powerful odor of hay, leather and liniment.

After Gregg had been introduced to Mary, he said, "Well, we're getting a fast track and the old horse's in good shape, but . . ."

"But what?" asked Lonnie.

"Some finagling going on," said Gregg. "And I don't like it a bit. There's an old fellow here named Burt Crouse. He's got a gypsy stable—three horses. Two of them are entered in our race tomorrow and he's going to run them both."

"You mean he's got a chance? Why didn't we take care of him?"

"First place," said Gregg, "he hasn't got much of a chance. Second place, a man couldn't trust him. He's the kind of guy you *can't* take care of. In a pinch, he'd accept money from everybody and then do what he darn' well pleased."

"Well, if he hasn't got a chance . . ."

"IT'S like this," Gregg explained. "We're going a mile—which is about Saladin's limit, since he was hurt. There's only one way he'll run. He gets out in front and stays there. If you try to run him from behind, he sulks. All right. Crouse has got an old sprinter, Gilt Armor. He can't run over six furlongs to save his life—but he can run it around .11, which is mighty fast for this race. Then Crouse has got a fair mile horse, Day Moon, that runs from behind. Begin to see what I mean?"

"Yes," said Lonnie.

"After all," Gregg went on, "this is no big handicap. The purse is only twelve hundred. But Crouse is really going for it and I'd like to know why. He's got no money to bet. And who would back him—a gyp like him?"

"Maybe he really figures he can win," said Lonnie. "Maybe he needs feed money."

"The way the race is stashed up, he might just get in with Day Moon. The three best horses outside of the old horse aren't even going to try. But how did Crouse know that? If they were all trying, he wouldn't have the chance of a snowball in hell." Gregg turned to Mary. "Excuse me, ma'am."

"You mean somebody's talked?" asked Lonnie.

"Looks like it."

There was a long pause.

"You see," Gregg went on, "if Gilt Armor takes the old horse six furlongs in eleven, the old horse may get a little late coming home, and with the others out of it, Day Moon might nip him at the wire."

Lonnie considered for a moment, then asked, "Got any ideas?"

"No," said Gregg, "not a one. All that I can do is my best; me and the old horse. And we'll probably win, but it's going to be a tight fit."

"No use talking to Crouse, I don't suppose."

Gregg shook his head emphatically.

"Not a chance. He's already bragging around he's going to win the race."

"I'll think it over," said Lonnie. "If there's any change in our plan, I'll send you a wire."

"Okay, Lonnie," said Gregg. "Don't get me wrong. I think we can win. But there's just a possibility . . . and this is such a big one." He laughed uneasily. "I don't figure to sleep much tonight."

On the way home, Mary said, "Does that mean we're not going to win, Lonnie?"

"No, no," said Lonnie soothingly. "Gregg's just nervous. Naturally, it's a big responsibility."

Ray glanced at Lonnie but made no comment.

THEY had a hard time persuading Mary to go to bed. She was very excited and nervous and kept talking about what a wonderful time they were going to have at the track the next day. Finally Lonnie picked her up, carried her into the bedroom and sat her down on the bed.

"You've got to get some rest, honey," he said. "You haven't had a good night's sleep for over a week."

"How about you?"

"I don't need it the way you do. Since I've been married I've been getting more sleep than I ever got in my life before."

It was the wrong thing to say. Mary looked at him a little reproachfully, then she got up and went into the dressing room. Lonnie hesitated, then followed her. She was sitting at her dressing table, beginning to fix her hair for the night.

"You know you haven't been getting enough sleep," he insisted.

"I know," she said mildly.

"Well, then . . ."

"I don't know what makes me so silly," said Mary. "Here I've been trying to help. And actually I've just been in the way. Haven't I, Lonnie?" She turned and looked up at him.

"How can you say a thing like that?" he demanded. "Don't you understand? Having you here is what makes it all fun."

Mary's face softened. Then her expression changed abruptly and her dark eyes flashed. "You stop talking about when you weren't married. I don't like it."

"I'm sorry," said Lonnie. "But I was only . . ."

Mary laughed and, jumping up, threw herself into his arms. He kissed her gently.

"I'm so happy, Lonnie," she said. "And you've been so wonderful to me, and sometimes I feel so useless. . . ."

A little while later, the house was quiet. Mary was sleeping peacefully, and in the living room Ray was sitting on the couch watching Lonnie pace the floor.

"You've got to call Gus," said Ray. "He should know about this."

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him."

"Yes. But, Lonnie . . ."

"You're forgetting something, Ray. Gus might call the whole thing off. Then what?"

Ray stared. "I never thought of that."

"Where would we be if he called the money back?"

Lonnie sat down and poured himself a drink. "No," he went on, "we've been taking plenty of chances all along. One more won't kill us."

Ray looked at Lonnie with a mixture of impatience and awe. Lonnie was in his element!

THE Greek was playing no-limit stud with Coster, a horseman named Crowley, and a stocky little Italian from Chicago, a friend of Gus', called Diamond. The Greek seemed so detached and indifferent that Diamond kept glancing at him, wondering. After all a guy could get killed in this game, financially speaking. Was it an act?

Diamond had heard a lot about the Greek, but had never met him before. He'd always been told that Pool was quite a boy. A great hand with the dames, a guy who lived on the fat of the land like a millionaire, and a no-limit plunger in any kind of gambling game. Diamond was unimpressed. To him the Greek looked like a tired character in spite of his perfect clothes, his immaculateness, the jaunty boutonniere. He was pale, had dark circles under his eyes and didn't seem to have a word to say.

Diamond ran the Greek out of two pots in succession and chuckled to himself. "It ain't a guy's reputation," he mused; "it's what he does in action." Diamond began to ride his luck hard, delighted by the way things were going. In half an hour he beat the Greek out of nearly twelve thousand dollars.

Coster turned to the Greek. "Lucky in love, I guess. Otherwise . . ."

The Greek's lips tightened, but he made no comment.

"He must be, he must be," chuckled Diamond. "The cards are sure giving him a going-over."

Still the Greek said nothing. But he hated them all, the damned swine! Why couldn't they keep their mouths shut and play cards? Why did they have to keep talking, talking?

All of a sudden he felt so nervous that he couldn't stay on his chair any longer. He got up abruptly. They all turned to look at him.

"Deal me out this time," he said, and left the room.

The hall outside was dark and deserted. The Greek felt faint and leaned against the wall for support. He was wondering how long a man could go without sleep . . . it had been days now. He'd lost count.

A sudden surge of violent hatred for Lonnie shook him, and his heart began to pound. Panicky now, the Greek hurried down the stairs and out into the bar.

"Yes, Mr. Pool?" said Gordy, glancing up politely. Then he took a good look at the Greek. Something was wrong with him, that was a cinch.

"Straight bourbon," said the Greek, trying to appear calm.

"Yes, sir."

Gordy got it for him hurriedly, and the Greek tossed it down, then leaned against the bar for a minute.

"You all right, sir?" asked Gordy.

"Yes," said the Greek, smiling weakly. "Had a touch of the flu lately, and I can't seem to throw it off."

His heart slowed down, he became calmer and in a moment he sighed with relief.

The front door opened, and Wanda came in wearing an enormous hat and a new mink coat, followed by Gus, then Benny. They all looked flushed and happy as if they'd dined and drunk well.

The Greek had got to the place where even the sight of happiness violently irritated him. Benny, Gus and Wanda all began to talk at once. He turned his back on them and ordered another straight bourbon. Gordy handed it to him quickly. The Greek still looked so pale that Gordy was worried.

"Straight liquor, eh?" said a voice behind him. "You a little on edge, Jack?"

The Greek turned. Gus was regarding him ironically. He forced a smile.

"Slightly."

"Well, this time tomorrow night it'll all be over," said Gus. "And a couple days later we'll be cutting up a nice hunk of moola."

"I hope so," said the Greek.

"He hopes so!" laughed Gus, who'd had a little too much to drink, turning to the others. "This guy only *hopes* so. We *know* so, don't we, Benny?"

"We sure as hell do," said Benny, trying to sound as confident as Gus.

"With that boy Lonnie handling things we're a lead-pipe cinch, a lock. Am I right?"

"You're always right, Gus," said Wanda, slapping him on the back.

The Greek moved away from them, looked about him uncomfortably, then bowed slightly. "Will you excuse me? I'm in a game upstairs."

"Why, go ahead," said Gus. "Don't let us stop you."

When the Greek had gone, Wanda looked after him for a moment, then turned. "What's on his mind? He seems a little solemn, or something, doesn't he?"

"He always seems a little solemn or something," said Gus, making a face and shrugging.

IT WAS after one o'clock, and Ray was just leaving when the phone rang. Lonnie grabbed the receiver off the hook quickly so it wouldn't ring again and wake Mary, who, as a rule, was a very light sleeper.

"There's a call for you, Mr. Drew," said the girl on the Brookmeade switchboard. "A Mr. Augustus Borgia." Lonnie smiled with amusement at the high-sounding name. "And," the girl went on, "there's a man just come in to see you. Wants to know if you'll come down."

"Who is he?"

"Name, please?" he heard the girl say. Then: "He says it's Joe, Mr. Drew."

"Tell him I'll be right down. Put the call on."

He covered the transmitter with his hand. "Gus is on the phone," he said to Ray, "and Joe Sandowsky's downstairs. Maybe he's got some news."

"I wish I knew what this was all about. I'd rest easier," said Ray.

"No, you wouldn't," laughed Lonnie, then he held up his hand for silence. "Hello, Mr. Borgia. How are you?"

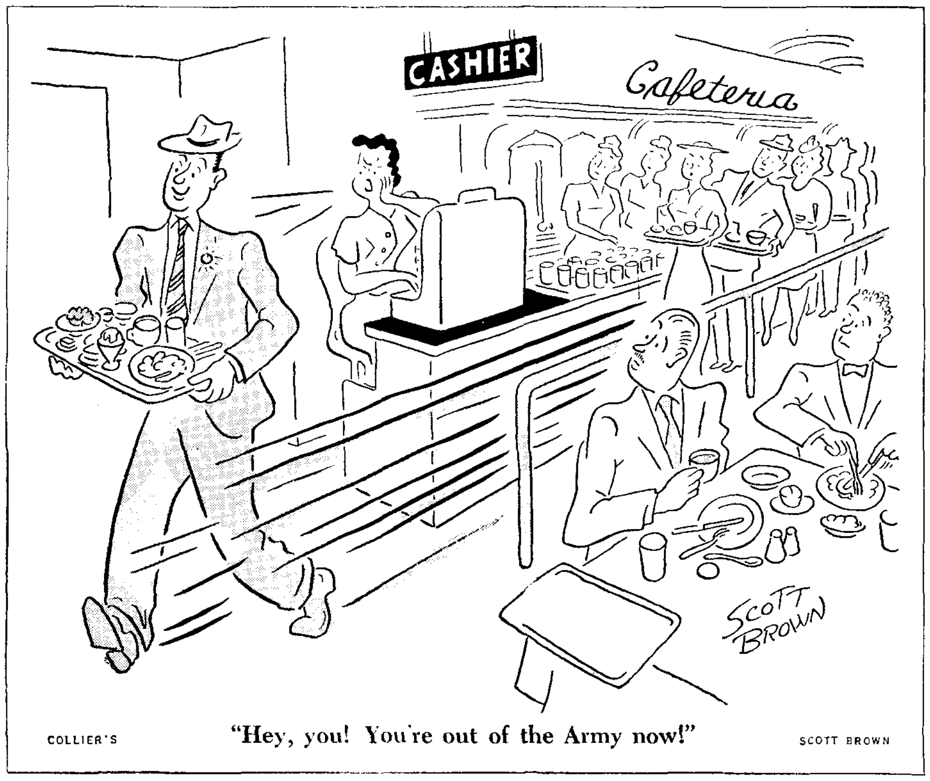
"I'm fine. How about you, Lonnie?"

"Same here."

"Good. Well, I just called up to wish you luck with the thing—you know. As a matter of fact, I'm slightly loaded and I been sitting around here chewing the fat with Wanda and Benny, and we got to talking about you. Wanda says to give the missus her best, and that goes for me, too. Greatest little kid I ever seen."

"Thanks, Mr. Borgia."

"How did you like that 'Augustus' routine? I thought you'd get a kick out of it. My name's really Agostino. But what the hell! I'm a good American, and why should I go around with a tag like that?" Gus laughed. "One of my brothers—Louis—changed his name to Borg, and everybody thought he was



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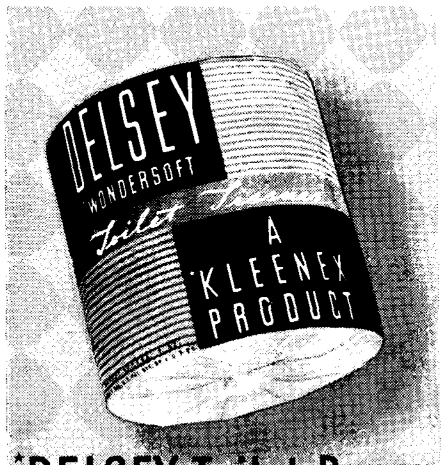

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a Swede, so he changed back. He says, 'I'd rather be taken for a guinea any day than a Swede.' "

Lonnie laughed appreciatively.

"Well, I won't keep you, boy," Gus said. "Just want to put a little bug in your ear. Pull this one off slick. You can do it. I'm settling in on Lake City for good. I can sure use a smart guy like yourself around here. Hey, wait a minute. Wanda wants to talk to you."

There was a pause. Lonnie turned to Ray and winked. He could hear a good-natured squabble going on at the other end of the line, and Gus' voice came to him faintly, "Aw, hell. What you want to tell him that for? What does he care?"

Wanda got on the phone. "Hello, Mr. Drew. This is Wanda. Just thought you'd like to know. Gus and I—we're going to get married."

"Well, I'll be *damned!*" said Lonnie, genuinely startled. "Nice going."

"Yeah. I got him sold I can make him just as good a wife as Mary does you. Of course —maybe she'll have to give me some pointers . . ."

Gus took the phone away from her. "How about that, Lonnie? Okay for your missus to tell Wanda what's what?"

"Sure. Sure, Mr. Borgia. Congratulations."

"Ain't it hell? I get by for forty-eight years, and now I take the plunge! It's all account of you and your missus, Lonnie. So it better be good."

"I'll see what I can do."

Ray stood listening, wondering what it was all about. Lonnie hung up, chuckling. "Wanda hooked Gus," he said.

"What!"

"Yeah. They're going to get married."

The bedroom door opened and Mary peered in. "Who's going to get married?"

Both Lonnie and Ray started.

"Little bright eyes," said Lonnie. "Never misses anything." He told her about Wanda and Gus.

Mary shuddered slightly. "Poor Wanda!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Lonnie. "Gus must have around a million bucks."

"It's not enough," said Mary, and Ray laughed.

Lonnie snapped his fingers, remembering. He went over to Mary and kissed her lightly. "Joe Sandowsky's waiting for me down in the lobby," he said. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

"How does it happen that these Sandowskys always come in bunches—like bananas?" Mary demanded.

"You go back to bed," said Lonnie. "You need sleep."

"If you say that again . . ."

"But you do."

"I know, Lonnie. And I wish I didn't."

"You're just afraid you'll miss something."

She laughed, kissed him and shut the door.

ON THE way down in the elevator, Lonnie tried to explain to Ray about Mary. "She's the strangest girl," he said. "A . . . a funny mixture, I mean. Half the time, she seems like she's not grown up. But don't ever think she isn't. It's just a kind of manner, I guess. Because she's sharp as a tack. I'd hate to try to put one over on her."

"You did try. And look what happened."

"Yes. But I mean something serious."

Ray stared at him dumfounded. "You mean you don't think this is serious?"

"Not between Mary and me, it isn't."

Ray shook his head; he was both envious and irritated.

They found Joe Sandowsky sitting in the lobby reading a newspaper. He got up quickly. Ray stopped to say hello to him, but Lonnie said, "See you tomorrow morning, bright and early, Ray."

"Sure," said Ray, looking from Joe to Lonnie. "Good night."

Ray went out reluctantly, looking over his shoulder. He was very apprehensive about tomorrow. It didn't seem possible that Lonnie could pull off such a coup—and on credit. Not only that. Lonnie was cooking up something for the Greek. Ray had a desire to get to the seclusion of his bedroom. He felt inadequate to cope with the endless worries and fears of daily living. Lately things had taken on an almost nightmarish intensity. . . .

"Well, how we doing, Joe?" Lonnie was saying.

"Pretty good, Mr. Drew. I got the dope you wanted. The heist was pulled off by Lew Metz and Steve Abud. Lew's a local boy. Steve's a Syrian from Detroit. He's only been here for a little while. He used to work for Gus Borgia."

"What?" Lonnie stared at Joe.

"Yeah. That's right."

"We finally got a break," said Lonnie, rubbing his hands in satisfaction. "This is turning out a lot better than I thought it would."

"I don't know," said Joe. "It's mighty uneasy stuff. Lew Metz'd shoot a guy for fifty bucks. At least, he would in the old days. Now he's on the big time, of course."

"Could you get in touch with these guys, Joe?"

Joe moved about uneasily in his chair and got a little red in the face. "I could. But . . ."

Lonnie noticed the extreme reluctance. He changed his tactics. "Have you talked to your sister lately?"

Joe glanced at him with surprise. "I see her every day."

"Did you know she was going to marry Gus Borgia?"

JOE'S mouth dropped open, he stared at Lonnie in amazement, then a wide grin spread over his heavy, tough-looking, high-cheekboned face.

"You kidding?"

"No. Gus told me so himself tonight."

Joe laughed delightedly. "I knew that kid had the stuff!" he crowed. "I used to tell everybody, 'You watch that Wanda kid. She's got something on the ball besides curves. She's a cinch to make good in a big way.' Going to marry. Gus, eh? Not a bad guy to have for a brother-in-law." He looked up suddenly at Lonnie. "All thanks to you, too."

Lonnie waved this aside. "Wanda had to do the work," he said.

Joe nodded thoughtfully, his face serious now. "What do you want me to get in touch with these guys for?"

"Not much. When you talk to them, just kind of hint that you're in with Gus—which, in a way, you are. But don't come right out with it. Understand?"

"Yeah. I think so."

"Tell them Gus wants to see them—about the middle of next week. Wednesday or Thursday. Keep in touch with me, Joe. I'll tell you when to bring them around."

"That ain't going to be hard to do," said Joe. "All the boys think Gus is the biggest thing there is. That all?"

"Yeah," said Lonnie. "Only it's important as hell. If you run into any snags, let me know."

Lonnie said good night, then went back to the elevator. On the way up, the elevator boy inquired, "Wasn't that Joe Sandow I saw you talking to?"

"Yes. I think he used to fight under that name."

"He's the best heavyweight I ever saw around here. What's he doing now?"

"I don't know," said Lonnie, glancing at the kid. "Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered, Mr. Drew. Curiosity, I guess."

LONNIE suddenly realized that his suspicions were running away with him. Even he was getting jumpy. Maybe he *did* need some sleep, after all.

When he opened the door he saw Mary sitting on the couch, reading a magazine.

"I thought you were in bed."

"I couldn't sleep. Lonnie, I feel so strange when you're not here."

"I was right down in the lobby."

Mary jumped up suddenly and flung herself into his arms. He kissed her, then drew back to look at her, smiling. But her expression was so serious that his smile faded.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "What is this?"

"I was reading in the magazine about a girl who ran away on the day she was supposed to be married. I almost did that."

"I know. You got very huffy with me that day, and I walked out on you—but very slow and with my ears cocked."

"Just think," said Mary. "Wouldn't I have been a fool?"

"Oh, I don't know. You didn't do so we for yourself—considering."

Mary hugged him. "Nobody could do better."

Lonnie laughed, extremely pleased, but not wanting to show it. "Your low ambitions surprise me. Even Wanda did better."

"Oh, poor Wanda!" said Mary, thoughtfully. "Don't you feel kind of guilty? After all, it's your fault."

"Guilty!" cried Lonnie. "I was just talking to her brother. He's so tickled I thought he was going to bust."

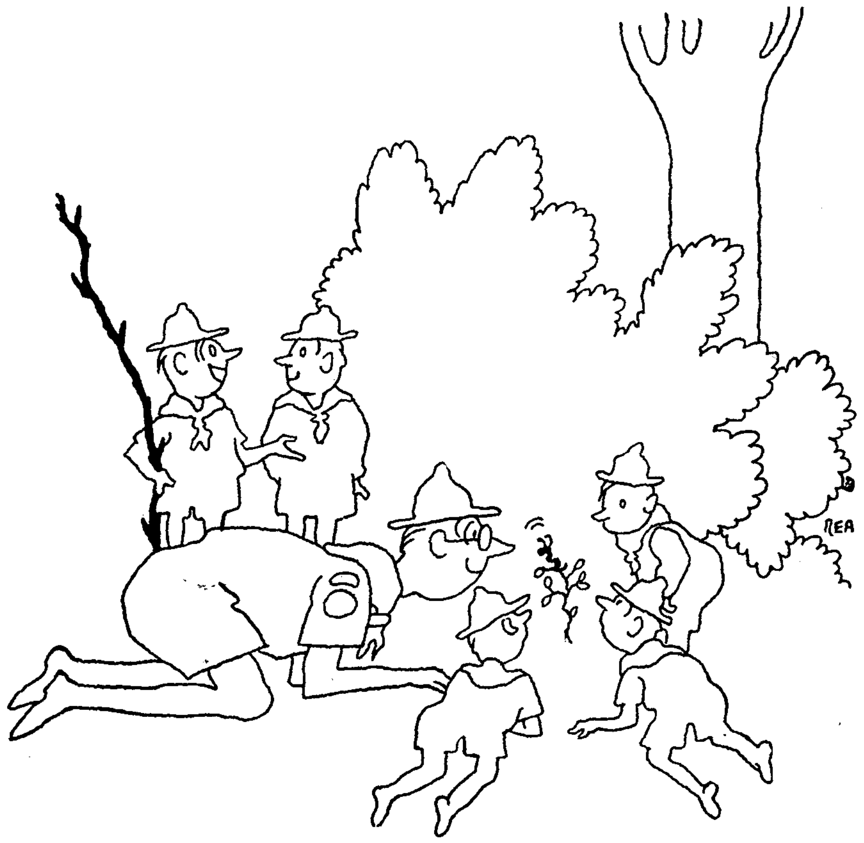
"What is this between you and Joe?"

"Oh," said Lonnie offhandedly, "he's just getting some racing information for me. Nothing very important."

"Don't want to tell me, do you?"

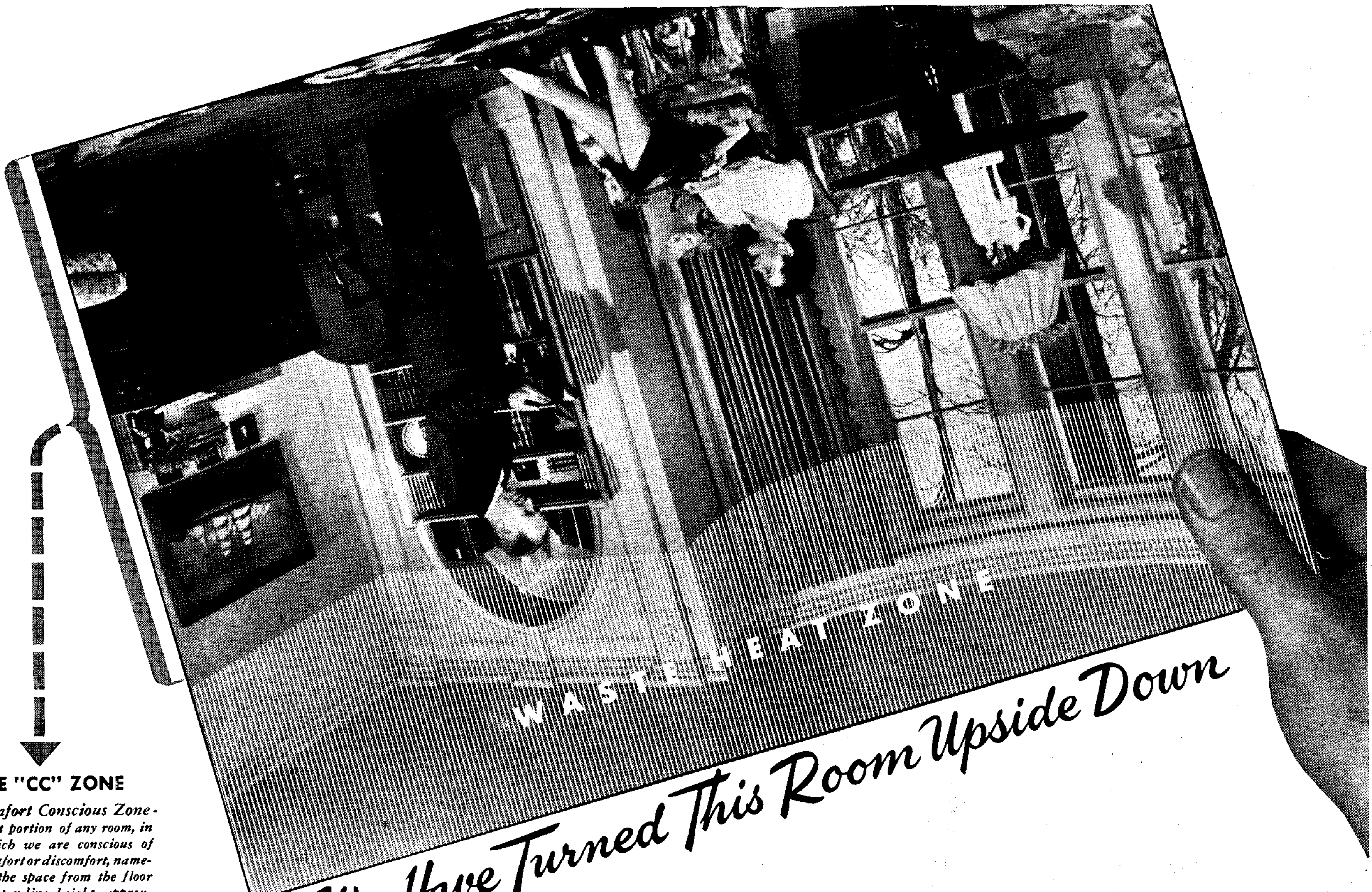
"Later," said Lonnie, kissing her. "It's too hard to explain.". . .

Since seven the next morning Lonnie and



"It's not all just bugs and flowers, though. Last summer we found a torso!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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Ray had hardly been away from the telephone. They'd hired a downtown office for the week end and through the connivance of a minor Lake City telephone official, they'd been able to get perfect long-distance service. Lonnie had known the official for a long time. Before the war, he'd been in charge of phone service for all the bookmakers in town. In those days it had been more or less legitimate. Now it was strictly under-the-counter, and the official had to be paid off. But Lonnie didn't mind, it went on the expense account.

It was nearly noon. Their office was on the tenth floor of the McKinlock Building. Below them, spread in a huge panorama, was Lake City with all its tiny houses clustered along the shores of the lake and spreading out southward fanwise as far as the eye could see. There was no wind, and a grayish pall of smoke from the hundreds of war plants hung over the city. The sun was shining, and the enormous expanse of water visible from the office windows was covered to the far horizon with silver ripples which at times gave off flashes of light. Far out, a black ore freighter was plowing slowly westward toward Duluth.

Lonnie sat down and poured himself a cup of coffee from a vacuum jug and began to sip it. "How are we, Ray?"

"Better than I ever thought we'd be. We've even got a little extra room. What a business the bookies must be doing!"

"Why not? The tracks themselves are breaking all betting records. We got room for ten Gs more?"

Ray turned to look at him. "Why?"

"That's for me—if we can place it."

"Take it easy, will you, Lonnie!"

"Look. If this one blows up, that's only a drop in the bucket. You know that."

"I guess you're right. But—" He reached for the phone. "I'll see what I can do."

They sat waiting for the call.

Lonnie laughed. "If the bookies get scared and start trying to lay it off, there'll be some fun."

Ray groaned and poured himself a cup of coffee.

IT WAS nearly three o'clock when they drove into the parking lot at the Lakeland race track.

Post time for their race, the Ashland Handicap, was four-thirty.

Mary looked beautiful in a new red hat and her mink coat, and Lonnie had also dressed for the occasion in a double-breasted gray flannel suit and a grayish-tweed topcoat. Ray couldn't get over their attitude. It was as if they were on their way to a gay party. They were apparently without a care, and Mary kept laughing at the remarks Lonnie was making.

It was very strange. Lonnie was naturally of a reckless disposition and enjoyed skirting disaster by a hair, and Mary had full confidence in Lonnie. She'd told Ray several times that he mustn't be so nervous: Lonnie would bring it off.

But Ray was worried. His hands were cold as ice, and he kept clearing his throat nervously.

The place was jammed. As they left the gate and started across the wide lawn toward the grandstand, a race was being run and they could hear the roar of the crowd.

"Listen," said Mary. "Sounds like a football game."

By the time they got into the box seats Gus had reserved for them, the race was over and the winner was prancing back to the winner's circle, the little jockey in pale-green silks standing up in the stirrups. A wave of applause and cheering ran over the grandstand.

"Must have been the favorite," said Lonnie. "Lot of happy people."

Mary saw Wanda and waved. She was sitting alone in a box in the next section.

"Gus'll be back in a minute," she called.

"Here he is right now," said Lonnie.

GUS and Benny were coming down the aisle from the mezzanine, both smiling, Gus happily, Benny sadly. They saw Lonnie and stopped in front of his box.

"We just had a winner," said Gus, showing a roll of bills. "Ed Gregg told me to get a few tickets on the horse that just won. He cantered in."

"Nice going," said Lonnie.

Gus spoke to Mary: "How's the little lady today? Nervous?"

"No," said Mary calmly. "Why should I be? We're sure to win."

"That's the spirit," said Gus, laughing. "You hear that, Benny?"

Benny tried to grin affably but it was clear that his heart wasn't in it. He didn't have as much optimism in his nature as Gus; he always feared the worst.

"Seen the Greek around any place?" Gus asked Lonnie. "I been calling him half the day."

"No," said Lonnie. "But he's probably over in the clubhouse with the swells. That's where he usually is."

"He's a sick man or something," said Gus, reflectively. "He acts funny. Benny knows him well and he says he's changed so he's hardly like the same guy."

"That's right," said Benny, dolefully.

Lonnie could hardly suppress a smile of satisfaction. At least he'd been right about one thing: His nerves were steadier than the Greek's.

When the horses came out for the next race, Mary exclaimed at the sight of a beautiful chestnut filly with flaxen mane and tail.

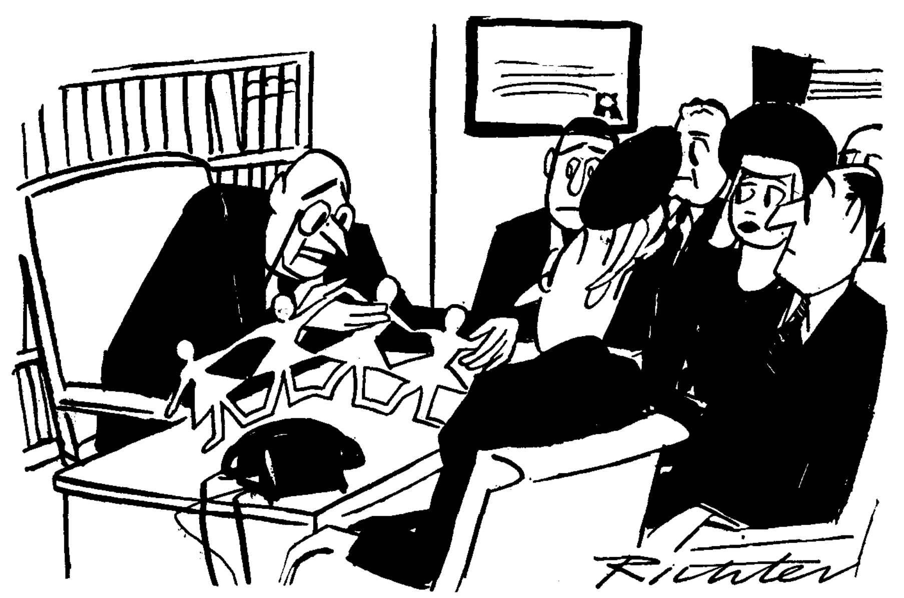
"I'll bet she wins," said Mary. "Doesn't she look wonderful?"

"Yes," said Lonnie. "But handsome is as handsome does."

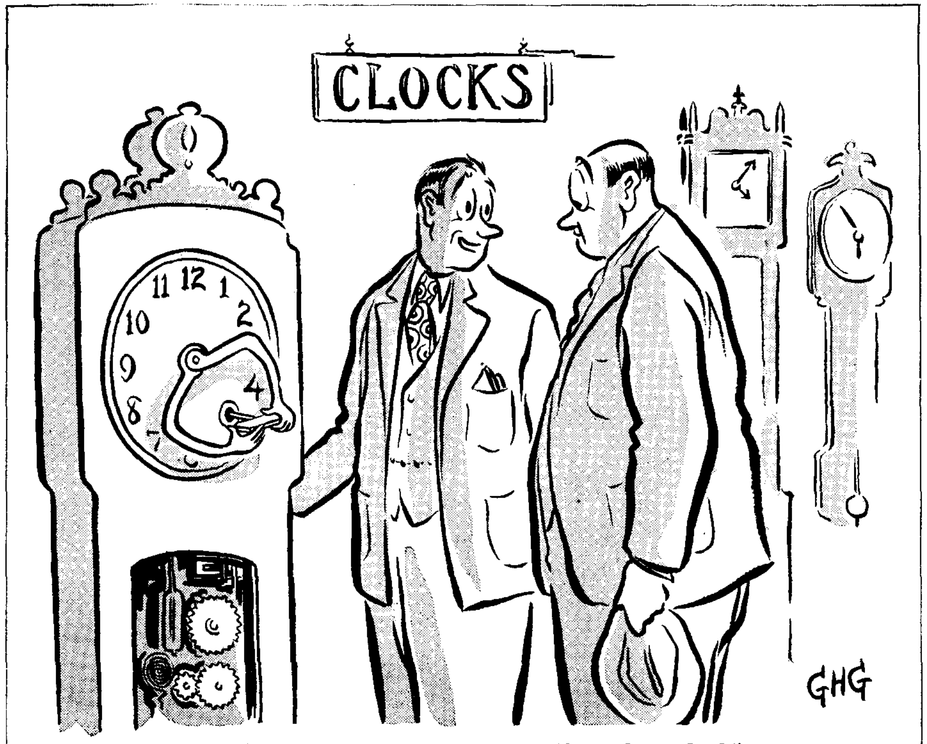
The filly's tail and mane were tied up with pink ribbons, and her coat had been rubbed and polished until it was full of high lights in the bright sun. She danced along sideways, very proud of herself, as if she knew she was being admired.

"She makes the others look terrible," said Mary enthusiastically. "And doesn't the jockey look wonderful in pink?"

Lonnie burst out laughing, and even Ray



COLLIER'S "I, John Waterson, being of sound mind . . ." MISCHA RICHTER



"Here's something unusual in a self-winding clock"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

smiled wanly. Mary turned to look at them, puzzled.

"Well, he does," she insisted.

"That's Monk Curwen—that jockey," said Lonnie. "One of the toughest little apes in the business. I'll have to tell him he looks lovely in pink."

"What's so funny about that?"

"Nothing, darling. And in case you're interested, Monk's going to ride our horse. But what he's doing on this beetle I don't know. He usually has his pick of mounts."

"What's a beetle?" asked Mary.

"A goat," said Lonnie. "A . . . a . . . well, she hasn't got a chance according to the form, that little beauty. She must be out for exercise."

"Why are they running her if she hasn't got a chance?"

"That has always been a mystery to me," said Lonnie. "Some stables get too high on their horses."

Mary glanced at him, then gave up. If he was going to talk in a jargon, there was no use pressing him. She looked at her program. "Oh—her name's Bell Song. What a lovely name!"

"Yes," said Lonnie, "and she's twenty to one. And she'll probably get in at the end of the next race."

"I want to bet on her," said Mary firmly.

"I thought you were opposed to gambling," said Lonnie, winking at Ray.

"Did I ever say so?"

"No," said Lonnie, rubbing his chin, "you never did. Anyway, this wouldn't be gambling. You'd just be giving your money to the track. Why don't you hold it? Then you'll have it after the race."

Mary took two dollars out of her purse and handed it to Ray.

"Will you bet that for me on Bell Song? I don't know how you do it."

Ray smiled at Lonnie, left the box and disappeared into the mezzanine.

GUS came over to talk to them. When he found out that Mary had bet on Bell Song at twenty to one, he laughed and said, "I was going to bet a couple of bucks on Black Prince, but I think I'll go along with the little lady."

"Take it easy, Mr. Borgia," said Lonnie. "Don't throw your money away like that."

Gus laughed. "Two across just for fun," he said. "Maybe she's got something there."

When the horses broke from the gate everybody in the grandstand jumped up and began to yell. Mary looked about her rather apprehensively for a moment, then she stood up, too. Bell Song was in front. Monk Curwen had rushed her out of the gate at breakneck speed and after the first few jumps she was ahead of the field and on the rail, winging.

"Well," said Lonnie, "they're trying, anyway. That's why Monk's in the saddle, I guess."

As they turned for home, three horses on the outside began knocking at Bell Song. Monk leaned far over, talked in her ear, and shook his whip at her. A big black gelding burst out of the pack and began running the leaders down one by own. His jockey was whipping and kicking.

"There goes your bet," said Lonnie.

But Monk coaxed and entreated, shaking his whip, and the big black gelding just didn't quite make it. Bell Song won by a head, staggering under the wire, spent.

"But—I won!" cried Mary, turning to Lonnie and staring at him with amazement. "I thought you said . . ."

LONNIE fell back into his chair and pulled his hat down over his eyes. Gus rushed over to the box and shook Mary's hand.

"Can you pick 'em!" he cried. "I was just going to bet two across for fun. But I bet fifty across instead." He waved the tickets delightedly. Then he noticed Lonnie's expression. He stared for a moment, then burst out laughing. "I see the old man wouldn't listen."

When they flashed the prices on the tote board, a gasp went up from the crowd. Bell Song paid $44.30 to win, $19.80 to place, and $11.40 to show.

"What do I get?" asked Mary.

Ray told her.

"I'll cash your ticket," he said and left the box.

Mary sat down. "What made you think she was such a . . . a beetle?" she demanded of Lonnie.

"I guess my crystal ball is out of order," said Lonnie.

After the fifth race had been run and won by an odds-on favorite, Lonnie began to get restless. The big one was coming up. He turned to look at Gus, who had been laughing lightheartedly all afternoon. Gus was chewing a pencil and staring at the track, lost in thought. Benny had his hat off and was carefully scratching his head. Lonnie turned.

Ed Gregg was touching his arm.

"Can I see you a minute, Lonnie?"

"Sure." Lonnie excused himself and followed Gregg to the corridor which led to the mezzanine.

Ray looked after them uneasily.

"Something's up," said Gregg, speaking in a low voice. "We've all been ordered to the stewards' room—jockeys, trainers, owners, everybody. I smell trouble ahead."

"Nothing we can do about it now," said Lonnie, "no matter what it is. The money's all up."

"I know. But it looks like someone's let the cat out of the bag. Soon as I find out what's up, I'll come back and report."

(To be concluded next week)

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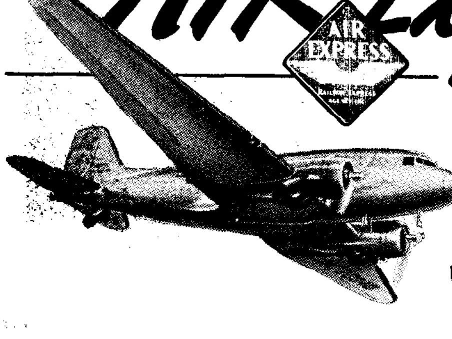


MacArthur

Continued from page 12

essentially he is an actor, deeply aware that he is playing a leading role in one of the great dramas of human history. To be dramatic is a fundamental part of his nature; he can no more keep from acting than John Barrymore could. And like every great actor, he identifies himself with every member of the cast and with the properties used in the play.

Every decision, no matter how much help he had in formulating it, is *his* decision. The Army he commands is not the American Army; it is *his* army. The airplanes which bomb the Japs are *his* bombers. Since every soldier is simply a projection of the MacArthur ego, he personally drops the bombs and shoots the guns. This attitude is not unusual in a general, but it seems to cause unusual irritation in MacArthur's case.

One day he burst dramatically into the press room of his headquarters at Brisbane, Australia, where some forty-five American and foreign correspondents were gathered. Obviously he was about to explode with important news, but without a word of greeting he clasped his hands behind his back and began to pace back and forth. Finally he stopped, placed his hands on the hips of his well-tailored cotton trousers, and faced the correspondents. He spoke, slowly, impressively.

"I have decided," he said, then paused for an appreciable instant, "that Rabaul is just about ripe for a knockout blow. I have been hitting the Jap there every day for many months, and I think now is the time to give him a haymaker. Tomorrow I am going to send out every heavy bomber I can spare and give him a real plastering."

MacArthur's critics call this sort of thing arrogance, and find it pretty hard to take. Actually it's not arrogance at all. It's theater.

A Life Packed with Drama

It would be a wonder if MacArthur were not an actor, for every phase of his life has contained the essential elements of drama—as the son of a famous general, as the holder of a scholastic record at West Point, as the youngest U.S. divisional commander in the first World War, as the youngest superintendent West Point ever had, as the youngest Chief of Staff in American history, as the most decorated American officer prior to Pearl Harbor, as leader of the doomed battalions of Bataan and Corregidor, as the central figure of a spectacular dash from the Philippines, and as the man who first drove back the Japanese hordes.

Throughout his career, whenever MacArthur has become involved in a situation lacking in drama, he has injected it. When, as Chief of Staff in 1932, he was ordered by Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley to disperse the bonus marchers in Washington, he delayed issuance of the order calling out the troops until he had changed from dress uniform to field uniform. To have given the command in dress trappings would not only have been militarily incorrect; it would have given the affair the status of a routine desk job. In field uniform it took on the character of a full-fledged military operation. It became a production.

Army officers who worked under MacArthur during those years remember his fine work as Chief of Staff, but they also recall, with not too much pleasure, his great love of dramatic orders and situations.

"Do I know MacArthur?" said a soldier who is now one of our famous generals. "Yes, I studied dramatics under him for years."

Physically, MacArthur fits the role in which destiny has cast him. He stands well over six feet in his socks, with broad shoulders and a torso tapering down to flat hips. Now, at 65, his waistline has begun to bulge a little, but he effectively conceals his growing paunch with deep and nonregulation pleats in his trousers. He has long arms and long legs, and long-fingered, expressive hands, with meticulously manicured nails.

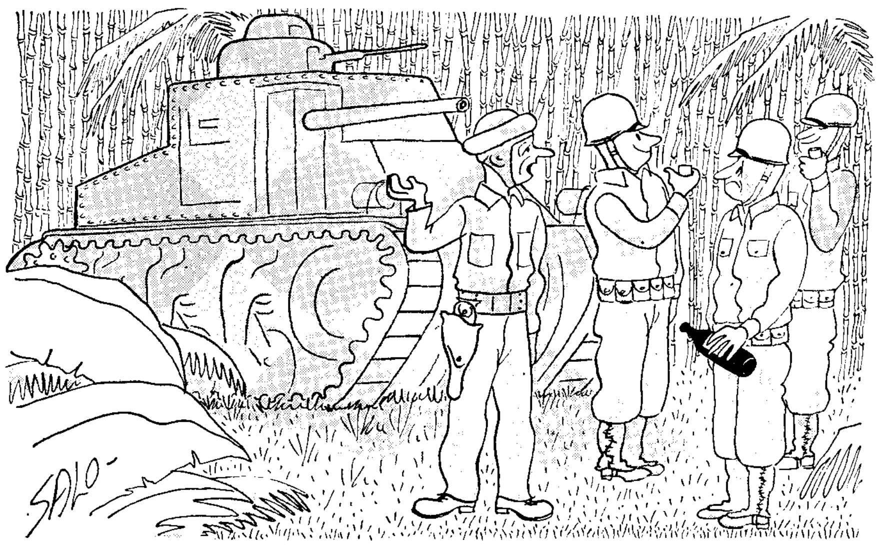
His head is well shaped, his brow high and broad, and his nose is large, with the thin, flaring nostrils of a thoroughbred. His mouth is wide and determined, his lips are fairly thin, and his chin is strong. His eyes are set well apart and deeply etched at the outer corners. He nearly always wears his shirts open at the throat, partly because he hates neckties and partly because he has a strong, rather youthful-looking neck. And no one has yet accused him of false modesty or of a desire to conceal his good points. His hair is becoming sparse, and he's sensitive about it.

MacArthur is usually pretty grim and preoccupied, but on occasion he will unbend and laugh, though to get more than a chuckle out of him, the humor must be pretty obvious, and he is more apt to laugh at what he sees than at what he hears.

An officer of general rank in the Army has the prerogative of designing his own uniforms, within limits, and MacArthur has his clothing made to show off his good figure to best advantage. All the items in the MacArthur wardrobe express his dramatic personality, and are noted for dash and snap, but his most celebrated sartorial creation is his cap, which has been the butt of more jokes than anything else about him.

Actually, the cap came into existence as a result of one of the many misunderstandings in which MacArthur has been involved. Some time before Pearl Harbor, several officers attached to the War Department in Washington were assigned to study and recommend designs for new uniforms.

MacArthur, living in Manila, heard indirectly and incorrectly that the new caps would be modeled on the old-style Army blue dress cap. Knowing that he would be in the tropics for several years and would need lightweight caps, he had the dress blue copied in suntan cotton. He liked it so much, and found it so becoming, that he ordered another, and has never worn anything else. And while it is true that MacArthur's cap is the most ornate headgear in the Army, it actually bears no more gold braid than the cap of any naval officer above the rank of commander.



COLLIER'S "None for me, thanks. I've got to drive" SALO ROTH

MacArthur still has the two caps and always wears one or the other. He is seldom seen bareheaded, and at all times disdains the steel helmet.

Most of the Americans, in and out of the services, who look upon MacArthur as a show-off and a phony soldier, will argue that he owes his position to skillful press agentry. Well, it is true that his press relations are handled by a considerable number of very devoted aides, chief of whom are Brigadier General Le Grand A. Diller and Colonel Lloyd Lehrbas, the latter a former foreign correspondent and Washington newspaperman. But to say that they have been skillful would be going a bit far. If they had been really expert they would have had little difficulty in counteracting most of the misunderstandings on which much of the anti-MacArthur feeling is based.

Two days after his arrival in Australia from the Philippines, MacArthur held his first press conference and told the correspondents that they would always have the right to criticize anything they felt was wrong. The only condition he imposed was they should first see him and get his side of the matter. But a few weeks later General Diller informed the correspondents that no criticism of anything would be permitted—not even of food, equipment or supplies.

Above all, they could not write anything critical of MacArthur's personality or his acts, or anything which might indicate that someone, somewhere, at some time, might disagree with MacArthur. Added to the War Department regulation that nothing could be said which might create disharmony among the Allies, this ruling prevented the correspondents from writing anything but hero stories and innocuous interpretative articles. The situation was further complicated by the fact that everything written, even if passed by the Americans, still had to go through the Australian censorship.

And General Diller's censors, some of whom had been promoted too rapidly for their own good, took his instructions literally. One killed an article written for a Cincinnati radio station, describing a baseball game in which American soldiers lost to an Australian team. His reason was that Cincinnati was such a rabid baseball town that the story might arouse dislike there for Australia. Another censor had been cautioned that all mention of American Marines being in Australia must be killed. A month later, an Australian division, returned from the Middle East, paraded through the streets of Sydney. A Sydney newspaper tried to say that during the parade the division band played Sousa's march, Semper Fidelis, and found that the tune could not be mentioned because it implied the presence of the Marines.

It may be assumed that MacArthur's press relations officers have played a part in keeping him on a hero's pedestal, but they had almost nothing to do with putting him there in the first place. That job, and a first-class piece of promotion it was, was done by newspapers in the United States, by the American people and the circumstances of the time. After the shambles of Pearl Harbor, when the Americans and their allies were being pushed back by the Japs everywhere, this country sorely needed a hero.

MacArthur was a natural for the post. He had all the basic qualifications. He was a handsome, photogenic figure, dramatic and spectacular, with a fine record of military service. Already he had caught the popular imagination as the leader of the hard-pressed troops on Bataan. Americans all over the country eagerly awaited his gaudy communiqués, and felt a spiritual kinship with him when they read such unmilitary sentiments as, "To the weeping mothers of the dead I can only say that the sacrifice and halo of Jesus of Nazareth has descended upon their sons, and God will take them unto himself."

The newspaper build-up was begun almost simultaneously by the Hearst newspapers, and the three members of the so-called McCormick-Patterson Axis. Other papers quickly fell into line, as did many manufacturers of novelties. By the late spring of 1942, store windows everywhere were crowded with MacArthur pennants, MacArthur photographs, MacArthur buttons, and other MacArthur merchandise; while a flood of books, pamphlets and Sunday supplement stories, all fulsomely eulogistic, poured from the presses.

The communiqués from MacArthur's headquarters were headed "Headquarters, Southwest Pacific Command." But editors in the U.S. began changing this to "MacArthur's Headquarters," and pretty soon correspondents, many of them acting on direct orders from home, were thus date-lining their dispatches. Much was made by MacArthur's journalistic boosters of the fact that he is a deeply religious man, although not all his supporters agreed with the style of the general's pronouncements. Once, when some of his staff suggested that the word "God-given" be deleted from a communiqué, MacArthur turned upon them and said sternly, "Does anyone here think I don't believe in God?"

There was a joker in the hullabaloo of adulation. It showed up late in 1942, when journalists and politicians who knew little or nothing of MacArthur's political beliefs began to talk about running him for President. As a matter of fact, few of them cared anything about his politics; and some had little hope of putting him into the White House, but they did hope to use him to help stop Wendell Willkie and to embarrass President Roosevelt.

At the beginning of the movement, MacArthur showed good-humored amusement and paid little attention to it except to remark to correspondents that he was a military man who had started his career as a soldier and hoped to finish as one. As the movement appeared to gain strength in the United States, however, a few of the men on his staff began to take it seriously, regarding MacArthur as a potential President and themselves as important White House aides. Two correspondents, Raymond Clapper and Jack Turcott, were permitted by MacArthur's press relations officers to send stories from Australia that the general would accept the nomination if it were offered to him, and about the same time, Major Philip La Follette, former governor of Wisconsin and definitely anti-New Deal, joined MacArthur's staff.

Rumors of Political Plans

American newspapers reported Major La Follette's presence in Australia, and the rumor spread that he had been sent for to act as MacArthur's campaign manager. Actually La Follette had requested a transfer to the Southwest Pacific because he wanted to join the 32d Division, which was under MacArthur. About half the men in this division were from Wisconsin. Later Major La Follette was detached from the 32d and attached to the headquarters section handling war correspondents. He's a colonel now and has returned to the United States.

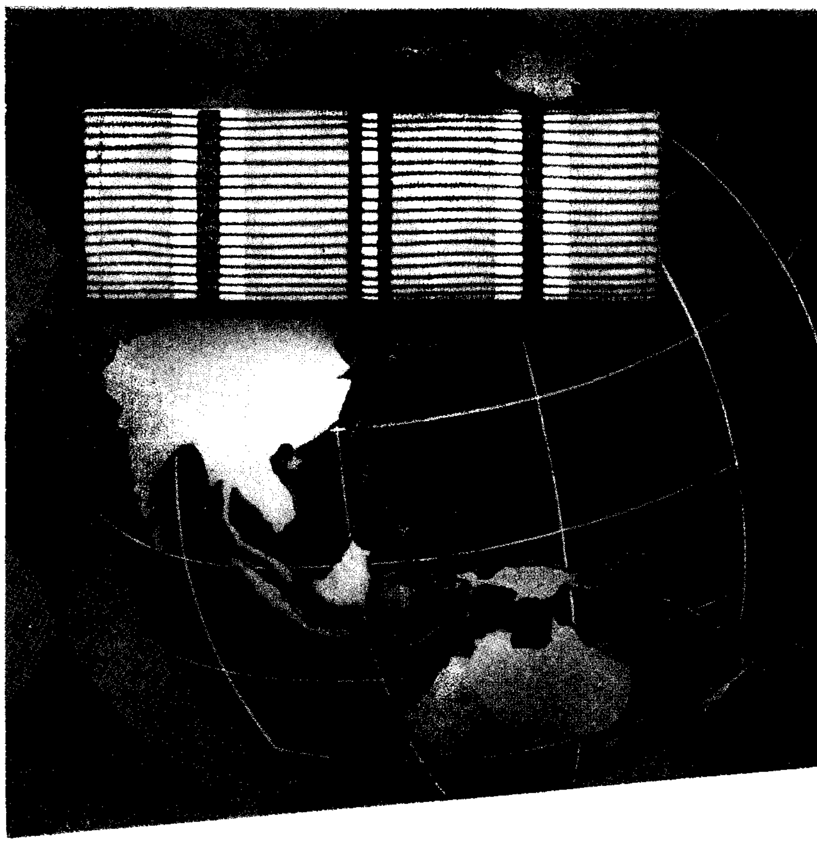
Except for the stories cabled by Turcott and Clapper, little or nothing came out of Australia about MacArthur's reaction to the Presidential boom until the spring of 1944, when Representative A. L. Miller of Nebraska made public several letters he had received from the general. Miller had written to MacArthur in 1943, castigating the New Deal and urging the general to announce his candidacy. He ended one letter with the prediction, "You will be our next President."

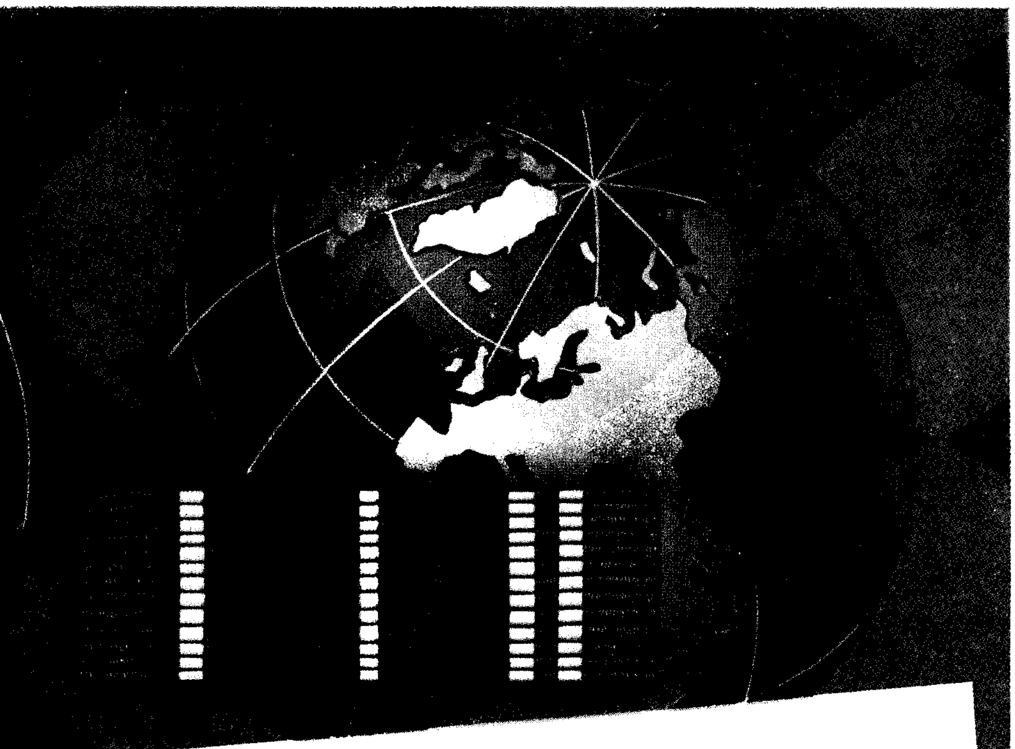
MacArthur replied that he had not sought the office nor did he seek it, and that he did not "anticipate in any way your flattering predictions," but that he did "unreservedly agree with the complete wisdom and statesmanship of your comments."

Many political observers interpreted MacArthur's letters to Miller as a more or less open bid for the nomination. But on April 30th, MacArthur put a definite quietus to the boom by issuing this statement from his advanced headquarters in New Guinea:

"In order to make my position unequivocal, I request that no action be taken that would link my name in any way with the nomination. I do not covet it nor would I accept it."

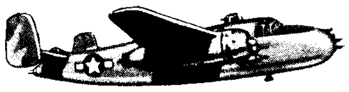
(To be concluded next week)





Combat Record of 3 Veterans

Above the left breast pocket of our fighting men you often see these service ribbons with battle stars upon them. By his ribbons you know where a man has been and the battles he has fought. If service ribbons were awarded to airplanes, these veteran North American Aviation planes would wear them from every theatre of operations. For wherever our air forces have been engaged, there too North American planes have helped heap destruction on the enemy.



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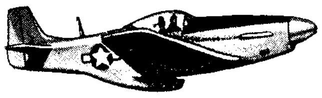
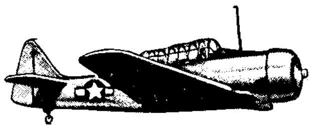


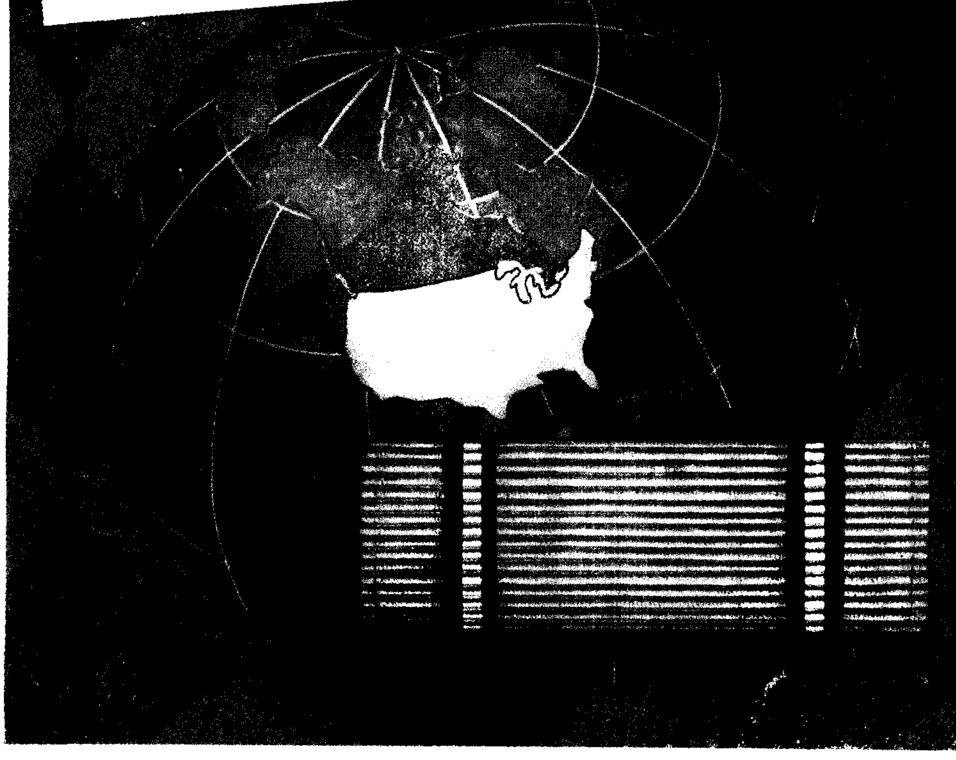
P-51 Mustang Fighter: Fastest propeller driven plane in the world: range, over 2000 miles; speed, over 450 M.P.H.; ceiling, above 8 miles. The Mustang has won the hearts of American pilots for it is known as a plane that not only gets 'em there but brings 'em back.

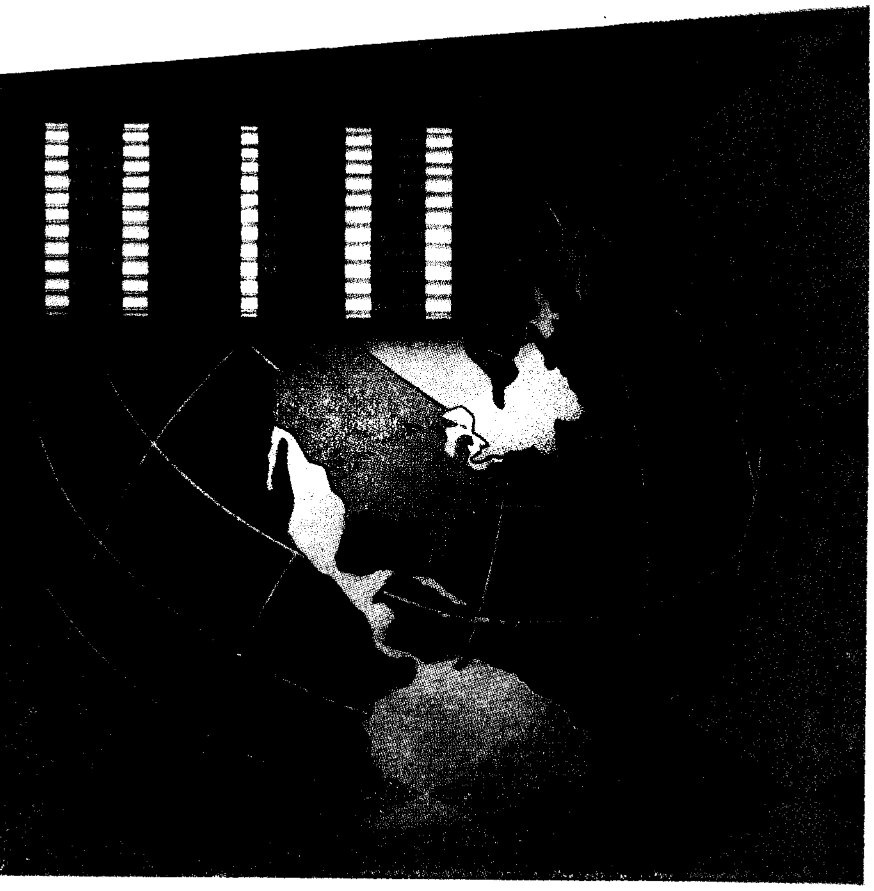


AT-6 Texan Combat Trainer: The world's most widely used plane. This North American advanced training plane has trained the pilots of 35 nations. Today the AT-6 combat trainer is manufactured in Australia, Canada and Brazil under special license from North American Aviation.

North American Aviation Sets the Pace

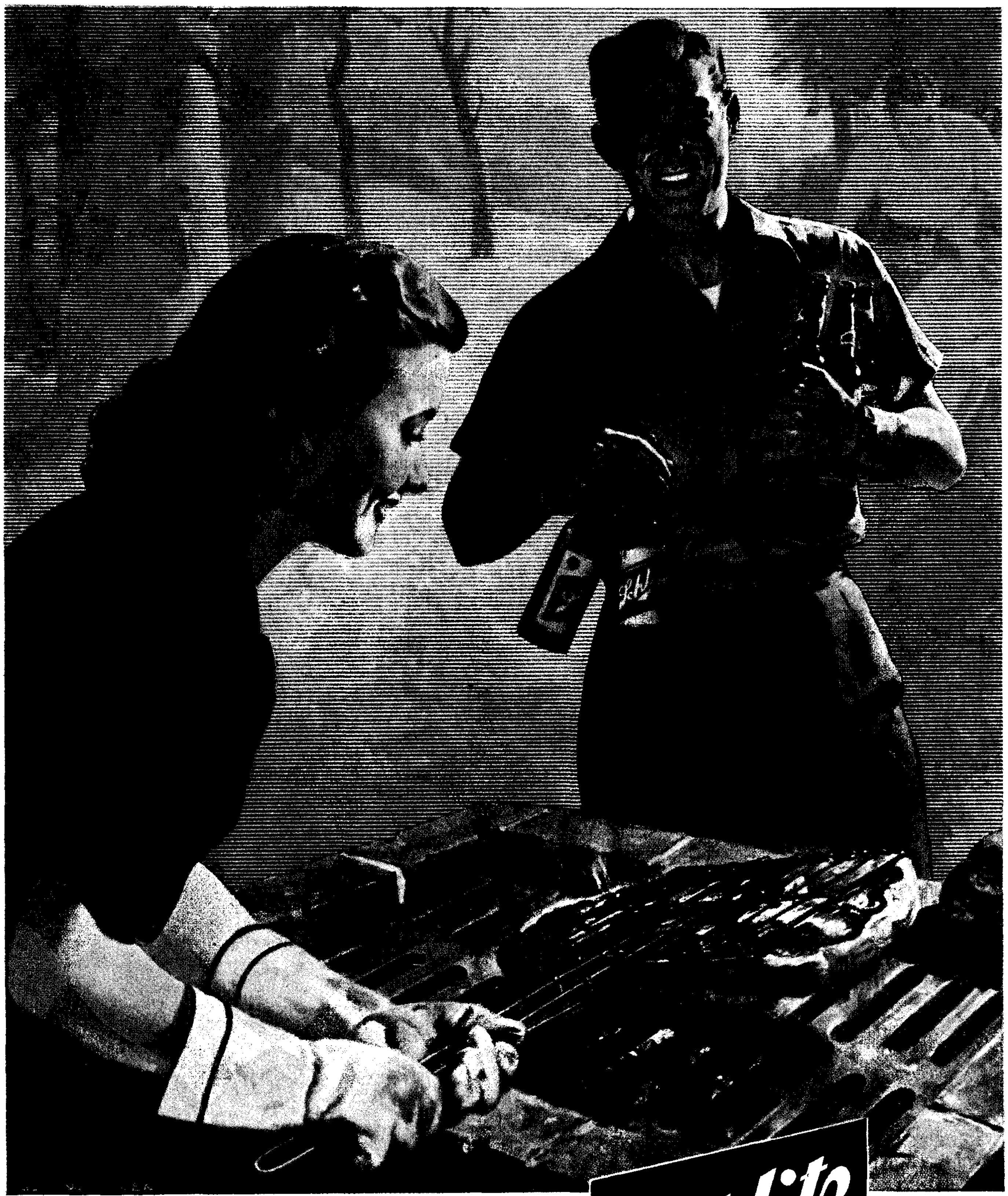
PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES...The P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), the B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. General Offices, Inglewood, California. Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.





One good flavor deserves another

Sizzling and savory from an outdoor grill—or smothered with mushrooms at the club—your favorite steaks attain their fullest flavor perfection when served with a cold bottle of SCHLITZ. The delicacy of flavor and smoothness of America's most distinguished beer bring out the best in good things to eat.



JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

New Hope for the Deaf Child

Continued from page 19

and habits, and his adjustment to a hearing world."

This normalcy, in both deaf child and parent, is the keynote of the work at the John Tracy Clinic. On this premise, the clinic insists that mothers study basic child psychology along with their studies relating to the deaf. The two must go together. So often parents see only the deafness and not the child.

At the Tracy Clinic nursery school, mother and child enter as a unit. Classes are from nine to three on weekdays with full nursery-school routine. Each child has both class and individual instruction, and the mothers have a full course of study of their own. Each mother is required to spend one full day a week in observation, sitting in on nursery-school classes, sense training, lip reading and speech work. As soon as she is able, each mother is expected to assist in the teaching at the clinic as well as to carry on at home.

Each department of the clinic is conducted by a trained instructor in nursery-school work, lip reading, speech training and adult psychology.

It is interesting to watch the clinic exercises. On entering the clinic nursery school, each child is given an animal toy with which to associate and identify himself.

The simplest exercises are made fun to do. They start with a game of matching things. All early education is by imitation, and imitation is matching one thing to another. Two colors, blocks, or little scraps of yarn or material. The child sorts these in piles—reds in one pile, blues in another, and so on. This is called sense training.

The Deaf Rely on Vision

Soon he is taught to match object to object, picture to picture, then picture to lip movement and, finally, to *speak* the names of the objects. A trained speech teacher shows the child a picture of a lamb; then places the child's hands on each side of the speaker's face, so the child can watch the speaker's lips. The light must be so the child can see the speaker's lips at all times. Vision is the great compensation of the deaf.

The youngster is encouraged to say the word out loud, as part of the game. When he succeeds, he gets generous praise. Sometimes, a small reward, like a gold-paper star pasted on the forehead, for all to see. Eventually, he realizes he can make his wants known, by speaking. It's a slow, patient process of training, but it works!

From the start, every effort is made to discourage communication by signs. Gesticulations set your child apart from all society as an object of curiosity.

All children entering the Tracy Clinic are tested as to the value of a hearing aid in addition to their oral training. Most totally deaf children receive no benefit from a mechanical hearing aid. The clinic does not recommend any particular brand, because one that may benefit one child may be worthless to another. There are some good hearing aids on the market now, costing from $40 to $200. If you're in doubt about such a purchase, ask the leading otologist in your city to recommend an acoustic specialist who will test your child's hearing and recommend, impartially, the best aid on the market suited to the child's impairment.

At the clinic, a phonograph with earphone amplifiers is adjusted on the child's ears once a day. Where there is any hearing at all, the eyes light up with mystery and then joy—at the sound of music! He is encouraged to develop every least sign of hearing and rhythmic vibration, no matter how slight.

The clinic aims at the all-round development of the child. If a child seems listless or petulant or below par physically, the staff holds a conference and compares notes to see if the fault lies with the teachers. Each child is handled as an individual case with a separate chart of development.

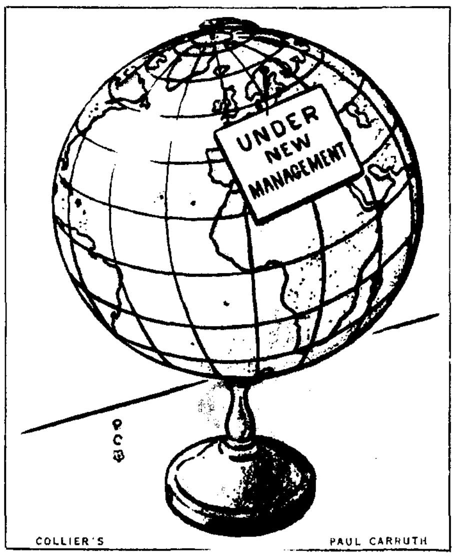
Psychology tests are given to check why the child isn't progressing. Often it becomes apparent that the parents are at fault. The child may lack sufficient rest or proper food. Part of the clinic program offers fruit or tomato juice at midmorning recess, and at noon the children are served a well-balanced meal planned by a dietitian. Results of this personal supervision training at the clinic have been gratifying.

Little Peggy Hunt, now four, can understand over a hundred useful words and phrases. She knows how to speak a great many words, but speaking aloud must be constantly encouraged. She plays games normally with her older sister and their playmates and understands at least some of their lively chatter by watching their lips as they talk.

Once the deaf child learns the value of speaking, to make himself understood, he tries to string the words together into phrases and sentences. One day little Peggy Hunt was trying to tie a bow on her doll's dress. After fussing for a time with the short ribbons, she plumped the doll in her mother's lap and said, "Tie—bow!" That was a star day in the Hunt home!

"We're always asked what kind of work a deaf person can learn for a living," said Mrs. Tracy. "You can answer that yourself, by considering what your deaf boy or girl can do best. That indicates his natural inclination and ability."

Deaf people have entered most of the professional and creative fields: writing, sculpturing, painting, advertising, architecture, chemistry, farming, building, medicine—indeed, all the sciences.



"My John wanted to be a cartoonist from the first," said Mrs. Tracy. "When he was just a little fellow, he started putting his comic scrawls under my door every morning, waiting for my approval. When he was twelve, he started a neighborhood newspaper, so he could feature his cartoons."

In the clinic classes, every slightest talent a child shows is fostered and encouraged. The more things a child is interested in, the more he can do with his hands, the better he will be equipped for life.

Schooling by Correspondence

For those who cannot consult the clinic personally, the Tracy correspondence course is offered by mail without charge. At present, it is available only to the mother of any deaf child under the age of six.

This is no dull mimeographed manual. Each child is handled as an individual student. The course is divided into twelve specially written monthly lessons, sent over the period of one year. Periodic reports are expected from parents. Questions are invited, also snapshots of the child and, eventually, the family is invited to visit the clinic if possible.

"The child's progress depends largely on the mother," Mrs. Tracy believes. "The mother is like a god to a little deaf child. She can do much to make his life ahead a successful, happy one or a failure. It's up to the mother to make her deaf youngster the most attractive and likable child imaginable. People will not excuse unpleasant traits in a person simply because he is deaf. She must teach him courtesy, obedience, courage, thoughtfulness, all the good habits that make life worth living. Most of all, he must be loved and be loving to others.

"Fathers have their part, too, in encouraging and understanding their deaf child. We send out a letter directed to the father in our first correspondence lesson. Here at the clinic, we have a parents' meeting once a month," she explained; "and the fathers ask just as many eager questions as the mothers."

Some of the letters in the clinic files contain heartbreaking stories. All are touching accounts of new adjustments of once-discouraged families. Deafness touches rich and poor. The average family which applies for the Tracy course comes from the middle class where $5 is important. So the course is geared to be economical. No high-priced diets or appliances are required.

Education Never Stops

"The main thing is to educate him," Mrs. Tracy explains. "Have your child's hearing tested regularly, at intervals, on the audiometer which tests on a wide range of frequencies. While he is small, sing to him, letting his head rest against you. He will get the vibrations. Talk close to his ear. Call his attention to any loud noise, like a dog's barking, or an auto horn. Talk to him continually. It won't do to leave him out of the general conversation. You can't ignore him as a child, and then suddenly at fifteen or sixteen, even though he has become a lip reader, expect him to join in the family conversations."

"Knowledge is your best friend," the clinic advises all mothers. "Learn anything and everything you can about deafness. Go to your nearest public library and ask for the newest books about it."

Mrs. Tracy suggests The Story of Lip Reading, by Fred DeLand, and What the Mother of a Deaf Child Ought to Know, by John Dutton Wright, and The Handicap of Deafness, by Irene R. Ewing and Alexander W. G. Ewing. These books and many others are in the free lending library at the Tracy Clinic. Mothers are encouraged to read widely on child psychology, too.

Sometimes the hearing children in a family become a problem because the deaf one receives so much attention. Mrs. Hunt can testify to this. Her older daughter, Patricia, aged six now, went through all the stages of pride and jealousy, as Baby Peggy was first helpless in her deafness and dependence, and now, learning to speak, gathers compliments and candies right and left. This is hard for Patricia to accept, and the mother has to understand how to handle such a situation intelligently.

"I hope in time that every deaf child can have this free training," urges Mrs. Tracy. "But it costs a great deal. So far, we've had to depend entirely on private contributions. No charge is made, though, naturally, the mothers help when they can. Every contribution is welcome. Even a dollar bill helps."

Spencer Tracy, beloved for his sympathetic movie roles such as Father Flanagan in Boys Town, modestly gives his wife all credit for the clinic's success. But from the background, he has generously supported the project from the start and has been as deeply interested as his wife from the day Doctor von KleinSmid turned over the key of the little university building for the clinic.

Today there is a long waiting list of parents eager for the home-training instruction of the Tracy Clinic. But they will have to wait until further facilities are available. Funds are urgently needed for more space, personnel and materials.

At minimum, it costs $950 per year to train one deaf child and his mother at the Tracy Clinic nursery school. Through simplifying the sense-training material, Mrs. Tracy has cut down the actual cost of the correspondence course to approximately $55. But it's worth a thousand times that much to the child's life and happiness.

THE END

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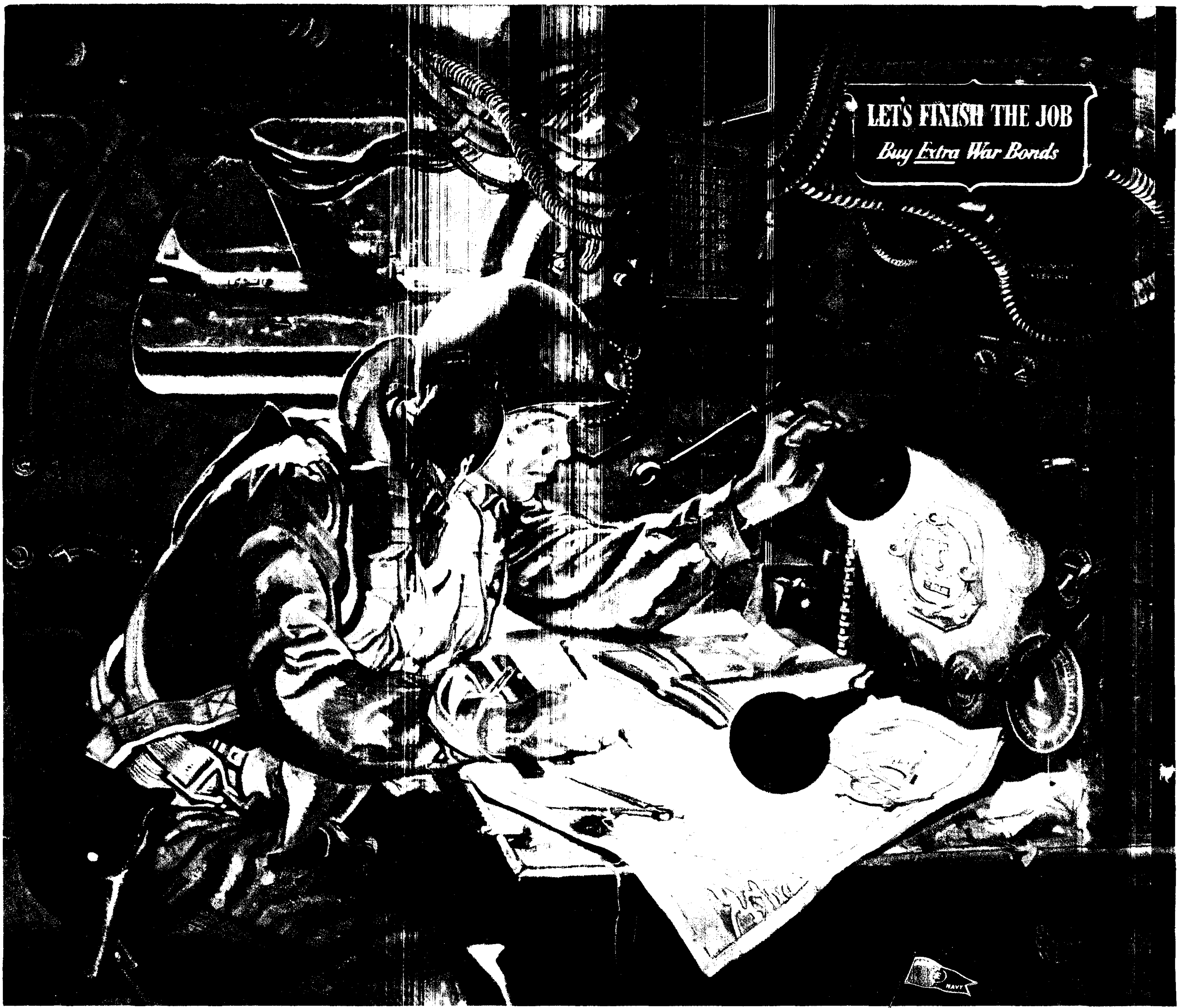

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DON'T KILL YOUR CAR!

BY

PAUL D.

GREEN

Your automobile is a vital war weapon. Take care of it. It'll probably be a long time before you get another

EVERY twenty seconds, another automobile goes to the junk yard. That's almost 5,000 daily or over 1,500,000 a year; and many of these deceased jalopies met their end sooner than necessary through careless or unknowing drivers who literally murdered them. Government agencies are appalled and worried. Colonel James Monroe Johnson, head of the Office of Defense Transportation, who inherited this headache, says: "This nation's transportation system cannot afford to lose a single motor vehicle which could have been saved through proper care."

J. A. (Cap) Krug, chairman of the War Production Board, is worried, too. "The United States is in danger of a disastrous shortage of automobiles either before the end of the war or soon after."

It seems certain that if the war continues, and car manufacture in volume remains impossible, the days of Conestoga wagons and fringed-topped surreys will be back with us. It is conceivable that the mortality rate will increase geometrically each year; 3 million may go in 1946, 5 million in 1947, 10 million in 1948, and what are left after that won't be worth giving away—even to the Japs.

Since 1941, the last year of auto manufacture, the nation's car stock pile has dropped from a prewar normal of 30 million to a dismal 24 million. Government agencies—WMC, WPB, ODT and OPA, particularly—fear the 20-million car mark will be reached before we can lick our enemies, and they are alarmed. Below that figure, it will definitely impede the war effort, since over 60 per cent of the cars on the road are operated by war workers.

In 1944, 824,000 people were killed or injured by automobile accidents, almost as many as the total American casualties on all fronts in this war. At least half of these were war workers. Experts have figured that at least one fourth or more of these accidents could have been avoided if cars had been kept in good running condition.

With the shortage of tires, batteries, parts and—worst of all—mechanics, the car owner today has a serious problem trying to increase the life span of his auto. The average life of a car is about seven years, and we've stretched it to ten by devious methods. In normal times, a cautious "hypochondriac" driver can make his car reach a stuttering sixteen.

At this writing, there are about 4,000 new, unsold passenger cars left in the U.S. That's far less than the number normally sold in *one day* before the war. This scant supply is being nursed by the OPA for rationing to superessentials—policemen, firemen and doctors.

The most optimistic prediction is that it will take at least four months for the first cars available for public sale (most likely a version of the 1942 model with some mechanical and decorative improvements) to roll off the assembly line. And when the new cars start coming, the rush will be worse than the present hunt for cigarettes. But even when full-scale manufacture returns, new cars will probably be rationed for some time to come, so unless you have essential qualifications, don't count on a new car in the near future.

The American Car Owner's Way

With such a gloomy picture of what used to be taken for granted—the privilege of every American family to own a car, swap it in every year or so—a little advice is in order: Don't wait for the first knock or rattle; go to an auto doctor pronto, and save your car and a lot of money.

The most important item which keeps your car on the road, of course, is tires. Though eminently satisfactory, synthetic tires don't stand up so well as our old crude rubbers, and, besides, they are getting scarcer for civilian use. Other important tire materials—rayon, carbon black and cotton cord—are dismally short, and the tire output for 1945 is already 40 per cent less than last year. So make your synthetics last. Or, if you're lucky enough to have natural rubber tires, take advantage of the numerous tire-service stations for recapping.

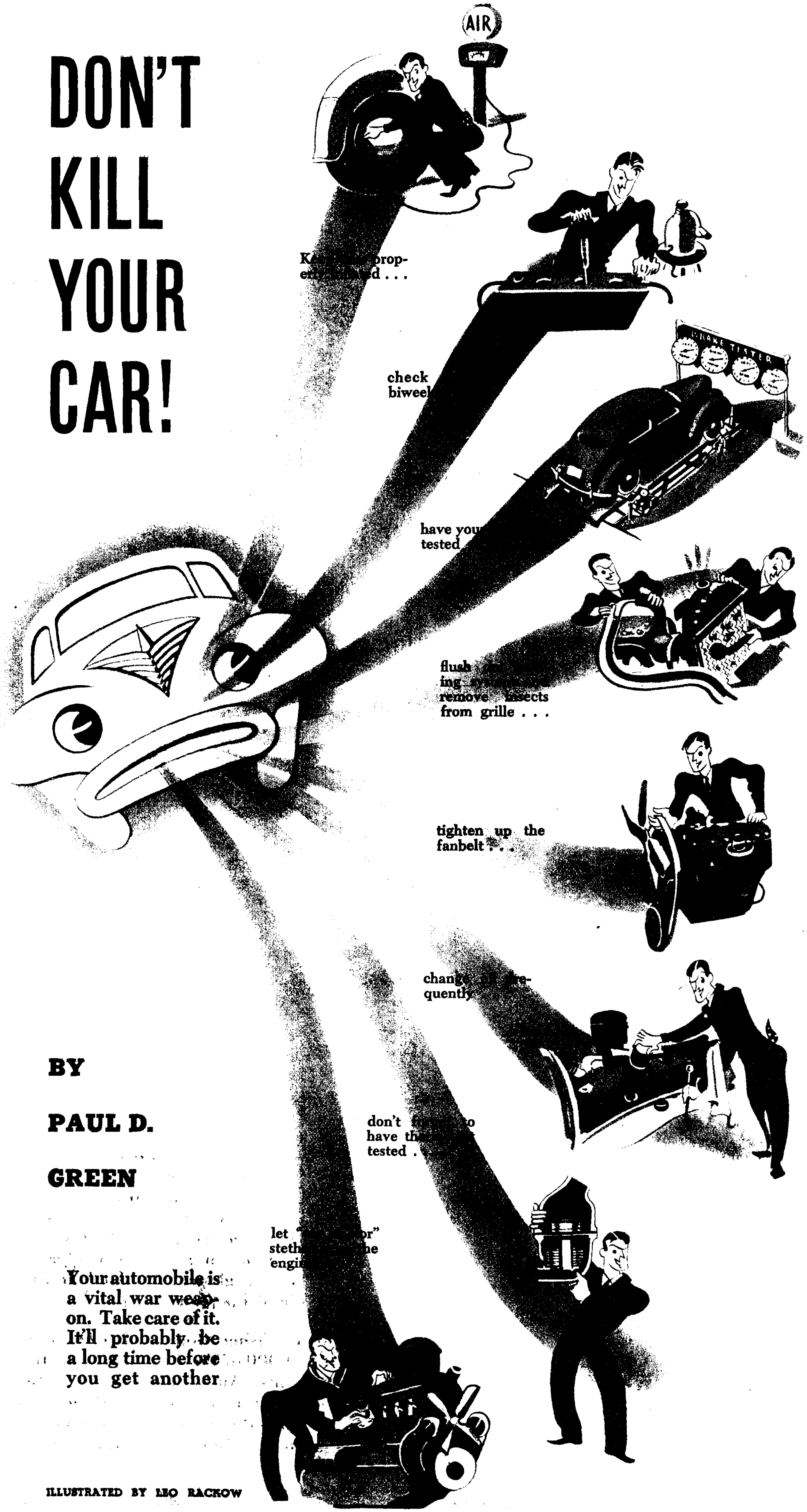
The wartime speed limit of 35 mph saves gasoline and tire wear simultaneously. But the nation's highways are in a bad state of disrepair, particularly roads pockmarked from snow and ice and spring thaws. Guard against puncture of inner tubes, which are practically unobtainable today as replacements. Tubes have to be patched until they resemble Grandma's favorite quilt.

Keeping tires properly inflated will prevent abnormal wear. Racing around corners, fast braking and hole-hopping play havoc with tires and, for that matter, the whole chassis.

A weak tire subjected to too much pressure is likely to blow out. An underinflated tire, besides running sluggishly, quickly wears out with too much flexing or "give." Since there is a normal pressure loss of about two pounds a week, you should check the air pressure at least once a week. Be sure to replace the valve caps tight to keep foreign matter out and prevent loss of air pressure. Normally, tire wear is unequally distributed over the four wheels. To get the utmost wear, change the position of all four after every 10,000 miles.

Statistics show that over 60 per cent of all fatal accidents occur at night. Therefore, keep your battery up to par. Due to curtailed driving, batteries are likely to discharge faster, and the generator does not supply the needed amount of rejuvenation. The life span of a battery not kept close to a fully charged condition is greatly reduced, and replacements will soon be difficult

(Continued on page 72)



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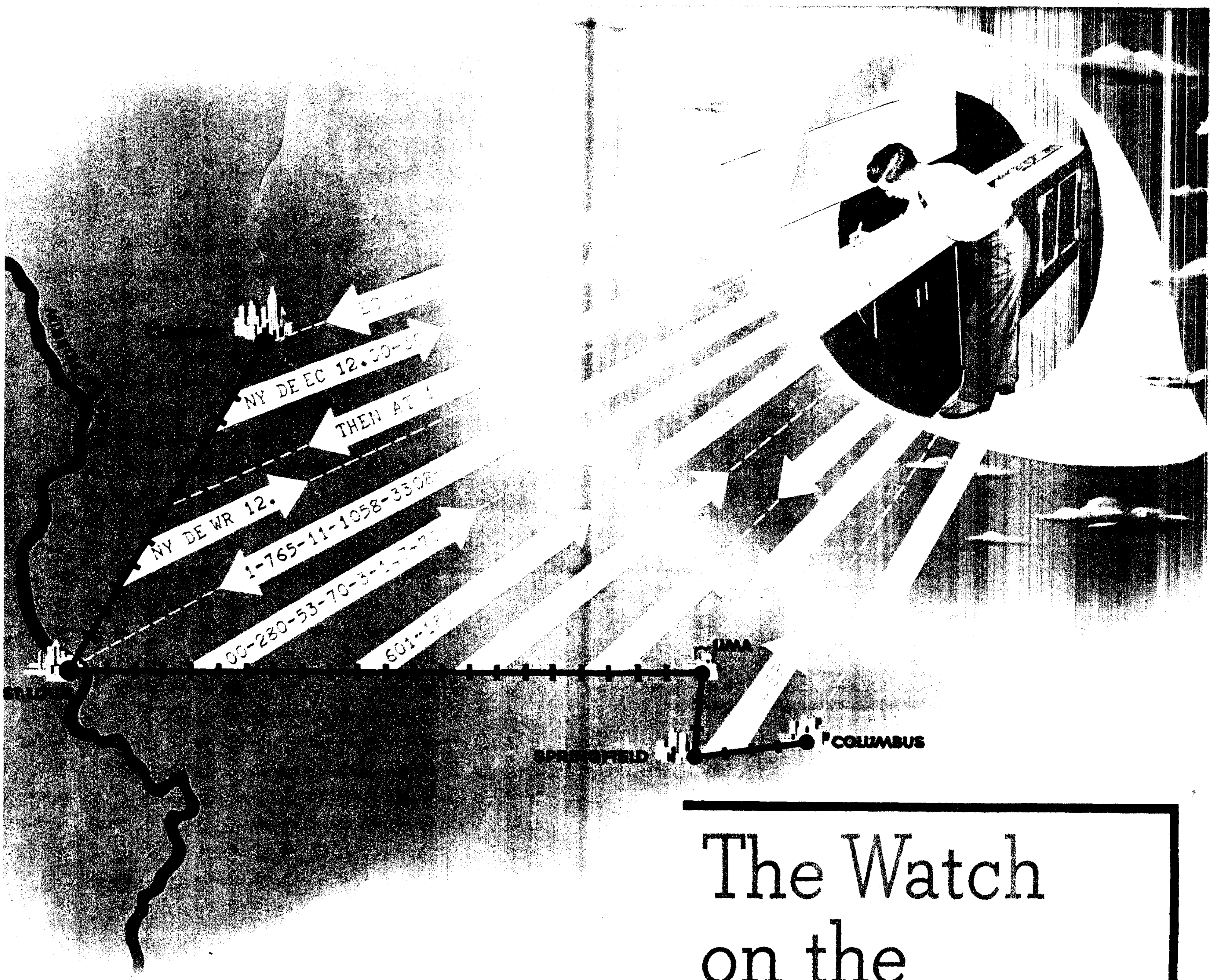

The Watch on the Mississippi

THIS WATCHTOWER is on the 37th floor of a New York skyscraper—the eyes of the watchmen ranging over hundreds of miles of the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, roughly a thousand miles away . . .

To make it more remarkable, what they're "seeing" is all underground. These watchmen *control* the flow of petroleum products through Shell's two main product pipe lines . . . (not to be confused with pipe lines that carry crude oil). They direct the onward sweep of 100 octane aviation fuel, motor gasoline, heating oil, Diesel fuel, and a dozen other products—from refinery toward the embarkation ports, or factories and homes.

All products flow through the same line, one after another—nothing keeping them separate but pressure and the velocity of their flow. They must not mix, must not contaminate each other. And all must keep moving toward their destinations, day and night.

* * *

THE CONTROL BOARD in the New York watchtower is a miniature reproduction of each giant pipe line. The miniatures show distances, elevations, pumping stations, and the points where products enter or leave the lines.

Communication back and forth between the watchtower and strategic points throughout the length of the pipe lines is by two-way teletype.

For brevity, messages are in code. Some of the code messages above, if spelled out, would fill a paragraph. Those from stations on the pipe lines give essential information about the product in the line, and temperature, pressure, and other conditions affecting its rate of flow.

All this is immediately "visualized," on the miniature pipe line in New York—the movement of the products goes on before your eyes. You see the "head" of a shipment of 100 octane aviation fuel . . . how many miles it extends . . . and, in a different color, the product that follows it . . .

Lights on the miniature pipe lines flash off, or on, as return teletypes order certain pumps shut down, and others started.

* * *

THIS SYSTEM of remote control has been in operation six years, with 50,000 barrels of petroleum products delivered through the lines *every day.*

As it sped war products on their way, the "Watch on the Mississippi" foretold the fate of the "Watch on the Rhine."

Look to Shell Research for finer gasoline and motor oil. Shell's wartime leadership in petroleum research and technology is your assurance of finer fuels and lubricants for your car. When the time comes, your Shell dealer will be ready.

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"

SHELL

Horizons widen through Shell Research

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MARINE CORPS TROUBADOUR

BY FRANK X. TOLBERT

DRAWING BY SGT. PAT DENMAN, U.S.M.C.R.

IN THE midst of the fighting on Tinian Island, Sergeant Albert Lafayette Cheek, a giant, redheaded Marine out of San Saba, Texas, got a letter from his father, Mr. Bill Cheek.

"Dear Red: I take pen in hand to say things are going well with Mamma and I. Crops are good. Cattle are looking good. I have been thinking some about your future and what stock you will be needing when you get out of the Marines. So I am studying about buying you a span of mules and a good, young saddle horse. Mamma has been very busy with her turkeys and she hasn't had time to write, but she was wondering the other night at supper whether you are still writing some songs like you used to. . . ."

Red's got a song. He has been working on it ever since he went overseas. It's called The Recon Song, a hillbilly-style ballad about the exploits of Cheek's own outfit, the Amphibious Reconnaissance Battalion of the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific.

The Marine Recon, commanded by Major Jim Jones of Joplin, Missouri, is a battalion of scouting specialists. Some military men say that they're the greatest scouts of this war. Anyway, their business has been to go into Japanese-held islands and make undetected reconnaissances anywhere from three hours to three months before the landings of the main body of invasion troops.

Red Cheek joined up with the Recon in the late autumn of 1943 and, since that time, he has managed to become a famous noncom, known throughout the Pacific war theater. To start with, Red is an artist with a mortar. He's a rugged and unusually competent infantryman even though he sometimes carries a guitar around on his back and does other screwy things in combat.

A One-Man Minstrel Show

It's his spare-time activities, though, that have made him a famous man in the forward areas. He's the nearest thing to a one-man minstrel show that you'll find in the western Pacific. The huge Texas boy strums a guitar with his thick, calloused fingers, yodels and sings ballads with a quavering rhythm.

Between songs, he tells tall yarns about his cowhand relatives back in Texas, or he entertains with athletic antics such as spreading his arms, diving into the air and landing in a glide on his chest—a jarring feat which he describes as an imitation of a B-29 making a landing with its wheels up.

He performs at sea on converted destroyers and transports, or on frontier isles freshly seized from the Nips. And you should see the faces of those homesick kids brighten when they hear his flat, nasal Texas baritone.

The naval censors have performed so many major operations on The Recon Song that Cheek says he can hardly recognize it now. The first verse is about events which happened shortly before Cheek joined the battalion:

We sailed from San Diego one bright day in June,
Coasted up to Frisco and left there much too soon.
Then out into the Pacific, to old Hawaii way
Where whisky was scarce and the women wouldn't play.

From there on, Red is dealing with actions in which he participated, and he goes into considerable detail in the unexpurgated version of the song. For security reasons, this Elizabethan-sounding ballad can't be printed in its fullness until after V-J Day.

Albert (Red Cheek) Lafayette might be called a stout man. He has truck-tire swells of blubber around his midriff, even after weeks of hard fighting and harder living. But he's no fat boy in the usual sense of the designation. He's five feet ten inches in height and he weighs from 210 to 230 pounds, depending on the chow situation.

Red is modest about his many talents and he claims that he is "the most fouled-up man in this Marine Corps bar none. I got fouled up right after I was born," he says. "Mamma and Poppa couldn't decide what to name me. They had twelve kids and they never could agree on names for any of them. That's why I have two sisters named Elizabeth and two named Annie."

The Cheek ranch house was located at the intersection of three Texas counties. There were parts of the house in each of the three counties. Mrs. Cheek had the infant's name registered in one county as "Albert Lafayette" in honor of Queen Victoria's consort and the French patriot. The attending physician, whose Christian name was George, signed a birth certificate in another county, stating that the baby's name was "George Lafayette." Mr. Cheek registered his son in the third county simply as "Red Cheek."

"I've had lots of redheaded kids," commented Mr. Cheek, "and I think it's high time that I made it official by really naming one of them Red. A redheaded boy who is legally named Red ought not to have much trouble in life."

For his first half-dozen years, the chubby, flame-haired little boy didn't know for certain what his Christian names were. Finally, in deference to Mother Cheek, the father and the physician acknowledged defeat, and Red entered first grade as Albert Lafayette.

Red was a star halfback at San Saba high school, paying part of his school expenses by playing and singing at country dances. He finished high school in January, 1941, and he packed a guitar and other essentials and went to Baylor University. He had a scholarship and a job. He played first-string guard on the freshman football team, and the following autumn, lettered at guard on a successful Baylor team. He was doing well scholastically. He had joined the Marine Corps reserve and he was to go to officer candidates' class as soon as the Corps adjudged that he'd had sufficient schooling.

Early in 1943, Cheek and four other impatient Baylor footballers, all Marine reservists, wrote a brash special-delivery letter to the commandant of the Marine Corps: "We're tired of going to school and missing out on the war," they said. "We might sit here until the war is over. We don't care whether we become officers or not. Send us to boot camp."

Back came a reply advising the boys to stay in school until there was a place for them in the candidates' classes at Quantico. Cheek and a tall end named James Lee sent a telegram to the commandant: "Send us our orders to boot camp, please, sir. We don't ask anything but a private's rating. All we want is a rifle and a chance to fight."

Good Work at Marine School

The boys got quick action on this telegram. In a few weeks, they were headed for boot camp. After finishing his recruit training, Cheek made an excellent record at Marine Corps mortar school and he was retained as an instructor.

"But I wasn't satisfied," said Red. "Nothing could please me in those days, and I asked to be sent overseas with the next replacement outfit."

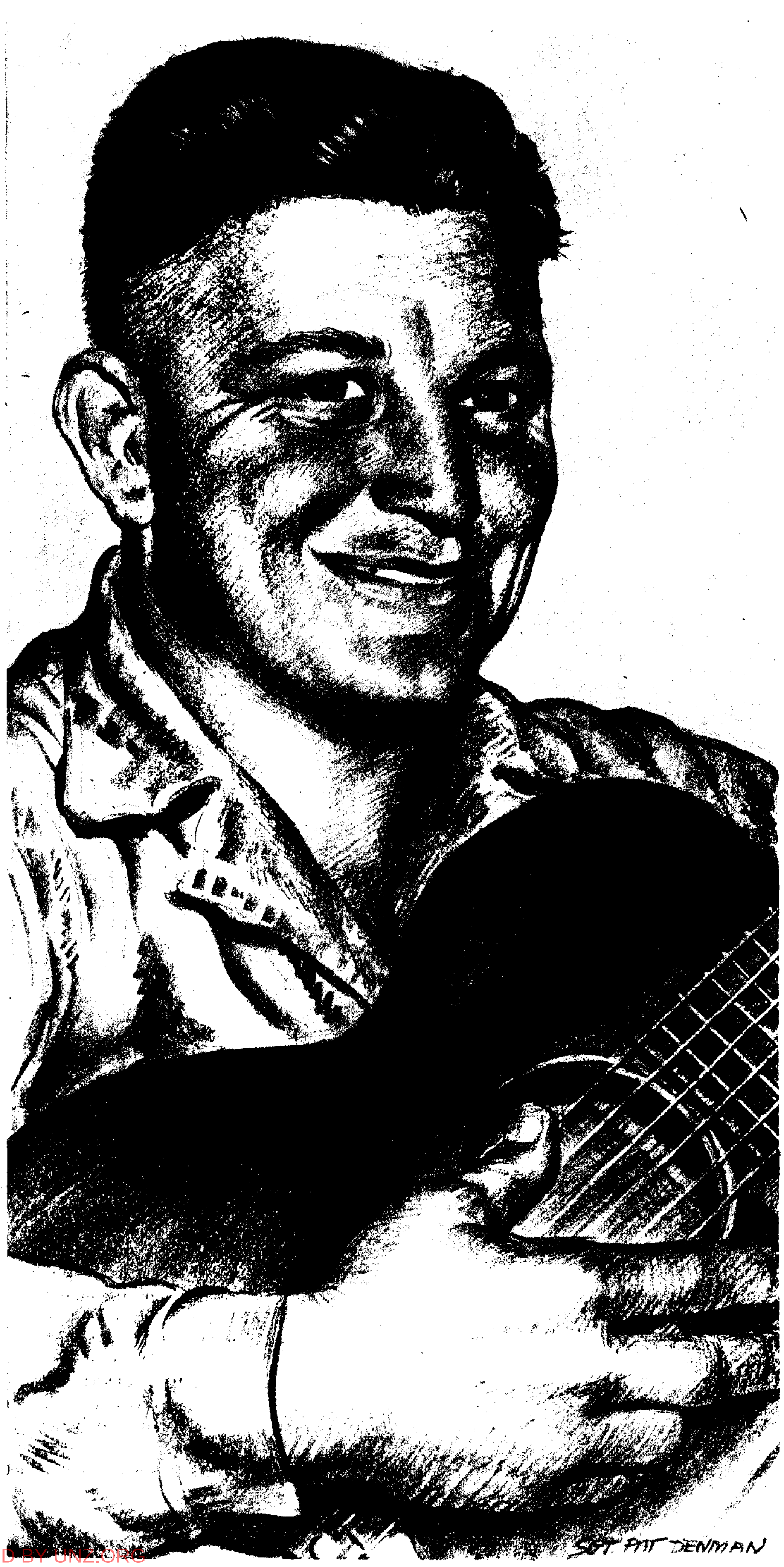
Cheek was an acting corporal and a squad leader when he went in on D-Day minus one at Majuro in the Marshalls with a platoon which became the first American force to land on territory which Japan held before the start of the Pacific war. Majuro was an easy conquest. At Eniwetok, in the westernmost Marshalls, a few weeks later, the Recon functioned as a regular rifle outfit and they ran into some fierce action. They hit islet after islet, pursuing a big Japanese force. On one afternoon Cheek's platoon fired 168 rounds with the mortars, in what officers of a supporting battalion described as the best mortar fire that they had ever witnessed.

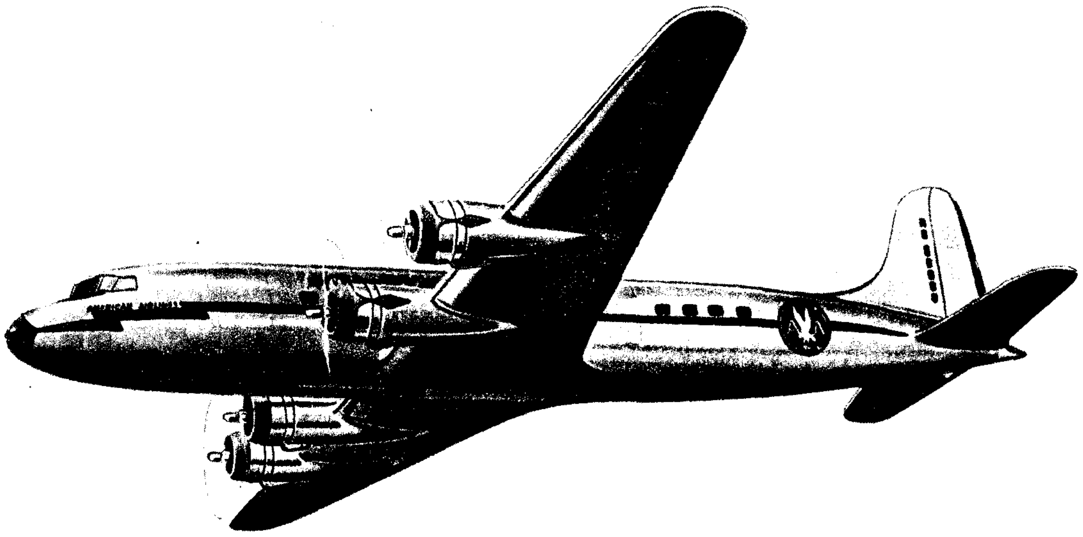
Cheek was sprayed with shrapnel on Iwo Jima but when last heard from was on Okinawa—and feeling fine.

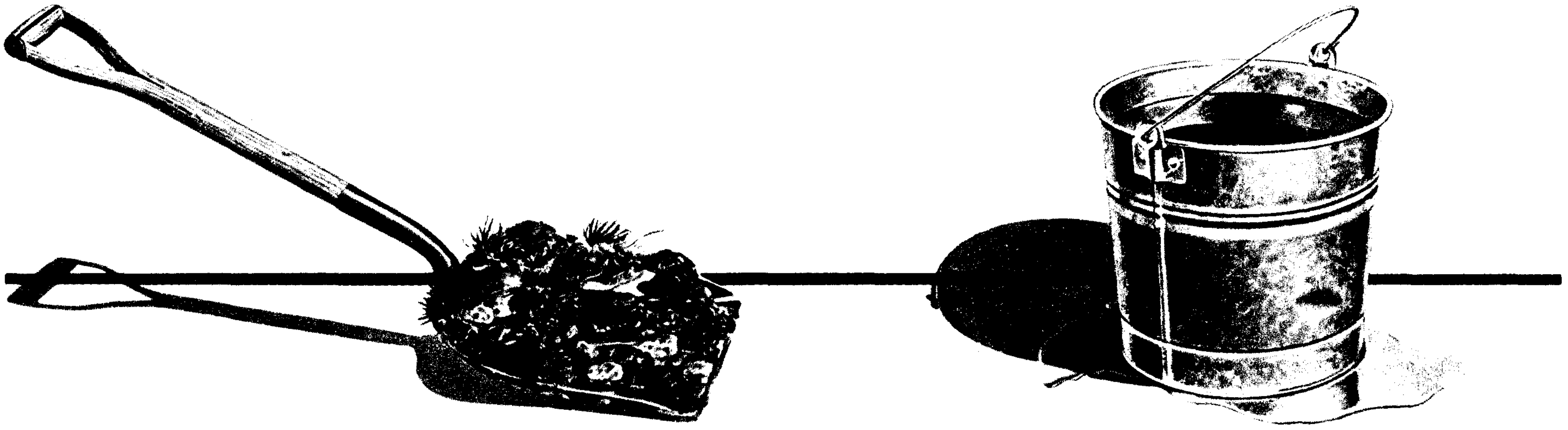
Cheek is only twenty-one and his postwar plans include returning to Baylor to play some more football and the project of marrying the daughter of some wealthy Texas rancher.

"What do you hear from the family, Red?" we asked.

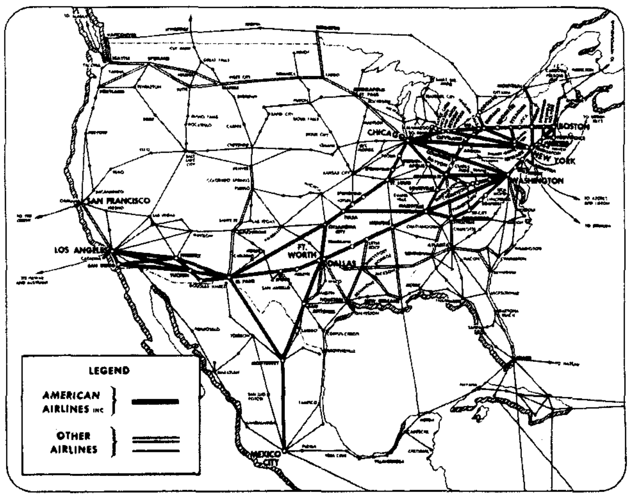
"Well, I haven't been writing much because I've been so busy I haven't hardly had time to scratch out from under my toenails," said Albert Lafayette. ★★★







Startlingly Simple, Isn't It?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Reception

Continued from page 13

year, though," she confessed. "We went on burros up Gorgoni—or do I mean San Jacinto?—anyway, up the mountain to see the snow. I fell off."

"Off the mountain?" Bill asked; and heard the little half-finished laugh that preceded her tallest stories.

"Yes. Somebody dared me to, and I slid down miles and miles of snow—boom! I had on silk panties and I was raw for days. Darling, I spent two years sliding down mountains to keep away from tonight. Don't you think I ought to be in the paddy bin? Bill, for heaven's sake, what time is it?"

SHE lighted all the lamps and made her mouth over. "I did other things in the West," Emmeline said. She rested her elbows on the mantel and looked dreamily out toward the Cambridge lights across the Charles. "They weren't so much fun, Bill. Not without him. Maybe they wouldn't have been fun with him there, either. He minded everything so terribly: where I went and how I behaved and what people I saw." She drew one hand across her eyes.

"You wouldn't have that with me," Bill pointed out. "You could turn naked cartwheels down Commonwealth Avenue if you liked. I wouldn't mind." Maybe he would mind, but she need never know. He could give her that much.

Emmeline sighed, then scowled at him and said crossly, "You needn't keep reminding me." Then she laughed. "Bill, darling, kiss me, will you? I think I'm falling to bits. Tell me the truth. That blond job I hear he's chasing—is she very beautiful?"

"She's just a kid," Bill said soothingly. "She doesn't know what the score is. Just let Richie have a look at you on the wagon and—" He kissed her then, but it didn't seem very effective. She was rigid, and her mouth was cool. He made himself stop thinking of that and watched her put on lipstick again.

When she had finished, he asked, "You're still bent on going?"

She waved it away. "I have to, Bill. I'm not over him yet—or maybe I am—but I have to find out."...

They went down to the street and got in his car, and Emmeline huddled in the corner, shivering. She wouldn't put the robe over her dress because she said the skirt might wrinkle.

"Not that it should at the price," she remarked. "Bill, we have time to stop at the Kenmore bar."

"No," he said, and watched her arrange the green orchids that he had sent her. As they started off, Emmeline took the pin out, opened the window and hurled the corsage into the street.

"I'm sorry, darling," she explained, "but they're perfectly disgusting; they're obscene."

He nodded agreeably. "I thought they were a little repulsive, myself."

After that, Emmy poked around in the tool pocket at the right side and into the package place, looking for something.

"Do you know something, Bill?" she inquired. "Before I married Richie I never had more than one drink in one day."

"We're fresh out of potables," Bill observed. "Would you like some chewing gum?"

"Dear," Emmy said gently, "for that, I hope you will someday be just a little cinder in hell. I hope. . . ." She enlarged on it for three blocks without repeating herself.

When they reached Jamaica Plain and Bill helped her out of the car she stood for a moment beside the door and clutched his arm. "Bill, you know me well enough; tell me the truth: Do you think the competition is too attractive? Don't pull any punches, Bill. Has she got more on the ball?"

"Richie remembers you," Bill soothed her. "Abstinence makes the heart grow fonder." He wished she wouldn't be wistful so abruptly. It tore him apart. He spent several minutes telling her that if she had a long black beard and only one eye, she would still be the most enchanting woman in Massachusetts. He told her she had never looked more beautiful in her life, and that she had more personality than anyone he knew. She began to relax.

"Dear Bill," she murmured. "I think you're prejudiced. If you weren't my oldest, my best friend, I wouldn't . . ." She waved her hand, and her voice trailed off absently, then abruptly returned. "You know and I know that Richie's a dog." She patted his arm kindly. "But that's love for you. He made me divorce him, the slob! That's why I got tiddley on the desert."

They went up to the house, and into the blaze of lights and the sound of string music.

"Look at them," Emmeline remarked, pointing to the window. "The shabbiest smart crowd in all the world. I'll always be homesick for my native town. Natural fingernails and natural sons. What more can you ask?"

Bill murmured, "Just more of Emmy in a philosophic mood." He wondered what would happen next. He wondered what would happen to Emmeline and to Richmond Talbot Bancroft Thayer and to himself; and whether winter in Boston would always be sad again after tonight.

Then he stood by and watched while Emmeline the imperious, the witty one, the gracious, splashed adeptly through the social pond. She contended with greetings; and with inquiries, curious, morbid or kind, in half a dozen groups during the evening; and she did it all with ease and expert finesse.

Bill looked on admiringly, almost satisfied that she had herself under control, but he was sure of it at eleven o'clock when Emmeline betrayed neither by a muscle nor the turn of a hair that she knew Richmond Thayer had come in with his new girl.

Bill knew she was aware of it though, because he was close enough beside her to hear her breathe just a little between her words. That was the only sign.

He leaned slightly toward her ear. "The ingenue's done up in bilious green," he murmured; "like something that was kept too long."

Emmeline pressed his hand convulsively. "Thank you, dear," she answered tranquilly. "That's a Sidecar on an empty stomach to me."

HE SAW Back Bay eyes flickering just a little as Richmond left his girl safely across the room and advanced alone toward his ex-wife. He looked twenty-five instead of forty, Bill thought impersonally; and felt a fleeting envy of the pale, fine hair above the ascetic, overbred face, the high-bridged nose and the Thayer chin. Richmond's face had something, and there was something about the way he walked—

The group of people fell back tactfully, as he bent, courteous but unsmiling, over Emmy's hand.

He said, "My dear, it's good to see you again. You're looking—" Then he stopped because he looked up into Emmeline's eyes, and something caught, and for a moment held him there. It was just for an instant, but for Bill it was long enough. Whatever had been between them was in some way still alive, still compelling.

"You're looking very well," Thayer finished steadily, but there were red spots on his cheekbones. It made his face come to life, Bill thought. It made him look almost happy.

"It's the life I lead," Emmeline answered smoothly. "So unbelievably wholesome. I've gone in for goat's milk, Richie."

She was telling him, Bill thought tiredly. She couldn't put it much plainer than that. He wondered if Thayer would believe her.

Richmond hadn't taken his eyes off her face. Now he lighted her cigarette and said, "The Olneys told me they saw you in California. They said you were having quite a whirl."

Emmeline dropped the cigarette into a flower vase. "I loathed California; the desert, the climate. There was nothing to do but whirl." Her gaze was completely candid. "But I left the West, Richie. I left it a year ago."

Richmond said, "I never cared for the place, myself." In that instant the girl across the room caught his eye. "Sorry," he told Emmeline. "It's been nice seeing you; I know we'll meet again soon." He smiled for the first time.

The smile, Bill thought, gave him definite charm; it made him look almost young.

Then he bowed formally and went away, his head a proud, pale flame above the crowd.

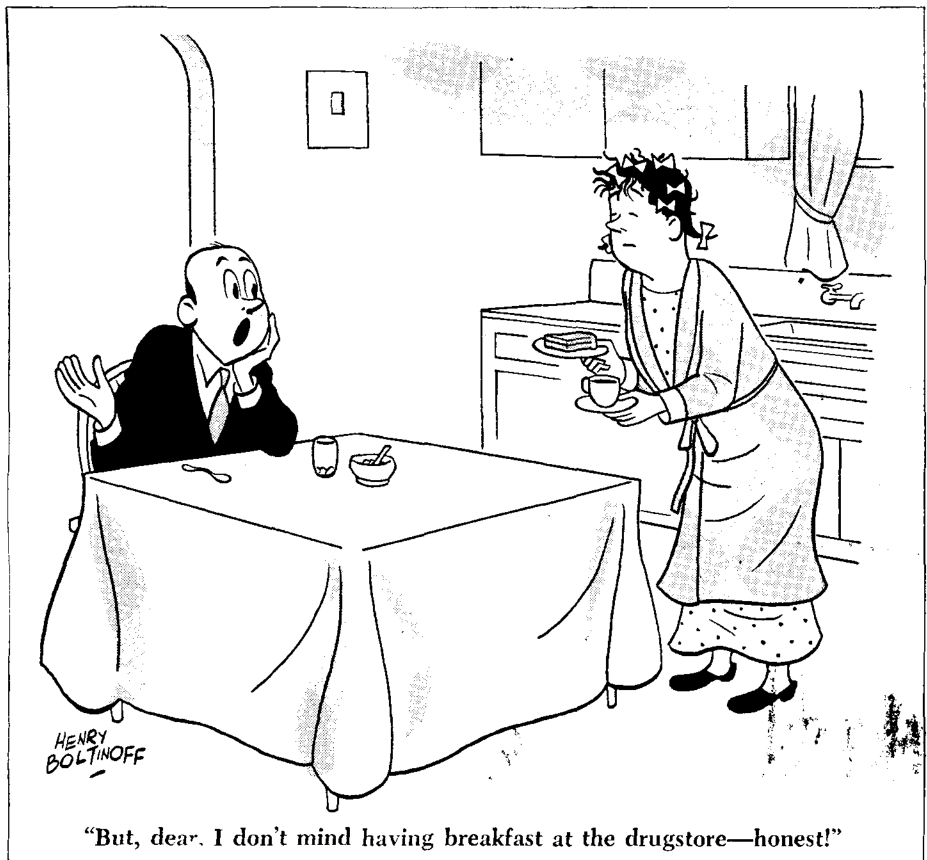
Emmeline turned to Bill and one corner of her mouth twisted. "Bill," she said, "don't just stand there. Where is the bar?"

He said, "Emmy, you'd better not. You put on a fine show. So why don't we go home and hang up the medals? He'll come back. Let's go home and wait."

"Sheep-dip," Emmeline answered. "I swung and I missed. Lulu Olney put me to bed twice in Palm Springs."

Bill said, "Why do I take so much trouble? Am I John Alden? You saw that smile he gave you. What did you want him to do—kiss you?"

Emmeline quietly tore her handkerchief into shreds. "People are still civil in this



"But, dear, I don't mind having breakfast at the drugstore—honest!"

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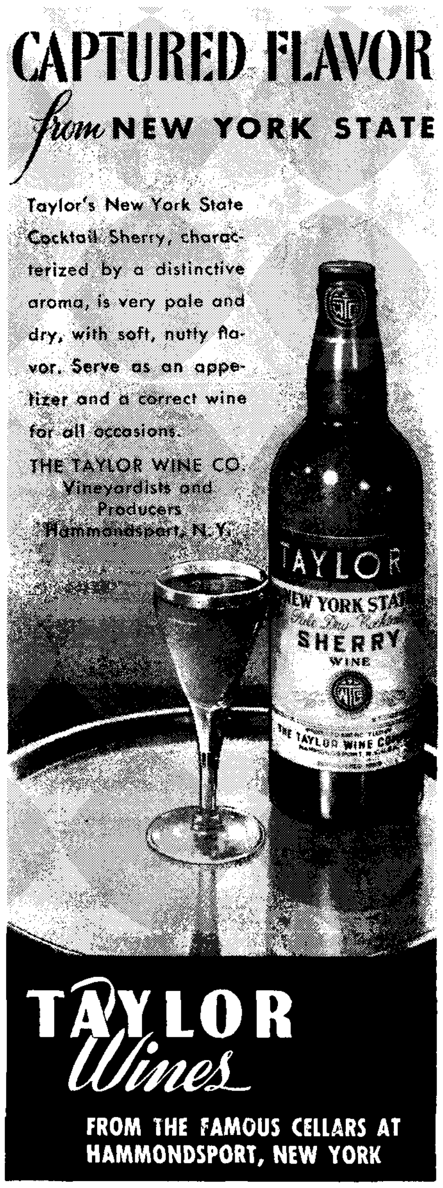

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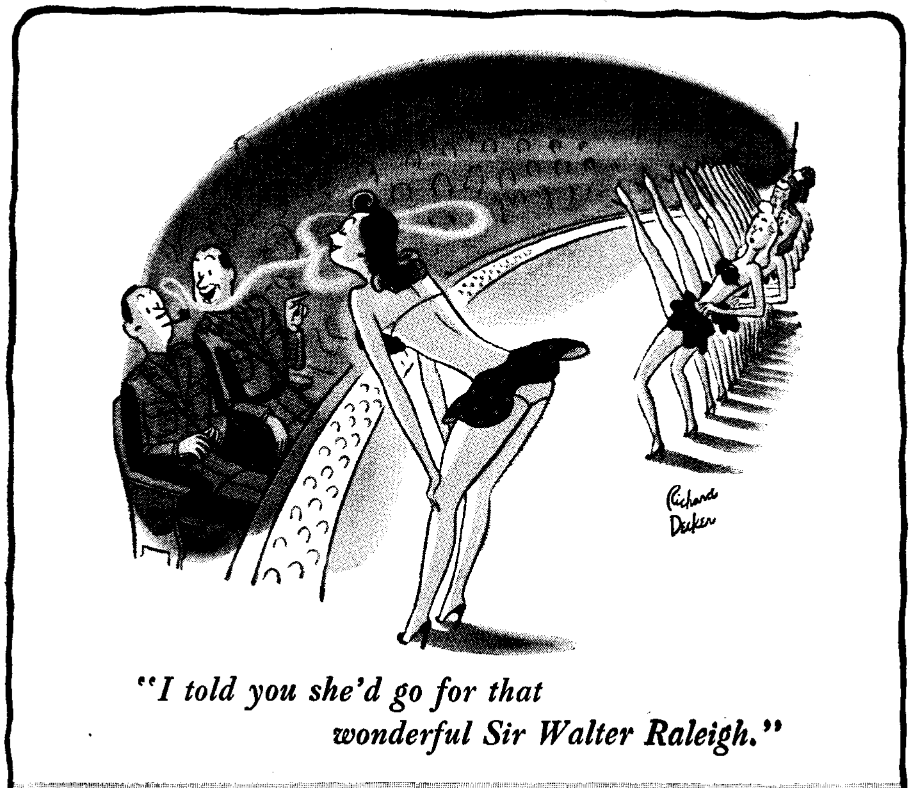
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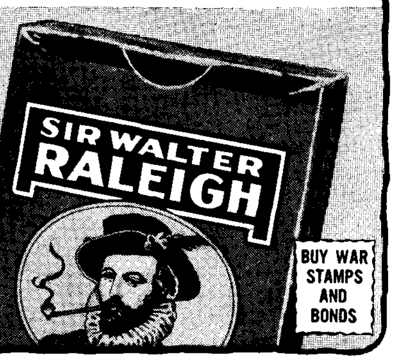

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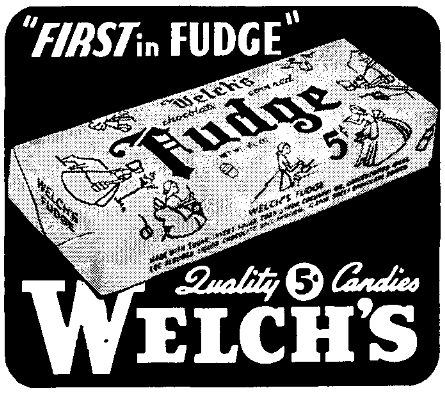

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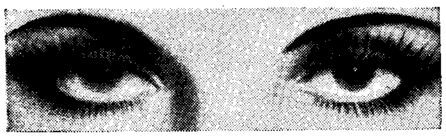

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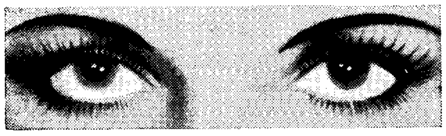

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filthy world," she pointed out. "People like Richie. But did he introduce that girl?"

"She's so completely unimportant—"

"Bilge. Of course she's important. He ran to her like a tame cheetah. He couldn't wait to throw Palm Springs in my face. Did he say he would phone? Did he say he would call?" She looked up at Bill and asked quietly, "How can you be so big and so handsome and so dumb?"

He excused that, knowing she was edgy. He even tried to tell her about the look on Thayer's face, but she wouldn't listen.

"Bill," she said, "shut up, will you? I'm going to have a drink, and I'd like to see you stop me."

There wasn't anything he could do after that except to keep refilling her glass. If he didn't she laughed at him and filled it herself.

The bar was in the basement, and the crowd down there stayed on. "Boston with its hair down," Emmeline commented amiably. "Everyone is happy. Or do I mean gay?"

None, Bill thought, as happy as Emmeline now. Or did he mean gay?

"Celebration," she remarked to everyone. "Emmy's return to circulation. Be merry, will you? Be merry as a buzzard in a slaughterhouse."

SHE drank much too much brandy; she led them in singing; and later made a speech, sitting on top of the bar. "I'm the last puritan!" she told them. "The last puritan out of the pokey. Let's all have a little snort on that."

Then she climbed down and smiled gently at Bill over her glass. "You don't mind what I do, do you, dear. You're a lovely moron, Bill. Where's your hanky? I have a little brandy on my dress."

"You're being awfully amusing," he said, "but I think you ought to go home before you fall on your puss. Richie wouldn't like it."

"Don't lure me with things like that, Bill. I know. When they start playing with children it always means—and then, throwing Palm Springs at me. Well, it's nice to have a drink again. I think I'll try some champagne."

She pushed a strand of copper-colored hair away from her cheek. Bill saw a touch of gray in the copper that he hadn't noticed before.

She told him seriously, "I really have to drink now, Bill, because I'm cracking up inside."

She wouldn't listen to him at all about anything. He thought maybe she couldn't hear anyway, because she was listening to the roar of things cracking up inside.

Around four o'clock she disappeared, and Bill found her asleep on a couch in a room upstairs, looking like a ravaged Madonna. There was a big chair, so he slept in that.

WHEN they woke up, it was one o'clock in the afternoon. Their host was offering them aspirin and coffee. Emmeline sat erect and looked around groggily. Her make-up job had disappeared and her face was twisted and pale. Seeing her in the daylight, it was hard for Bill to believe she was the same person he had started out with the night before.

He grinned at her reassuringly, but Emmeline eyed him coldly.

"Don't speak," she said. "Don't utter a word." She drank some coffee, grimacing.

Bill went out of the room and returned with a decanter. "Bristle of the wild boar that bit you," he explained. "Better take it before you die."

She looked at it longingly, reached out her hand; then withdrew it, shaking her head. "Go away," she said moodily, and chewed an aspirin.

He found it impossible to tell what was going on in her mind. Once, on the way home, he glanced down and she was crying a little, very quietly. But she dried her eyes on his handkerchief, and said cheerfully, "Bill, that was quite a party."

There was a black roadster across the street from her apartment house, but Bill didn't notice it until he had parked.

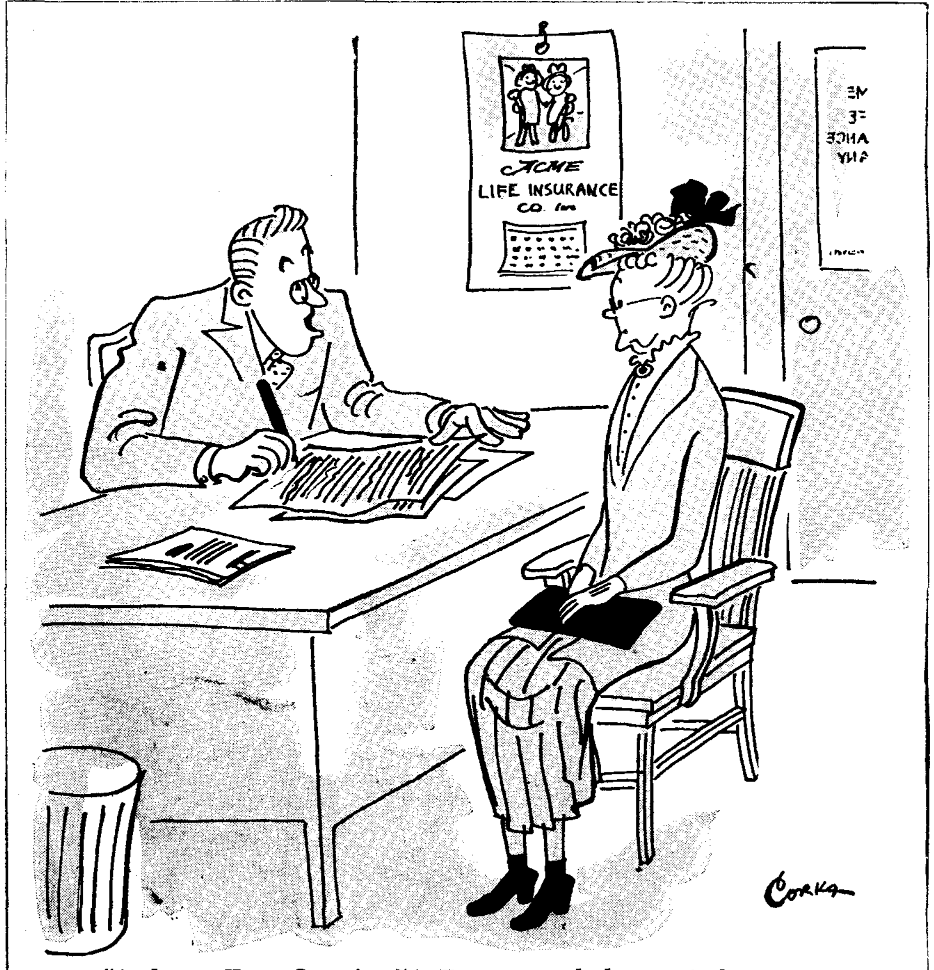
Emmeline, peering out, gasped. "Bill, it's Richie. Bill, do something quick!"

He started the engine again, but it was too late. Thayer was already out of his car, the sun flashing on his pale hair and that smile as he called out to them.

Emmy sat still and whimpered. Then she scrubbed a powder puff across her face and poked at her hair.

Thayer called, "Hello. I almost missed you! I rang your bell and—"

Bill got out and stood with his back shielding the interior of the car. He said, "Thayer, listen. Emmeline isn't so well. She's been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COLLIER'S CORKA

sick all night from the lobster. Why don't you come back later on?"

It was horrible to have to be there then, to be there and see the smile fading away from Thayer's face and hear him say almost gently, "Not lobster, Bill. That was chicken salad we had. Stand aside, will you, Bill! I want to see Emmeline."

There wasn't anything to do but move and let Thayer open the door and rake Emmy from head to foot with his cold, impersonal eyes—and hear him say, "So it's like that again! Last night was just an act. I should have known."

She put one hand toward him, then let it drop. "Richie—Richie, listen, I can explain. Please let me explain. . . ."

"Goat's milk?" Richie asked. "Lobster?"

He withdrew his head and said quietly, courteously, "I was looking for someone on this street, but I must have got the wrong house." Without any expression on his face, he turned away.

BILL said slowly: "You damned hypocritical liar! You—" But Thayer was already across the road. The sun flashed once on the long line of his car, then he was gone.

Emmeline opened the car door. "Don't just stand there looking baffled," she said. "Get in." She added thoughtfully, "You know, Bill, I think you were right for once. I was just knocking the chips off my own façade."

He got in beside her, shaking. "The stuffed shirt. The damned pompous little ass—"

"Shut up, Bill," Emmeline said. "He can't help it. It's the way he is. Have you got a cigarette? I'm falling to pieces."

He gave her a cigarette and watched her blow smoke rings and stare at herself in the mirror. She giggled.

"No wonder he plunged off into the brush; I look like a banshee." She glanced at Bill. "That was the trouble, you know. Richie didn't want a banshee, or even a woman; he wanted a Dresden shepherdess to keep on his mantel under a glass jar. That's why I took to brandy." She sighed a little.

"A Thayer never raises its voice, Bill. A Thayer sleeps on its left side, votes Republican, goes to Harvard, and eats its porridge at eight o'clock." She looked at her hands. "After a few years of that, I was plucking at the coverlet. I was pushing buttons up my nose."

"Yes," Bill said. "I know."

She went on: "I didn't loathe the desert, I loved it; but I was lonely there. I kept thinking of him. You know? After I saw him last night, it was a little like that, but worse, because I knew that this time he was really gone."

"He wasn't—then," Bill pointed out.

Emmy shook her head. "I mean—he hadn't changed; and even if he wanted to try again I knew I'd still be a disappointment to him." She added seriously, "You know, Bill, we shouldn't try to go back. We should go through the door and not even look back."

Bill nodded. "I guess it isn't easy, though. We hate to leave the familiar and comfortable and plunge into the unknown. It takes guts."

Emmy looked annoyed. "You're talking to a woman who plunged down San Jacinto in her panties on a dare." She threw away her cigarette and straightened her skirt. Then she said unexpectedly: "You don't mind how I look or where I go or what I do—do you, Bill?"

"No." He did, probably, but she needn't know. Emmy in a soft mood did things to him. He wished he could give her whatever it was she wanted.

She said, "Bill—about Vermont. Do you still want to go to Vermont?"

He said slowly, "You mean—" Then as she nodded, he said, "Emmy! Darling, we'll have a celebration to rock the town! We'll drink champagne from hogsheads, we'll—"

"In a pig's eye," Emmeline replied. "I went through that door and I'm not looking back." She slid over and tucked her hand in his. "Bill," she commented, "I expect you're starved. Come up while I make you some breakfast, because Vermont is one long drive."

THE END

Big Freeze Coming

Continued from page 21

isn't the idea. Frozen foods are a convenience, like the packages and cans on your pantry shelf, but they're a help only if you use them.

Vegetables and fruits should be used immediately on thawing. With meats, you have a few days leeway, provided you keep them well refrigerated. Most vegetables, they've found, are best in texture and flavor when they are put, frozen solid, into the boiling pot. Fruits should be defrosted slowly in the refrigerator, and used at their prime while there's still a trace of frost in them. Fish and small cuts of meat can be put to cook while frozen, or preferably thawed a while first. (An electric fan will speed thawing.) Poultry and large pieces of meat are better thawed first.

In one test kitchen, we sat down to a feast that was a highly edible demonstration of how good frozen foods, well handled, can be. It started with a roast that was as tender, moist and delicious as you could conjure out of the most poignant meatless-day dream. Six months before, that roast had been sealed in moisture-proof paper, frozen and stored at zero. Before cooking, it was set in the refrigerator to thaw gradually—not enough to drip, just enough so that oven roasting wouldn't overdo the outside while the inside stayed cold.

With the roast we had home-grown, frozen lima beans—the mouth-melting kind. That's another trick for your home or locker freezing. Some varieties of the same vegetable (or fruit) freeze better than others. These happened to be Fordhook limas, but some other variety might be best in your territory. Your state agricultural college will know. They're experimenting on that question now.

Our butter had been frozen; it thawed standing in the refrigerator. And our bread. It was regular baker's bread, but it tasted almost home-made with its warm, moist insides and crispy crust. It had been left right in its moisture-proof wrapper, not to dry out, and thawed in a slow oven.

Two pieces of angel food cake for dessert. One was fresh baked, one had been frozen, then thawed at room temperature. We couldn't tell the difference. They were both moist, tender and delicious.

Freeze cake and bread? Yes, and pie and rolls. Frozen pastry is one of the big successes of the frozen-foods business to date. Pastry can be frozen either cooked or uncooked.

One of the major miracles which frozen foods will increasingly perform will be to make the cook happy by freeing her from her daily treadmill. She can freeze her Christmas turkey in June if she likes, scoop watermelon balls in July for January fruit cups, freeze her fruit juices when the harvest piles up and then make jellies at her leisure, fresh when she wants them. She can cook all she likes—or buy food ready cooked. But always she can pick her own time.

What Will It Look Like?

What will your freezer look like? Few people would attempt to tell you today, there are so many experiments going on. There is a demand for frozen storage space in regular refrigerators that makes the manufacture of two-temperature refrigerators certain. There will be the already familiar freezers, round and square with lift tops. Several manufacturers are promising front opening boxes like your refrigerator. Predictions are that the popular first size will be four to six cubic feet. But the same prophets say the second freezer you buy will be larger—eight to twelve cubic feet for an average family. They remember the first gingerly buying of small mechanical refrigerators. And then the rush to oversize jobs. They're betting you'll feel the same about freezers. Or more so.

THE END

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"Right—the day I take ice cream home to the kids!"

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* * *

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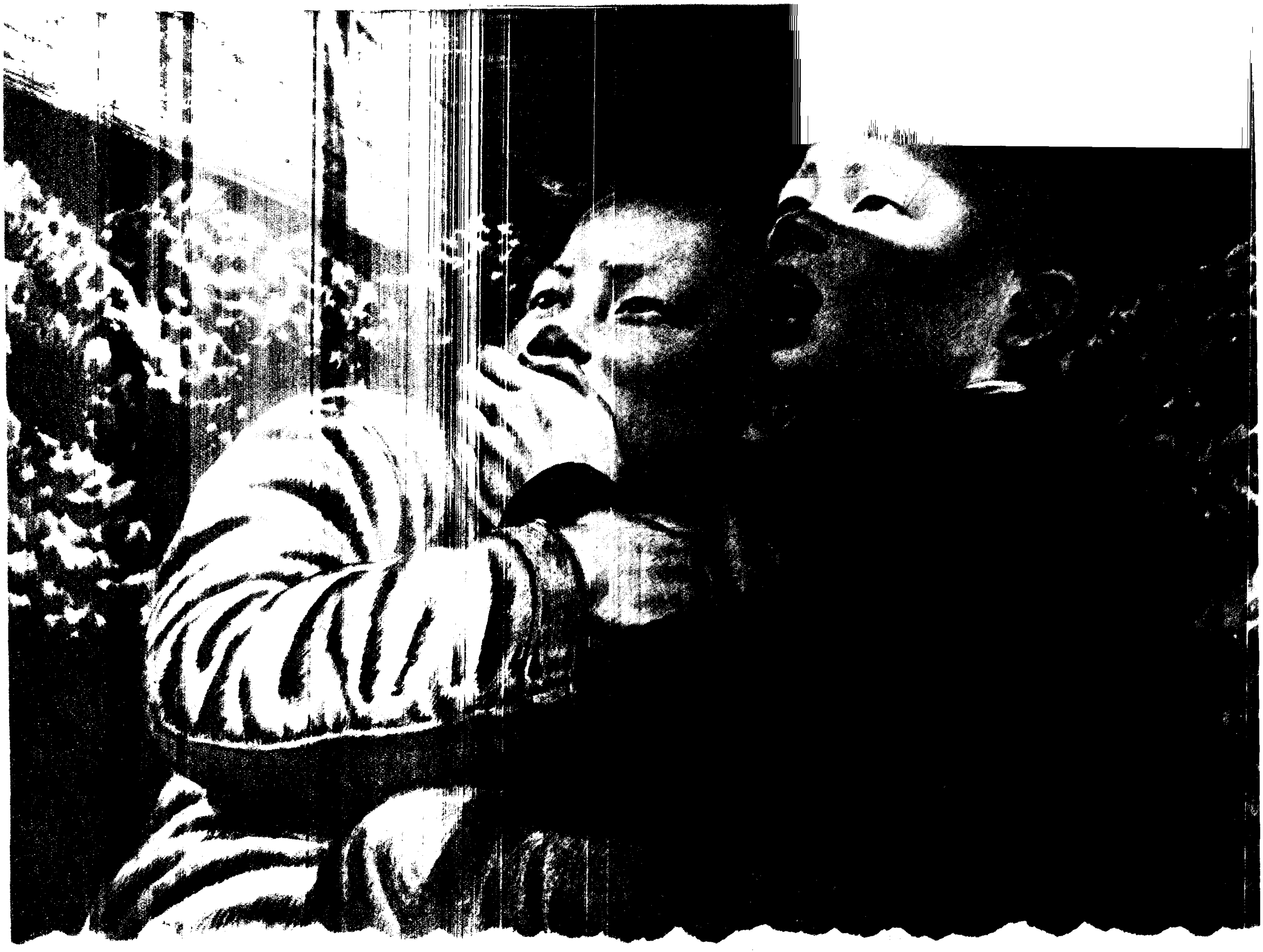

Doctor Sze's Buddha

There was much loud shouting above and tramping of heavy feet. The elder felt *the younger one shuddering with fright* and clamped a hand over his mouth just as the floor opened over their heads

BY PAUL HUGHES

Terror walked into the young scholars' lives, but they discovered that the wisdom of Buddha was a stronger weapon than a Jap's bayonet

THE large green Buddha, carved of stone, sat on the table and regarded eternity. Doctor Sze sat on the floor near by. The boys made little distinction between them, except that it was Doctor Sze who spoke and the Buddha who remained silent.

"What is one to attain?" Doctor Sze inquired.

"One is to attain nirvana," the two boys answered together.

"And what is nirvana?" the doctor asked.

"Nirvana," they intoned in unison, "is the sweet peace of oblivion."

"And how does one attain nirvana?"

"One attains nirvana," they replied, "by laying aside the self."

They almost choked on the final answer, for they remembered that Doctor Sze's one reprimand was: "Lay aside the self!" Whenever they were greedy or loud or in some other way consenting to the demands of the flesh, Doctor Sze was sure to know it and to exclaim, "Lay aside the self!"

They sat cross-legged on the floor before the teacher and the Buddha. The elder scholar was seven years old, the younger was six. They showed great respect for Doctor Sze. But sometimes privately they giggled.

For Doctor Sze was the soul of old propriety. He kept always at hand a copy of the ancient Book of Correct Behavior. He sat just so, wearing the prescribed robe in exactly the right way, and the large green Buddha, carved of stone, remained forever on the table beside him.

The scholars considered Doctor Sze a Buddha carved of flesh. The bombings had killed half his pupils; others had fled to the south with their families, but the doctor seemed not to notice. Now the city was garrisoned by foreign troops, but Doctor Sze went on teaching his two students. He was quite as aloof to the world as the stone idol beside him.

It was only yesterday, after the lesson, that the elder scholar had said, "Doctor Sze remembers only what happened more than three thousand years ago."

And the younger, agreeing, had responded, "He does not even know the difference between a Mitsubishi Zero and a Sento KI-001."

Doctor Sze turned to the writing lesson. The younger scholar brought out a pig rib on which a little meat remained. He began to gnaw on it. Doctor Sze seemed to sense this breach rather than see it. At once he exclaimed, "Lay aside the self!"

The scholar was chastened; the rib disappeared. Doctor Sze made a slight obeisance in the direction of the Buddha.

There was a sudden beating on the door.

The scholars' excited eyes were on Doctor Sze, then on the door, then on Doctor Sze again. The old man sat a moment, absently reflecting. Then reluctantly he rose and went to the door and opened it. Both pupils gasped as they saw one of the foreign soldiers standing there.

The soldier was well built, and rather tall for his race. There was frankness, even friendliness, in his eyes. And he carried an Arisaka rifle, thrusting the tip of the bayonet near Doctor Sze's chest.

"Come in, come in," said Doctor Sze.

The visitor hesitated in the doorway before he stepped inside. The master courteously closed the door behind him.

Noting the insignia on the uniform, the elder scholar whispered to the younger, "He is a sergeant."

"I know, I know," the younger answered.

The sergeant walked about the room a moment, casually. Then he seemed to take a firm grip on himself and he shouted, in the doctor's own tongue, "The arms factory, wrecked by the traitors, has been repaired. By order of the commanding general—" He paused, observing that the teacher was not listening to him.

During the pause, Doctor Sze remarked, looking at the wall, "I am sorry we are so ill-prepared for visitors. But we do have some tea. It would take only a few moments."

The sergeant seemed distressed. He struggled with himself. Presently he said, "I thank you. But I have no time for tea." Then he took firm grip on himself again. He began, "By order of the commanding general, the arms factory—"

But Doctor Sze had gone into the adjoining room to make preparations for tea. The sergeant and the scholars looked at one another. Then Doctor Sze shuffled back again.

Doctor Sze said, "I am very sorry. I just remembered that we have no tea. And no fire, either."

"The commanding general—"

(Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

BOSS, YOU AND I ARE IN THE SOUP NOW, AND I MEAN CHICKEN SOUP
YOU SAID IT, STOPPER, AND THAT FARMER ISN'T GOING TO MILK COWS WITH THAT PITCHFORK
WHY DIDN'T I GET THOSE BRAKES FIXED? THIS IS GOING TO COST US, MY FRIEND
BOSS, IF WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A GOOD TIP
I GET THIS POINT TOO, STOPPER I'LL DO IT TODAY
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Any Week

Continued from page 4

THUS it's easy to see that as a contributing nation, we're getting badly out of control. There was a time when we used to ask what it was we were contributing to. We have a letter from Mr. George Strippless of Spokane, Washington. He asks us to send two dollars for membership in an organization he is about to set up. He says he doesn't know what it will be yet, but "anyway it will be worth two bucks."

ALSO a letter from a Mr. John H. Neddy of Paoli, Pennsylvania, saying that presently we shall receive a booklet telling us why a dog's claws split or break off. We can't tell you how many years we've been wondering.

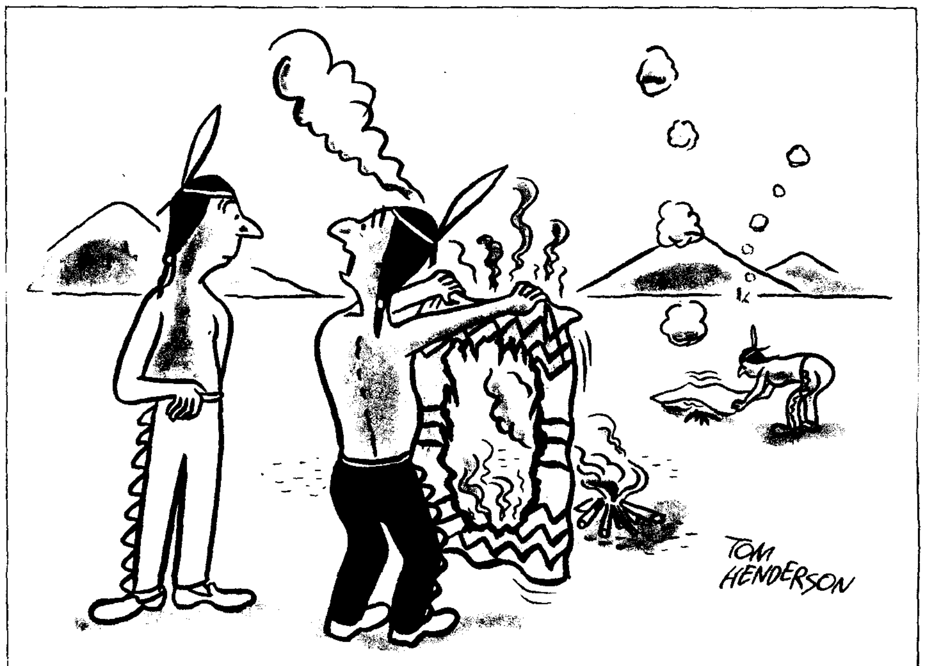
AND somebody stole a letter from a fellow in Saskatchewan, Canada, predicting that the Jap war will be over on August 8th this year. We passed the information along to our associate, Gurney Williams. Next day Mr. Williams arrived almost agog. He says the fellow is absolutely correct. Mr. Williams had discovered that the license on his motor car is V-88-54. "If you read it backward," says Mr. Williams, "it means the year 45, the eighth day of the eighth month and V for victory."

WHILE we were out scouting for a hunk of meat to work on, a letter from a lady in Great Falls, Montana, arrived telling us that there is "a bad shortage of ladies' discarded underwear in thrift shops."

WE'RE told that a couple of G.I.s touring Rome arrived at the Colosseum. "Who said we didn't bomb Rome?" said one of them. "Look at that place." The second G.I. looked. "Gee, yes!" said he. "That's the Colosseum. Must be more'n a hundred years old, too."

IN OUR copy of the Jacksonville (Florida) Tattler, just arrived, we read: "What two popular preachers tried to double-cross each other last week?" Also: "What prominent married cab driver and prominent married beautician have fallen in love so much so that they forget about everybody and are ushers in one of our leading churches?" Furthermore: "Now this happened on a bus on Myrtle Avenue and 21st Street. A bus driver and a lady got into an argument over a nickel. The bus driver hit the said lady over the head with a blackjack. Then the boys gave the bus driver a thorough going-over. That's the stuff you got to watch." . . .

W. D.



"It always takes me so darn' long to think of what I want to say!"

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

Norway—Out from Under

Continued from page 23

Then there was Harry Soederman, a Swedish professor and head of the Stockholm Police Criminal Technical Institute, who again played a part in Norway's history. For two years previous he had been head of the Norwegian and Danish "police" forces—men trained in Sweden into full-fledged soldiers.

On May 6, 1945, he had gone to Oslo to negotiate with the Gestapo about freeing all prisoners confined in Grini, Norway's biggest concentration camp, in Oslo's police prison, Moellergaten 19, and in Gestapo headquarters at notorious Victoria Terrasse. He had hoped to transport them to Sweden. Then on May 7th, news came that the Germans in Norway would also capitulate.

Believing that the Gestapo crowd might, at the eleventh hour, start a bloody massacre of all prisoners, Soederman sent out couriers to contact Norwegian Home Front leaders. Simultaneously, so that no time was lost, he informed the Gestapo chief that the Germans had capitulated and that he, as negotiator, wanted the Gestapo arsenal opened immediately. The chief complied. Soederman summoned the Norwegian police, who a few minutes later were armed with machine guns.

Then he rushed to Grini and gave the Nazis a short account of the situation. By his command, the 5,000 prisoners were freed, but he admonished them to remain there and to keep calm. At Moellergaten 19, he repeated the process. In the meantime, the Norwegian Nazis heard about Soederman's coup. Quisling ordered his men to take over the police station. His sports-fuehrer and National Samling Party attorney, Reichborn Kjennerud, mobilized a force of several hundred men, piled them into a dozen lorries and ordered them to Moellergaten 19.

In these fateful moments it was decided whether Norway's freedom would come peacefully or through a bloody final struggle. Soederman's courier had to search several hours for Home Front military leaders, since the report of Soederman's action came as a great surprise. With the greatest haste they mobilized their forces to take up the struggle against the quislings.

It was a dangerous game Soederman had started. With each lorry of armed quislings came the dangerous specter of civil war. Just a few minutes driving distance from the destination, the lorries were halted. German military leaders informed Kjennerud that capitulation meant his men must also lay down arms. For a moment the traitors hesitated—but only a short moment. For five years they had had innumerable opportunities to learn to obey blindly all German orders. With stifled growls, the traitors threw their rifles to the ground one by one. Soon the street was covered with automatic rifles, pistols, hand grenades, weapons of all descriptions. Some jumped from the lorries and ran off, taking the weapons with them.

Kjennerud went indignantly to Quisling, who reportedly was unable to grasp the news, and burst out, "The Germans have failed me." Then he ordered two bags packed, mainly with brandy, schnapps and chocolate, and went to give himself to the police. When the patriotic Home Front forces had collected at the prearranged places, Enemy Number One had given up the fight.

One of the most perfect organizations within the resistance movement was that which carried out transportation over the border. Every day during the entire occupation, an average of twenty persons was transported to Sweden with almost complete safety. The organization was well informed as to the Germans' plans against Norwegians, and the Gestapo never discovered how it was possible that a man about to be arrested, disappeared a few hours before the blow fell. The secret isn't revealed yet; I got on the track by pure chance.

Norway's opposition movement had for a long time an invaluable assistant—a German—one of Terboven's closest men in a department called the *Reichskommissariat*, which was Germany's government for the colony of Norway. This man was also said to be the representative for a small but exceedingly effective opposition group inside Germany. Nevertheless, he succeeded in giving a 100-per-cent Nazi impression. This man's future fate is unknown; today he is hiding in a small village outside Oslo. The moment liberation came, he had to go underground. The Germans reportedly discovered his game at the last moment, and it is pretty certain they would have taken revenge on him.

As far as I know, this is the only case where the Norwegians have accepted co-operation from Germans, because they don't wish to owe the enemy any debt of gratitude. It is perhaps the most characteristic trait in Oslo today that one encounters among Norwegians the feeling of firm self-confidence. "We owe nothing to anybody but ourselves." Of course, Allied help is vastly appreciated, but everywhere one feels that neither is there any doubt that the Home Front could rely on every Norwegian—excepting the 40,000 quislings—to do his bit, often at the risk of his freedom and life.

When the curtain dropped for the last time on the most noteworthy evening I ever experienced at the theater and the hall had emptied of saboteurs, arms smugglers, spies, editors of illegal papers, and all the others, I sat in Mrs. Segelcke's dressing room, and she told me that during the occupation, together with six colleagues (including her husband, brother and sister-in-law), she had refused to perform over the Nazi-run radio. The men were imprisoned for three months, and the women were warned. Then her husband died, and her brother and his wife fled to Sweden. Mrs. Segelcke was forced to act either for the *Wehrmacht* or to an empty house.

"Can you imagine an actress being glad to see more people on the stage than in the audience? But that's the way it was."

Once a festival performance was arranged, and a stupid comedy was acted in which this innocent sentence appeared: "I'm so sick of always hearing about that Alfred." The uniformed, bemedaled audience was considerably startled when Tore Segelcke came forward to the footlights and said, "I'm so sick of always hearing about that Adolf!"

An Order to Be Obeyed

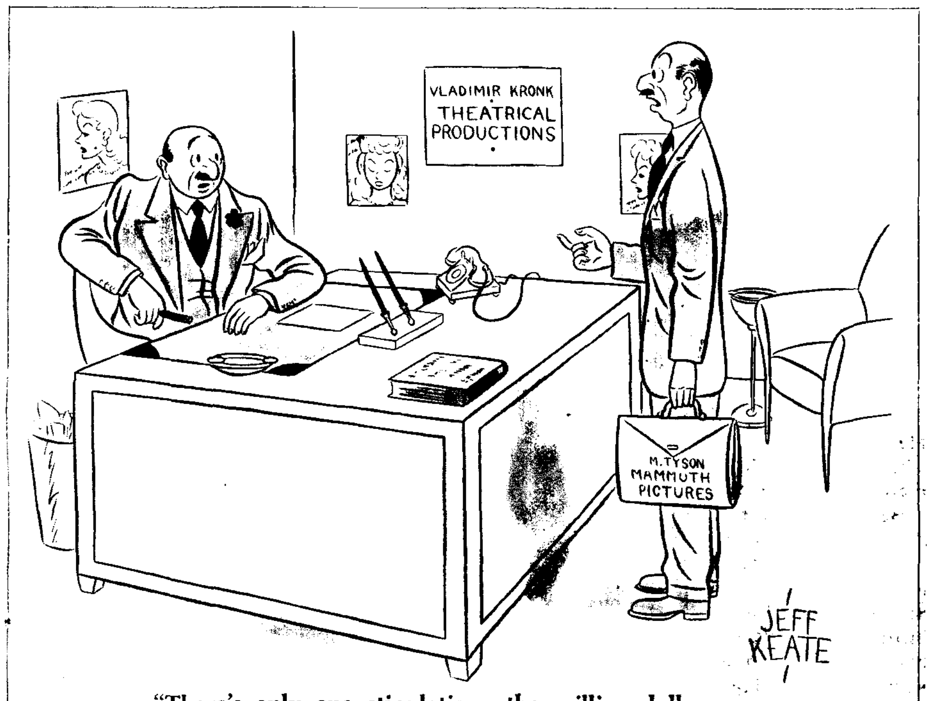
The next day she was very decisively told that she could no longer act. To avoid forced labor as a cook or housemaid, she obtained a doctor's certificate for a year's leave. Himmler had ordered that no martyrs were to be created, but difficult people were to be removed so that they could be forgotten. But Mrs. Segelcke wasn't forgotten.

A few weeks after, she was asked to join the leaders of the opposition movement's Cultural Front, which meant taking big risks. There was no hesitation. She became the only female leader.

The Cultural Front did many extremely effective things. It organized theater strikes, set fire to stages, doctored actors with laxatives so timed that they began to take effect just when they were supposed to come on the stage, sent threatening letters to Nazi theater directors, doctored the philharmonic orchestra's instruments so that the festival concert was a gigantic cacophony.

The Gestapo caught up with one of the leaders, and he was terribly maltreated and tortured. For several months he lay in prison unable to move. Later, when his captors realized he was crippled for life, he was moved to a hospital. Two years after, he was still immovably chained to his bed. Then he received a strange visit from the Gestapo man who had tortured him.

The latter motioned the nurse from the room and said in a soft, pleading voice, "I've come to beg your forgiveness and I won't go until you grant it. I heard that you will always bear marks from that unfortunate episode. I beg you to believe me when I say that this is because, at that time, the instruments hadn't been finally perfected. Believe me, this doesn't happen now. We are perfectly acquainted with our instruments and I can assure you there are no aftereffects;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COLLIER'S "There's only one stipulation—the million dollars we pay for your hit play must include two tickets to it" JEFF KEATE

But Things Are Not Always What They Seem!
STOW IT, MATE! I GOT EYES— AND THAT'S A NEAT JOB IF I EVER SAW ONE!
JEEPS, PAL! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT LITTLE DESTROYER!
NOTHING HER DENTIST COULDN'T FIX, STEVE! BUT UNTIL HE FIXES THAT BREATH OF HERS— PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HI, STEVE! WHAT GIVES?
THINGS ARE REALLY WHAT THEY SEEM! EVERYTHING IS ON THE BEAM!
COLGATE'S DOES A SUPER JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
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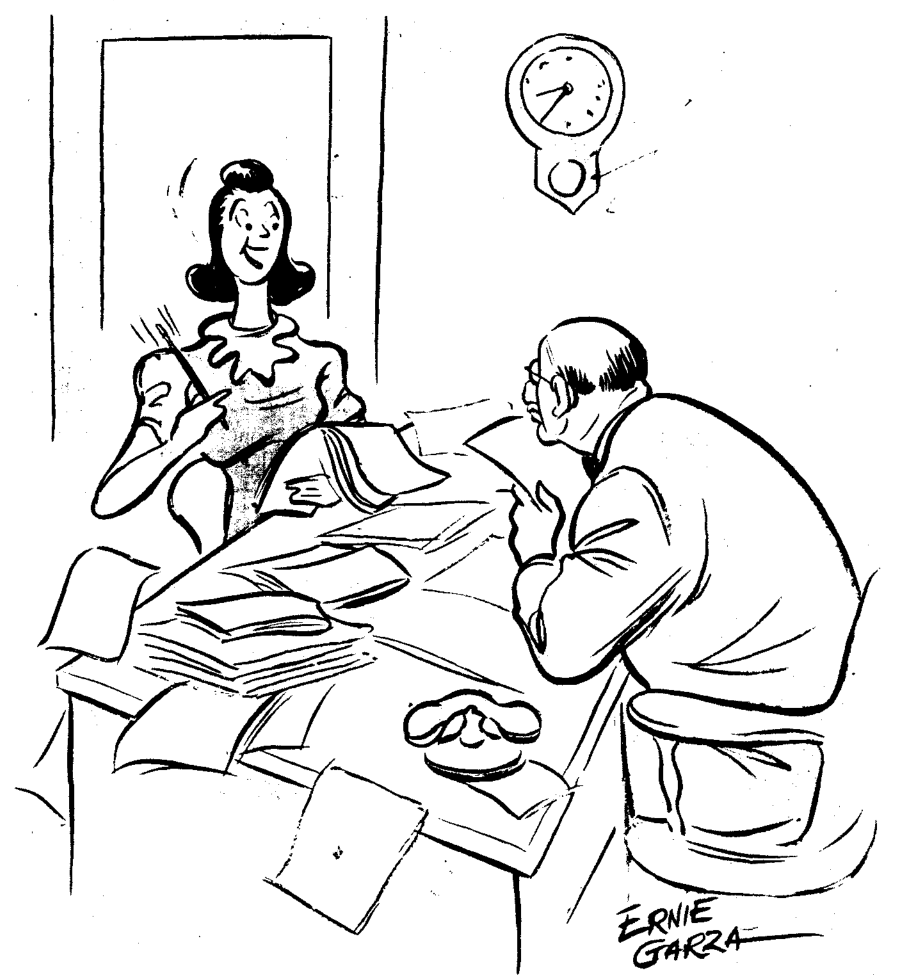


COLLIER'S "You dictate such nice letters, Mr. Nagey, I wonder if you'd help me phrase my resignation" ERNIE GARZA

you must believe me. Otherwise, you will regard me as inhuman, and you mustn't do that."

Of all the true stories of the Gestapo's sadism, I think this is psychologically the most terrible.

This century will go down in history as one during which a new denizen of the animal world was created—*Homo Nazisticus;* the kind of men that after standing their victim on his head to increase the pain, flogged him until they got tired. They rested in comfortable chairs, drank whisky and soda and switched on the radio with the words "Frankfurt is broadcasting a fine concert now," and listened to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony with the same enthusiastic expression seen on the face of true music lovers. Then one of them got up, saying, "Unfortunately, we've no longer time to listen," and raised the whip for new blows.

Henrik Groth, the publisher, who had been a member of the opposition from the beginning, calculated that approximately 15 to 20 per cent of all Norwegian prisoners were victims of systematic torture. According to this calculation, 50,000 Norwegians have gone through the Gestapo's prisons. The majority were men; if you subtract women and minors from Norway's population of 3,000,000 you find that every thirtieth Norwegian has at least once been deprived of his freedom. But there were many minors among the prisoners.

When Groth himself went through his first cross-examination at Moellergaten 19, a 14-year-old prisoner saw him leave the examination room. He stopped and said, "Hey, you! Of course, you have denied everything!"

Even the youngest children have shown cold-bloodedness and courage. Once a saboteur succeeded in escaping to an underground sewer. Some children were playing in the square, and an SS man stood a few meters away. Suddenly the manhole cover was raised, and the hunted man peered anxiously out. Instinctively the children ran to the manhole, formed a ring and pretended to play ring games, enabling the pursued man to escape. Norway's children have ripened early under the heel of occupation.

But when liberation came, children and grownups became children again. They shouted, waved, danced and sang for ten days, and I've never seen the like, not even in Denmark.

The Norwegians have suffered incomparably more, and the sense of liberation goes far deeper. People feel the heavy responsibility of reconstruction, and teachers and workers—the two groups which have been the opposition's steadfast pillars—know that it isn't time for rest but for redoubled efforts in order to obtain food, repair railroads and spread the truth. In Copenhagen, the population returned from joyful demonstrations to roast beef and roast potatoes, a glass of red wine and cake buried under mountains of whipped cream; in Oslo the festival dinner consisted of pea soup sent from Sweden and a piece of dried cod.

New Attitude Toward Russia

The Norwegians have lost much of their former "Peer Gynt" mentality during the occupation; they've sobered down. They no longer dream of some Scandinavian bloc and have had their eyes opened wide to the importance of the Soviet Union. I met no fear of Russians anywhere, but a great admiration for the Soviet's military and political contribution, and respect and acknowledgment for the exemplary behavior of the Russian soldiers who freed northern Norway.

As of old, the Norwegians feel attracted overseas, and this feeling was strengthened during the war, owing to the gratitude felt for the United States' and Great Britain's help to Norway—the training of thousands of pilots, the hospitality extended to their government and their brave king. Therefore, Norway will be a model as regards friendship to all allies westward and eastward.

Now the conqueror has been conquered and the Germans are retiring homeward into hopelessness. Many of them told me they would rather stay in Norway and starve to death than return to Germany. Yet for many years, these same men have obeyed every cruel Nazi order and acted like the master race.

The wish was expressed most succinctly by a German soldier who, after capitulation, deserted to Sweden. At Stockholm he taxied to the Norwegian legation, went in and said, "Good morning. I'm going to stay in Norway and I want Norwegian citizenship. I've already fulfilled the first condition: I've been five years in Norway."

THE END

Weejie, Roscoe and Bud

Continued from page 15

Street confined conversation to one topic: *What was it?* Small towns have suffered visitation by "Things" throughout human history. These "Things" have always brought great dread. Posses have invariably been organized to hunt them, children and livestock shut indoors, and prayers said. Chocolate City was in the midst of such a crisis. . . .

When Weejie rose on Sunday morning he had a feeling of inner excitement not precisely like that of his neighbors. They were merely alarmed. Weejie was also curious. He was frustrated, besides. His helicopter theory, even when amended by the blimp corollary, had not panned out.

And yet, he thought, as he dressed in the proper clothes for a morning of splitting wood, a man with his training ought to be able to figure it out. A man who had planned early in life to become a ship's master, or a great character actor, or a big game hunter like T.R., ought to be able to handle this business. Summa cum laude and Eagle Scout—yet something was whisking away people's livestock, and he was as baffled as the rest. He put on different shoes from those he had contemplated.

In the kitchen, Maud was hollowing out pumpkins. Five of them—for the orphaned Oliver kids down the block. Maud looked a little worried.

Weejie helped himself to oatmeal and coffee.

"Well, you joining a posse?" So she had noticed his boots.

"Er—in a way."

Her face came up from peering into a pumpkin—a shrewd, middle-aged face. "You're going tramping alone!"

"Well—now—Maud—"

"Don't lie! You brought your big stick from your room. If you were going with the sheriff, you'd take your rifle. Haven't you any sense? Don't you realize it isn't safe even in a backyard—alone? You ought to of learned a little something—studying all these years—!"

"Well—now—Maud—"

"It beats me, anyway. This business of Sunday hikes. And you a postman! Of all the outrageous sports to choose—!"

"I like hiking, Maud. Always told you that. It's a change. Not the walking, but woods instead of the streets. I think when I hike." His pale eyes regarded her with firmness and affection.

So Maud merely sighed. She won ninety-nine of their arguments out of every hundred. The hundredth—when he looked at her that way—he always won. Weejie finished his oatmeal and his second cup of coffee. As he went to the back door, Roscoe rose and followed. Maud told them to take care, and Weejie struck off at the easy pace of an unladen postman, toward the Conover woodlot.

Three men were on guard at the gory ledge. They showed Weejie all there was to see—the stains on the rocks. The sheriff had taken the horsehairs. They told him he was a fool when he said he was going still farther. But Weejie, although he felt anxious, also felt another, greater emotion: hope. He felt hope because Roscoe had smelled the ledge with fierce interest—smelled it—then moaned, growled and barked.

Much of Minnesota is wooded. Chocolate City lies in a remote area. The woods to the north of it, beyond Conover's, extended to the Canadian border. Weejie knew those woods both from his Scouting days and from his years of solitary hiking. He liked them because they were roadless, virtually pathless, and because the stuff of explorers and adventurers was in his imagination, if not his blood. For that reason, and perhaps because thirty years of absolute although unwilling anonymity had made him a little reckless about his safety, Weejie pushed deeper into the forest than had any of the searching posses.

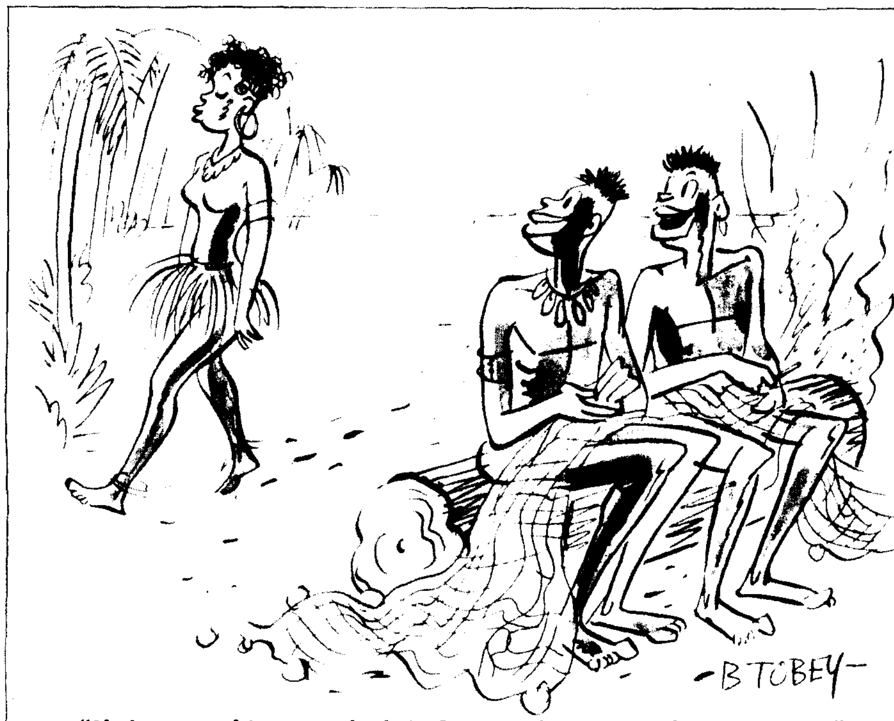
BY TEN O'CLOCK, he had left the old wagon road and the faint trail on Ted Wilkins' trap line. He crossed a fork of Icicle Creek at a natural ford in a white pine wood, a spot which not more than a dozen citizens of Chocolate City had ever seen in their lives. By eleven, he had scrambled to the summit of a bare rock hill which was his own discovery and from which he could survey a great stretch of the surrounding forest. And it was while he sat on the hilltop, smoking his second pipe of the day, that Roscoe set his muzzle into the wind at a high slant, whimpered, and started nervously still farther north.

"What's there, old fellow?"

Roscoe made it evident that something important was there: his neck fur stood out like a collar.

Weejie knocked out his pipe. "We'll look."

Down the hill, through a valley thick with evergreens, across a nameless rivulet, and up another hill. Then Weejie heard it. Weejie was not afraid of bear, moose, elk or wolf; he was not afraid of people or ghosts. But he was afraid, he found, of the sound of a freight engine panting on a siding—in the middle of the woods where there were no railroad tracks at all. This kind of fear, which he had never before experienced, made his heart grow big as a Persian melon. It made him sweat and swallow. It also made



"She's a cute thing—too bad she lives on the wrong side of the tracks"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

ELMER WHAMS THEM ACROSS LIKE A CHAMP NOW THAT HE'S DRINKING HEMO!

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In fact HEMO, made with milk, supplies most of the food essentials necessary for top-form vitality!

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PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ⅓ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

HEMO exceeds adult requirements!

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4000 USP units	VITAMIN A	4900 USP units
333 USP units	VITAMIN B_1	400 USP units
2 milligrams	VITAMIN B_2	3 milligrams
400 USP units	VITAMIN D	410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN	10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams	IRON	15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM	950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS	750 milligrams

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Borden's Hemo

Vitamins in a drink that's a treat!

him unwilling to move a muscle. And it turned Roscoe to stone.

Weejie stood beside a medium-sized oak for a long time, listening to the hiss and hammer of the panting. He decided he needed help, even to look at—whatever it was. Then he thought fiercely of his long years of dreaming and of his enormous unimportance. Here was the chance of a lifetime—even if it cut his lifetime to a matter of a few more minutes. So he tied his pipe to a bush with his red neckerchief—as a marker and possible monument—and he stole forward.

The sound became a steamlike throbbing. Occasionally, there was a thump that shook the earth. Roscoe cowered at his master's heels. A wall of hazel rose ahead; beyond it was sunlight, falling into a glade. Weejie peered cautiously through the autumn-seared leaves. It was not a locomotive.

It was a bird. It lay on its side in the brown ferns, a green bird—green and red and also yellow—like a macaw. Orange bill. One of its wings was extended. Weejie guessed, in that first glance, that the wing was about eighty feet long. The orange bill was the size of two large rowboats. A bird as big as a B-29, or bigger.

Weejie held his breath, knowing his hour had come and knowing, dimly, that there was something familiar about this gaudy, gigantic creature. A stick cracked under his foot. The bird's head jerked in their direction and its washtub eyes, green and yellow, focused on the spot from which Weejie peered. For a moment, nothing happened. Then the bird rose on its feet, higher than a house, and hopped twice—toward Weejie.

Roscoe charged, barking—to protect his master—to offer himself first so Weejie could turn and escape. And Weejie, still only half believing the bird was real, nevertheless felt that Roscoe's risk was actual. He ran out after his dog.

CURIOUSLY enough, the bird did not simply peck twice, like a chicken, thereby ending the existence of the man and the semi-setter. It lowered its head at the attacking dog and emitted a low, loud, cooing note. Roscoe stopped dead and stared. And Weejie also stopped. Above him towered the bird. In front of him were its yellow legs—thicker than the trunks of the nearby oaks. Its talons stretched out like the roots of a tropical tree; the central toe was nearly ten feet long. But the bird did not grab them, either. Instead, it slowly lowered, and moved forward, one of its tremendous wings.

Weejie observed two things simultaneously: what he thought of as the "leading edge" of the wing was injured; and the leg of the bird was banded. He looked at the latter, first. The band was painted on—a ring around the leg—characters of some sort, about a foot high. Then he looked at the wound. He saw why the bird had become earth-bound: the wounds—there were several, evenly spaced—were badly infected. "Shot!" Weejie exclaimed. "Machine-gunned, I bet!"

The sound of his voice had a most remarkable effect. The bird lowered its head clear to the ground, and it emitted louder cooing, a cooing like that of a dove, amplified by some powerful public address system.

"The poor thing is hurt," Weejie said. "Some lousy plane shot at it."

For a long time, he stood there, talking to the doleful monster.

Later, he recovered his pipe and neckerchief and started back for Chocolate City at the Scout pace, which is an alternation of fast walking and trotting. It covers ground.

Joe Bollivar lived over his drugstore. He was accustomed to being routed out at night and on Sundays by customers in distress. Weejie's knock and his hard breathing were no novelty. Joe went down the inside stairs, opened up, and said, "Who's sick? Maud?"

Weejie said, "Look, Joe. We were classmates."

"Sure were. But who's—?"

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Oughta be able to! Boy! If I couldn't, this town would sure hear some scandals! Druggist is like the doctor—"

"Okay. Okay. Look. How much sulfa have you got on hand?"

"All you need—all the town needs."

"I'll take it."

Joe leaned forward and squinted his knowledgeable blue eyes. "You drunk?"

"No. Look. You realize a lot of legends are based on fact, don't you?"

"You must be drunk! Legends? Who's sick?"

"Take sea monsters. Well, they found several—right? Take dragons. Well, they found the Komodo lizard, didn't they? You ever hear of a roc?"

"Listen, Weejie. Sit down. Rest. I'll phone Doc Weeks—"

"DON'T want a doctor. Want a few pounds of sulfa. A roc is a big bird. Real big. Supposed to feed on baby elephants. You know about the Latham pigs? The Sorensen heifer? Well, it's a roc. It's injured. It's a tame roc. Banded. It's used to dogs and people. Can't fly till it gets healed up. I found it. And I need sulfa powder—a mess of it. Marks on it look like some kind of Chinese. Maybe Arabic. Never studied oriental languages. But—what the devil are you doing?"

"Phoning Doc Weeks, Weejie. Just sit quiet, there—"

Weejie went around the counter and pulled down the hook, cutting off the druggist from the operator. "Look, Joe," he said calmly.

MOVING VAN
hoff

COLLIER'S "Thank you, my boy. Now be careful going back" SYDNEY HOFF

"You don't have to listen to me. Just be a good guy and sell me some sulfa, will you? A lot of it."

Joe finally consented. You gotta humor 'em when they get it like this, he told himself. And Weejie fled with the drug in a large package.

That night when he got home—and when Maud stopped weeping over her certainty that he had been "devoured off this earth"—Weejie realized he couldn't tell Maud, either. He couldn't tell her that he had dumped pounds of sulfa powder on the wounds of a bird as big as the central school, and that the bird had seemed to understand it was being cared for. He couldn't tell her why he was going to get Bud Sommers to take his route the next day—so he could hunt coyotes to feed a real, living, breathing roc. Because Maud, too, would phone for Doc Weeks.

All he could do was exchange knowing looks with Roscoe.

Of course, he could lead one of the posses to the spot. But he knew exactly what the good citizens of Chocolate City would do if they sighted the bird. They would kill it, even if they had to send to the State Armory for a seventy-five to do the job. Weejie did not doubt that for an instant. The citizens of any city in the United States of America, similarly confronted, would have acted the same way—in fear, horror and manifest self-defense.

But Weejie liked the roc. He liked it immensely.

In the first place, it had spared his dog and himself. In the second, it was hurt. In the third, it was tame. And Roscoe had taken to wagging his cumbersome tail at the gimpy mammoth.

That was why Weejie took a day off and then took his two weeks vacation, although the deer-hunting season was not yet open. And, in the two weeks, the roc consumed eleven coyotes, two timber wolves, five raccoons, and four badgers, as well, Weejie believed from small signs, as some deer and a bear that lucklessly entered the glade. At the end of this period, the sulfa powder had done its work. Bud was well—"Bud" because the name had been attached to the bird in a moment of early crisis, a moment when Weejie had first poured the powder on the wounds and the roc had nervously fluttered his mighty wing. The effect had been like the removal of several barn roofs by a hurricane and Weejie had been flattened even as he yelled, "Hold still, Bud!"

Now the weeks were up and Bud was well. For days, he had been stalking around the glade. On the last day of his vacation, Weejie pushed through the hazel thicket to find Bud trying his wings, easily. The wind was breaking off the tops of small trees. But when Bud heard Weejie and Roscoe, he stopped. Then he came toward them, a good sixty feet at a stride, and he lowered his bill. Open. At first, Weejie thought it was a hint for food. But the gesture was new and when Weejie merely stood there, staring at the boatlike beak, the bird nudged his legs energetically, as if to topple him in. Weejie was puzzled.

"What ho, Bud?" he asked.

The bird repeated the gesture.

THEN Weejie turned to his dog. "He wants us to hop aboard. Maybe he's carried somebody before. Lamas in Tibet or natives on some island some place. Priests, probably. Wherever he lives, I bet he's sacred." Weejie shook his head and stepped back into the hazel bushes. "Sorry, Bud," he said loudly. "Can't go. Thanks."

Weejie retreated a few more steps, and Roscoe followed. They stopped and looked back. "But so long—if that's what you mean."

Gingerly, then, snapping only a few of the smaller trees in the way of its toes, the roc moved after them. They hurried through the hazel thicket; the roc stepped over it. They entered the area of bigger trees. The bird momentarily lost sight of them—and nipped off a tall pine to clear the view.

"Trying to follow us back to the house," Weejie said. "Like a big chicken. A danged big chicken." He frowned and added defensively, "Brighter, though. A lot brighter than any Plymouth Rock." For a while, he contemplated the prodigious bird. He thought of the trail Bud would make through the woods, if he followed. He did not dare think of the effect of Bud on his fellow-citizens. By and by he broke off a little switch and waved it threateningly. "Shoo, Bud," he cried. "Shoo!"

Roscoe barked—after a dubious look at his master to be certain it was the proper act. He barked and made little sallies at the nearest claw-ending. It was like a railroad snowplow.

For a long time the bird stood there, peering down at the postman. Sadly, Weejie thought. Then, abruptly, it turned around. It ran toward the center of the glade. Its wings beat. More branches flew. And it took off. It went up in spirals, swiftly—a thousand feet, ten, and maybe more, Weejie thought. Up where it was, a strong wind must have been blowing for it set its wings like a hawk and coasted rapidly west and south looking until it vanished very much like a B-29. Weejie kept waving and saying, "So long, Bud, old kid," over and over, not very loudly.

"It knows the way home," Weejie reassured Roscoe. He walked back slowly through the forest, kicking at pine cones. "I could have been a big shot," he told Roscoe. "I could have made the newsreels. I could have had my picture in every paper in the world—alongside Bud's. Only, Bud would of been dead. It wasn't worth it. And we could have gone on one hell of a trip, to the Lord knows where, if we hadn't of died of thirst or Bud hadn't of yawned or something. And if we'd ever gotten back from that, they would never have stopped talking about me. Better than being master of a vessel. Better than being an explorer. And a bigger discovery than most scientists ever make. Only, they'd send expeditions to wherever we'd got to, and shoot Bud's cousins right and left." He kicked a stone instead of a pine cone. "I like it the way it is," he said, rubbing his toe.

And it stayed that way.

JOE BOLLIVAR never said anything about the hallucinations Weejie experienced in his store. The posses had stopped searching because the barnyard raids ended with the never-identified horse. Winter came. The war went on.

Weejie himself touched the matter only once, after the testimonial lunch the post-office employees gave him at the Purple Lantern Tea Room on the anniversary of his thirtieth year of service. There was hard cider. Lex Coggins, the clerk, got to kidding Weejie.

"I always thought," Lex said, "you'd amount to a lot, Weej. The marks you got. The studying you did. And here you are—just a postman, in a little town, with a little salary, and a two weeks vacation and a lopsided dog—"

"I could of done things," Weejie answered. "At that," his smile was deeply contented, "I got the best bird dog in the whole world."

"He's pretty good," Lex agreed. "But, suppose you could be what you dreamed of when we were kids? What would you have swapped this for?"

Weejie considered. "Well, I used to aim to be an explorer—a scientist. To discover something real odd and marvelous. Wanted to be, say, an ornithologist—"

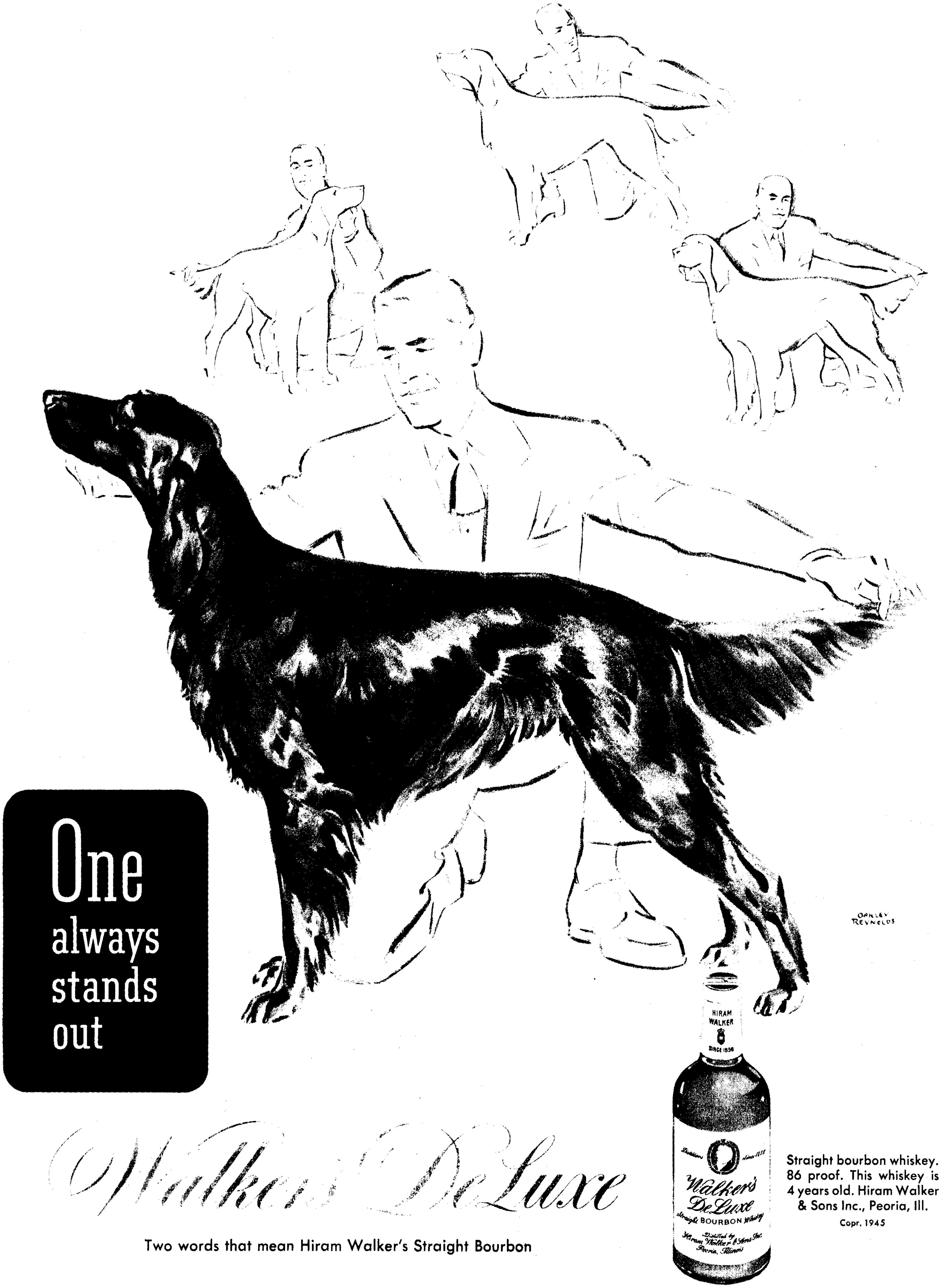
"Which is what?"

"Bird man. I'd like to of discovered some danged bird nobody would ever believe existed. I'd like to know some spot, some place on this earth, where I'd carefully stached away an egg as big as one of those movie star's trunks. Give a man a feeling of importance and accomplishment, a thing like that would. Make him realize his life had been downright interesting."

They were all chuckling. "Pour old Weej some more of that cider," Lex commanded. "Maybe he'll tickle us with a feather as big as a telegraph pole!"

Weejie grinned at their laughter. "Might, at that," he said. "Some day—if the mood hits me."

THE END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Two words that mean Hiram Walker's Straight Bourbon

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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Doctor Sze's Buddha

Continued from page 57

"We have a little water. Not enough, though. And even if we had more water, there would still be the matter of the tea—and the fire."

The sergeant grew red in the face, and loud. "I must insist that I be treated with respect!"

Doctor Sze looked up, surprised. Then, comprehension lighting his face, he said, "Oh, do forgive me. It was quite forgetful of me. My name is Doctor Sze. These are my students."

The sergeant nodded. "How do you do? I am Sergeant Toyura," he said, then resumed in a softer voice, "The arms factory, wrecked by the traitors, has now been repaired. The commanding general has ordered that I am to bring workmen."

"We were just conning our lesson when you came," Doctor Sze replied distantly. "Soon we will recite some passages from the Book of Correct Behavior. You must hear the boys do that. Especially the part—"

SERGEANT TOYURA broke in to ask the boys, "How old are you?"

"I am seven years old," the elder said.

"I am six years old," the younger said.

"You are old enough," the sergeant concluded. "You can do something at the factory. Come!"

"How many delights of wisdom are awaiting them!" Doctor Sze went on. "After we have studied much of Gautama Buddha, perhaps we will even begin to study K'ung Fu-tze!"

The sergeant pointed his bayonet at the boys and said, "Go!"

The boys, terrified, moved before the point of the bayonet. The younger began to wail; even the elder whimpered audibly.

"But first of all, we must learn of Buddha," Doctor Sze insisted righteously.

"Buddha?" asked Sergeant Toyura. He turned his head. As he did so, the boys crept away from the blade and returned to their places on the floor.

"Yes," the doctor said. "Do you know of Buddha?"

"Of course," the sergeant responded, "I know of Buddha."

"Excellent!" Doctor Sze exulted. "It is a pleasure to encounter a man of education. We must talk."

"No. I must go. I must bring workmen," said Sergeant Toyura.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Others are waiting outside for you. Of course."

"No, they are still several blocks away. But—"

"Then we have leisure. Have you ever been to Kamakura?"

"Yes," the sergeant said. "Many times."

"Then you have seen the Great Buddha there!"

"Yes."

"I saw it once," Doctor Sze said. "Twenty-five years ago. How I long to view it again! Just the sight of it is soothing. I remember I sat—it must have been for hours—and looked. But until I see it again, I am consoled."

"How?" Sergeant Toyura asked.

"By this," the doctor said, going to the table that held his green Buddha, carved of stone. "It is not much. But it is an exact copy of the Great Buddha."

Doctor Sze picked up the Buddha. Sergeant Toyura went over to look at it. Doctor Sze hurled the Buddha with all his strength and struck Sergeant Toyura on the temple with it. The sergeant was stunned, but he made an effort to raise his rifle.

Doctor Sze quickly recovered the Buddha and brought it down on the sergeant's head again. Sergeant Toyura slumped to the floor.

Now Doctor Sze grasped the Buddha in both hands. He lifted it high and brought it down, crashing, on the sergeant's skull. Again and again the Buddha was raised high and brought down. Then the doctor rested, panting, and he returned the Buddha to the table.

The younger scholar whispered, "He struck him fourteen times."

"Fifteen," he elder whispered.

The doctor took a few deep breaths, then resumed normal breathing. "Come," he said.

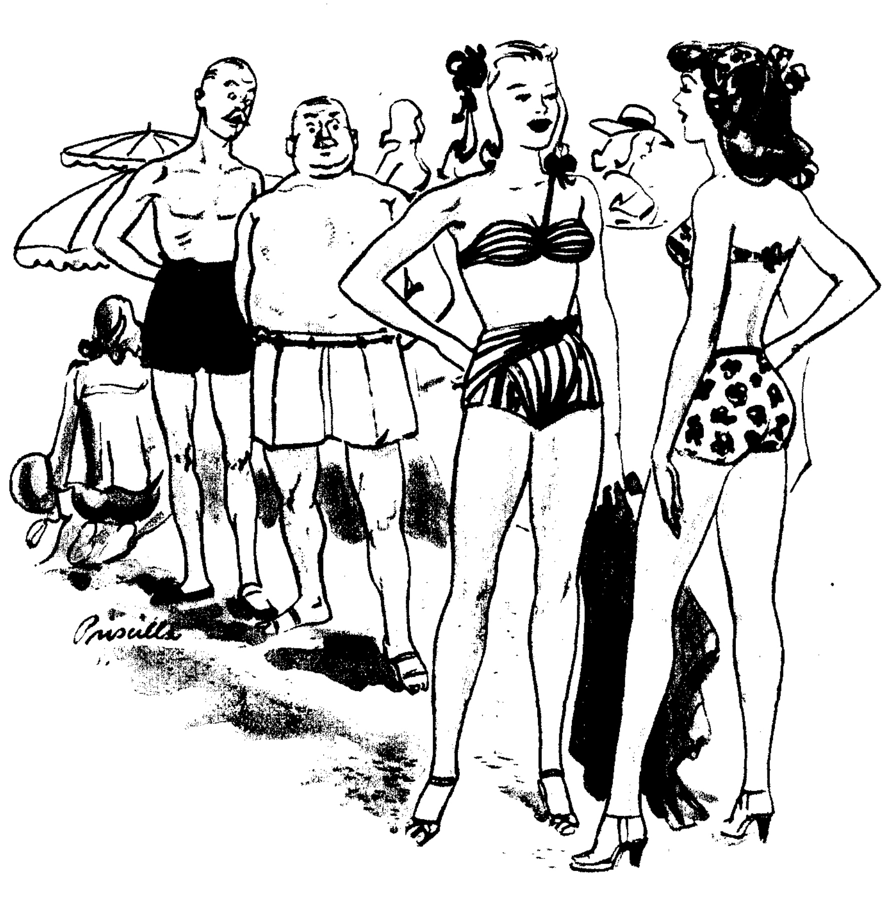
The boys went to him. The old man grasped the sergeant's head. At his direction, the boys grasped the feet. They dragged the body into the next room.

Using the bayonet, Doctor Sze carefully removed a few boards from the floor, taking pains not to splinter any of them.

"Are we going to bury him?" the elder asked excitedly.

"There may not be time," said the doctor; "and we might not be able to dispose of the extra dirt. Besides, he will not stink for several days."

The three worked together, pushing the body into the gap. There was barely room enough between the floor and the ground to accommodate Sergeant Toyura. They had to prod him many times to get him under. Then Doctor Sze thrust the bayonet in beside the soldier.



"Frankly, with all the shortages I expected them to wear less"

COLLIER'S LOUIS PRISCILLA

They replaced the planks. Doctor Sze got down on his hands and knees, inspecting every inch of the floor for a splinter. At last he rose to his feet, apparently satisfied.

"Do you wish to work in the factory?" Doctor Sze asked.

"No, sir," said the boys in unison.

"Then come," Doctor Sze directed.

They went back to the study room. Doctor Sze attacked the planks of the study-room floor with his bare fingers. Soon one of the boards was lifted an inch or two, and the boys slipped their fingers under this, raising it still farther. At length, with much bruising of hands, they created a large hole in the floor.

"A minute," said Doctor Sze.

He hurried out, and then returned bearing two rice balls. He gave one to each of the scholars. "Eat these silently, as you have been taught," he said. "Make no noise. Say no word. Breathe quietly until I come for you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," they said together.

"Then get under the floor."

The boys, afraid and delighted, thrust themselves into the hole. With much pressing and grunting, they found positions in which they could lie under the floor.

Doctor Sze said severely, "No word, no noise, until I come for you!"

"Yes, sir," they both said.

Then Doctor Sze replaced the boards. The scholars were in darkness. The ground was dark and cold. At first they were too afraid to eat. But at last they did begin to munch—silently, as they had been directed—on the balls of rice.

They could hear themselves breathing. They attempted to breathe without noise. The elder and the younger touched their hands together and then clasped them very tight. They did not cry.

And presently they heard a loud beating on the doctor's door, beating like that of Sergeant Toyura. They heard Doctor Sze's footsteps, then the door's opening. After that, there was the tramping of many heavy feet on the floor. There was talking, too, but it sounded so hollow to them that they could not make out the words.

The elder felt the younger shuddering with the cold and fright. He clasped his hand even tighter, and the shuddering ceased.

There was much loud shouting above. But each shout was followed by the gentle voice of Doctor Sze. Then there was more tramping of heavy feet, and the tramping was directly over their heads. The younger scholar's breathing became more rapid, became louder, and there was a little catch in the breathing. Hurriedly in the dark, the elder groped for and found the younger's mouth and clamped his hand upon it. The younger made no noise.

There was much tramping together. There was the opening and closing of the door. There was a vast and almost eternal stillness.

But at last there was a clawing on the boards above them. There was light. And there was the face of Doctor Sze.

"Come out," he said.

THEY came out. They helped him replace the boards in the floor. As he instructed, they brushed the dank dirt from their clothing and they watched as Doctor Sze moved all about the house, inspecting every corner and putting all in order.

At last Doctor Sze came into the study room, sat on the floor beside the table containing his Buddha, and said, "Let us get on with the lesson."

The scholars sat cross-legged before him.

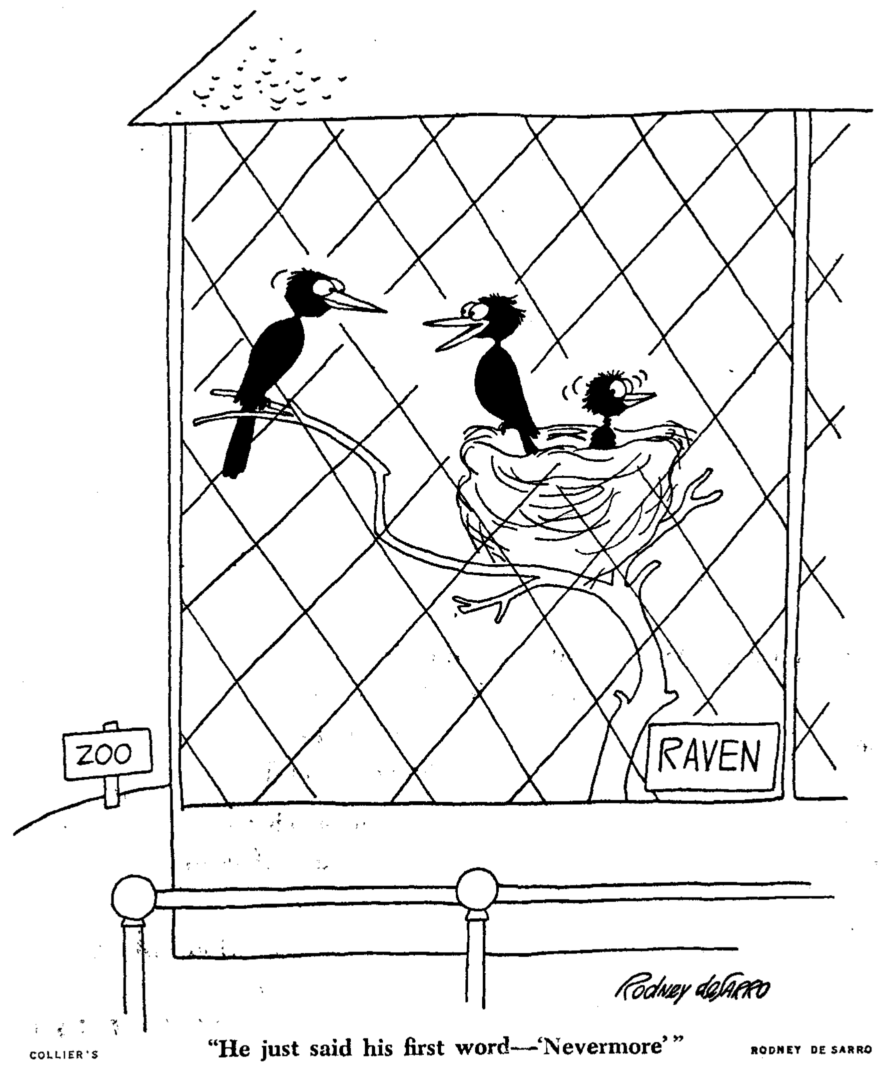
Doctor Sze picked up the Li Chi and said, "We will now learn of correct behavior. We will begin with the obligations of sons in the morning. 'At the first crowing of the cock, the son is to rouse himself from sleep.' "

He paused a moment and then inquired, "What is the son to do at the first crowing of the cock?" He waited, but received no reply. He repeated, "What is the son to do at the first crowing of the cock?" There was still no answer.

He looked up. The scholars were not listening. They were gazing, fascinated, at the doctor's large green Buddha, carved of stone. On the Buddha's head there was a great red stain of blood. Ignoring the lesson, the boys stared at it.

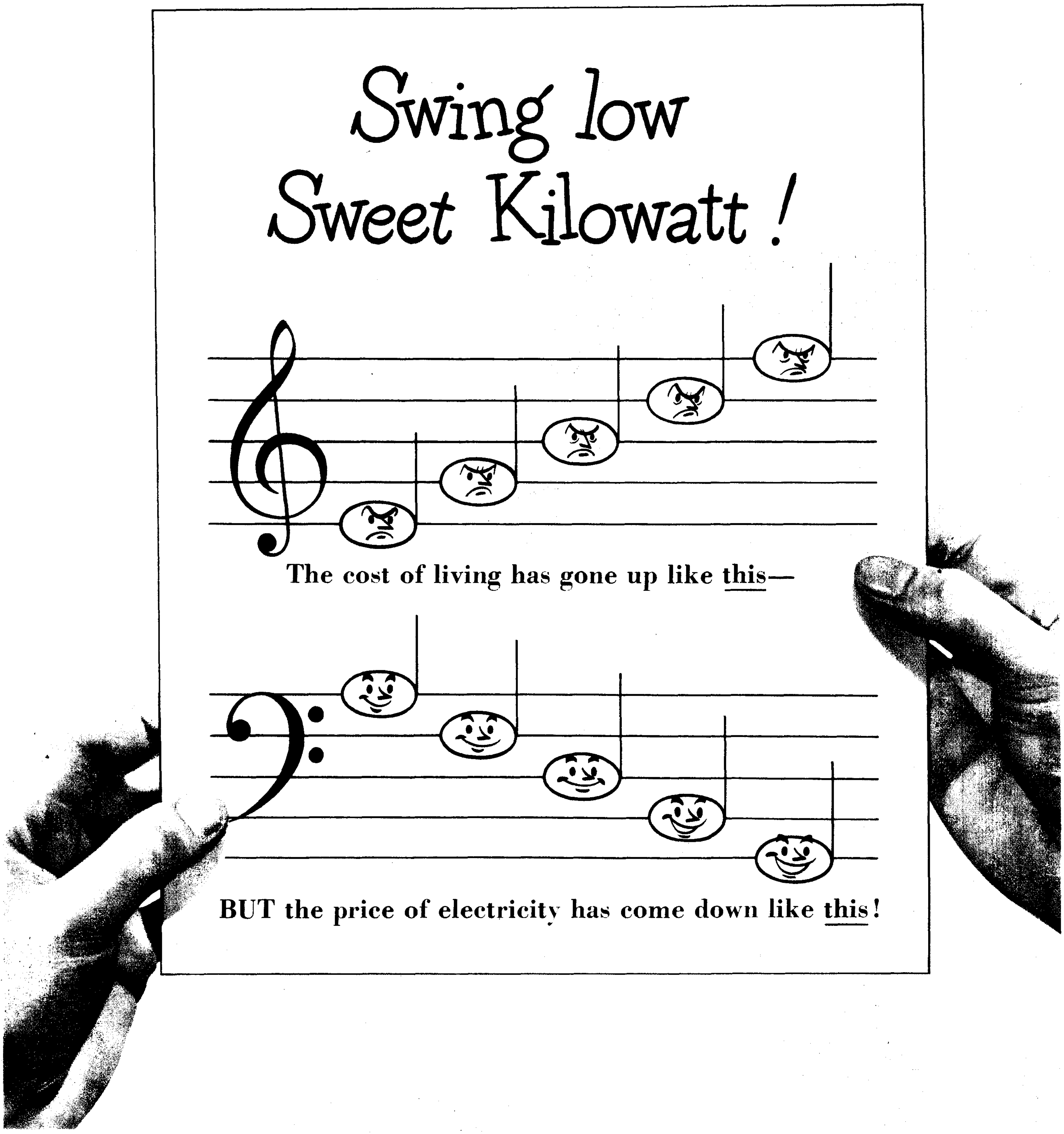
"Lay aside the self!" exclaimed Doctor Sze.

THE END



"He just said his first word—'Nevermore'"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO



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MESSMORE'S

BY ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

Messmore's 7-foot gorilla has been used for shots like this many times. This is the first—with Patsy Mahar —in color. She wasn't really scared

IN THE gray and sooty loft district near New York's West Side water front, George Harold Messmore runs the largest dinosaur factory in the world. He makes Army gangplanks and 16-foot federal eagles of gilt papier-mâché, too. Mostly, though, Messmore makes monsters: stegosauri and triceratops in an iridescent finish and mechanical beasts to ballyhoo Frank Buck movies. His 55-foot, 17-motored brontosauri blink their eyes, weave their long necks to and fro, and make whiffling noises with little phonographs in their throats.

"The business was founded in 1918," says Mr. Messmore, fingering his diamond stickpin, "but it was The World A Million Years Ago that really put us on the map in show business." This particular offering—educational plus a little paleolithic cheesecake thrown in—opened in Chicago's Century of Progress exposition in the summer of 1933, and was one of the box-office boffolas of the fair. Customers stood on a moving ramp which carried them through a spherical building filled with mechanical prehistoric life which breathed, snorted and swayed. The air was full of recorded grunts, howls, squeaks, roars, whinnies and buzzes. Cro-Magnon, Neanderthal and Piltdown dialects invented and transcribed by a brave recording artist, were mumbled by top-heavy prehistoric pin-up girls. Altogether, the show was a rousing success, warming not only the cockles of Mr. Messmore's heart but his pants pocket as well.

All this didn't just happen. Dinosaurs are planned in advance. In Messmore & Damon's factory there are scenic artists, wood carvers, seamstresses, metal workers and many more. They use everything from welding to stage carpentry to turn out M. & D.'s extraordinary inventory. There are scores of laughing Santa Clauses who shake with mechanical merriment once a year in department-store windows. For a little more, you can get a Santa who not only laughs but pours himself a glass of good cheer—purple water. There are automatic reindeer, and gnomes with long noses who go through jerky motions on the Claus assembly line.

When a department store books a Messmore & Damon exhibit like the Barnum show —models of Phineas T., Zip, the Bearded and Fat Ladies, The India Rubber Man, and a sensationally realistic Kootch Dancer—M. & D. collects a flat sum (as much as $15,000) to put the show on, plus half the gate, up to $35,000.

At Messmore's, you can find animals from the Age of Reptiles jostling a periwigged General George Washington. There is the model for a revolving, 40-foot-high diorama of the History of a Bottle of Liquor, and a 22-foot rabbit. They have made Kong-sized gorillas; a mechanized cow who mooed, winked, wiggled her ears, switched her tail, chewed her cud and gave real milk; a dragon complete with sparks, smoke and tail-lashing; and once, from 400 Mongolian goats, they created a beast of their own invention called the Messdamythsaurian.

Messmore is proudest of his invention of a rubbery substance used in making faces for his talking models. Jenny Lind in the Barnum show used to wear out one a week regularly. This invention was used to foil one Moriarty, official censor for the Century of Progress, who demanded that one of Mr. Messmore's attractions don a brassière. Messmore created one for her, making it of his secret substance, and imitating nature with the thoroughness of a true artist.

"Moriarty was mad as hell," says Messmore, with satisfaction. "You couldn't see the bra from two inches away. People offered me thousands for that formula."

From the Circus On Up

Harold Messmore got his start heaving props with the old Barnum circus in 1908. His brother had been a prop man, and he soon found himself supering with touring shows like Jack and the Beanstalk, in which he played the south end of a cow. He worked on props for the Metropolitan Opera, and finally went into business for himself, creating everything from black-and-white penguin suits for midgets to walk around in, to a working volcano built on a theater marquee to advertise a film called Bird of Paradise.

"I could've went to Hollywood many times," says Messmore, "but I wasn't going to sacrifice the business for a few months salary. I'm my own boss here; nobody can fire me."

Messmore has spent his money as fast as he made it. Damon, who used to be a partner in the concern, accumulated a pile and got out of the business about three years ago.

"He knew what he was doing," says Messmore gloomily.

His regrets, however, are short-lived. He is too busy planning for the future. His most ambitious project is something called Toy Town which will be a permanent amusement-park exposition serving as a showcase for

(Continued on page 73)

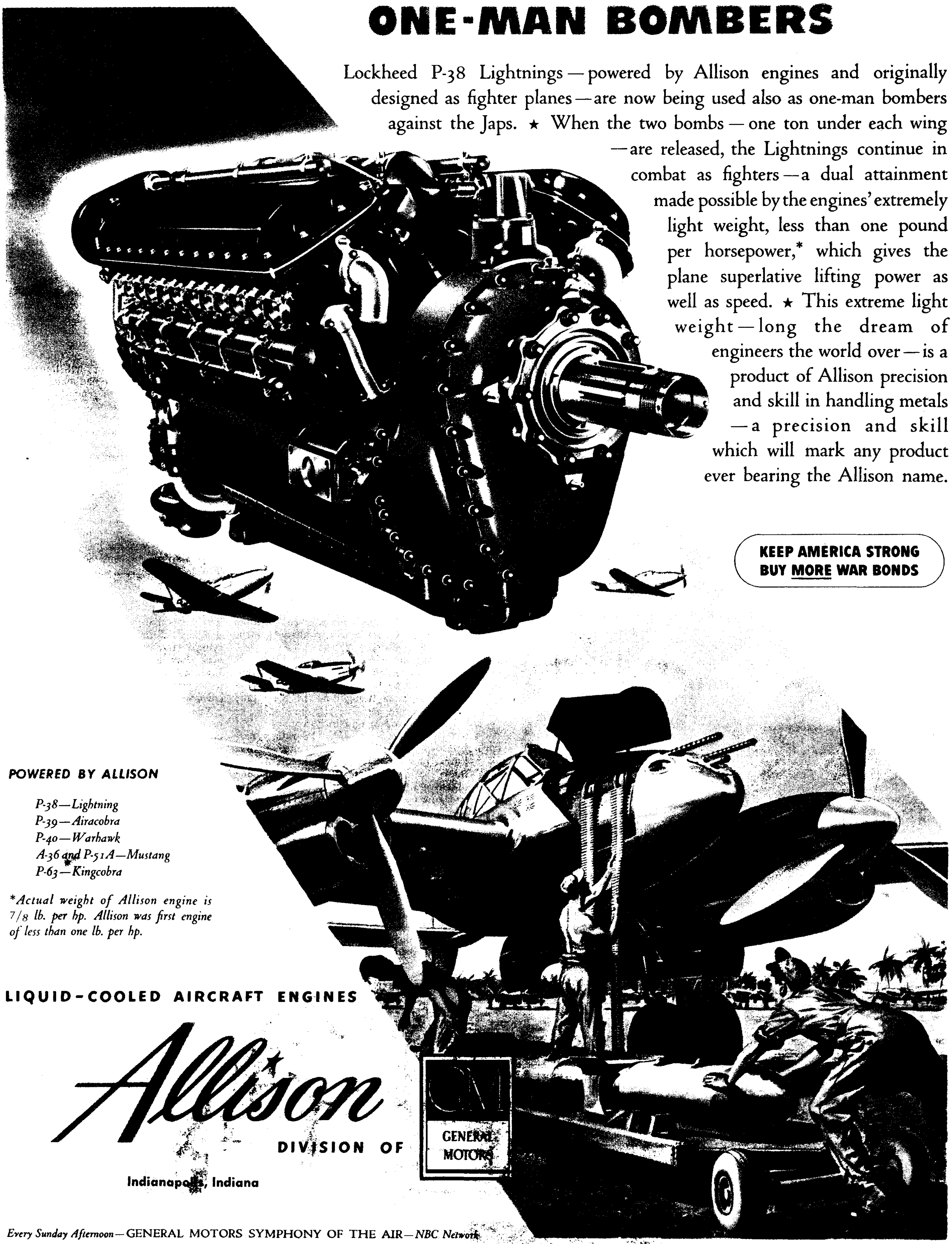
These are life-size giraffes. Neanderthal chick is "Mother." The worker doesn't have nightmares. Sez he!

Messmore took his hat off for this photo. Don't look now, but that dinosaur behind him is 60 feet long

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

ONE-MAN BOMBERS

Lockheed P-38 Lightnings — powered by Allison engines and originally designed as fighter planes — are now being used also as one-man bombers against the Japs. ★ When the two bombs — one ton under each wing — are released, the Lightnings continue in combat as fighters — a dual attainment made possible by the engines' extremely light weight, less than one pound per horsepower,* which gives the plane superlative lifting power as well as speed. ★ This extreme light weight — long the dream of engineers the world over — is a product of Allison precision and skill in handling metals — a precision and skill which will mark any product ever bearing the Allison name.



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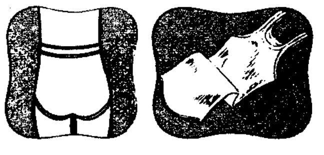

(Left) Full seat coverage looks better, feels better. No seams to sit on. "Hi-Waist" design for perfect fit. *(Right)* Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow leg line of Scandals.

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Love Happens

Continued from page 20

kindly. "I'll finish off." She paused. "It might be," she said, "your pa could use some help. It doesn't seem quite fair," she added justly, "that you girls should be helping me all the time when Pa needs extra hands, too."

So Lottie put on the overalls Pa had loaned her and pinned them in where she could to make her waist look as neat as possible, and scrambled up the ladder to the roof of the barn. Pa was glad to see her.

"Look down there," he said; "look at our oat patch greening up, and when we came here six weeks ago, there was snow on the ground."

FROM up here, one could see all of Duck Lake Valley spread out below, the sparkly white alkali rim of the lake, the wide blue ribbon of the river, the acres of sage-clad land waiting to be homesteaded, and the neat squares of cultivated soil already claimed. Up here the hills rimming the valley were majestic and aloof. And partway up the nearest one, on the bench, Tim Cronin was building his cabin. Lottie thought it must be nice to look down on this valley every morning from the bench.

"Pa," she said, "I don't suppose I'll ever get married since there's no one but cowboys hereabouts. I think when I'm old enough, I'll take a homestead and live by myself and wear overalls and ride Buck into town straddle whenever I feel like it. I think," Lottie said gravely, "I'll turn Western."

"Don't let Mamma hear you talk that way," Pa said with unusual sternness. He set a shake and drove a nail and looked up at her earnestly. "Mamma's worried enough as it is about Minnie," he said. "She thinks maybe she'd ought to send Minnie back East. Says Ed'd likely marry her, and while he isn't much, he's better than a cowboy."

"But, Pa," Lottie said, worried, "Minnie couldn't make that long trip all by herself. It wouldn't be proper."

Pa laid down his hammer, balancing it neatly. He took off the straw hat he'd brought from Illinois and wiped his red-streaked forehead. "Mamma thought maybe she'd take you and Minnie back herself," he said.

Lottie looked at him in horror.

"No, Pa, no," she said. "I'd rather die."

Pa was gentle, answering. "You and me, Lottie," he said, "we got a wild streak, like Buck. Seemed like once I'd heard the name of Oregon, I couldn't rest till we got here, and now we're here I'm satisfied. I'm better than satisfied," he said simply; "I'm happy. But Mamma has you girls on her mind all the time. Seems like she can't let go of the idea that you'll come to a bad end out here. Well, it's nothing to worry about today. She let you come out here to help me without my asking for you this time, didn't she? Maybe she'll give, in other directions, in time."

Lottie didn't have Pa's faith. It seemed to her, with Pa's words still in her ears, everything Mamma said pointed to an early departure from Oregon. At dinner that night Minnie brought the subject up deliberately.

"I wonder if the stagecoach ride would seem longer, going back to Wheelup," she said. The railroad came into Wheelup.

"I wish to goodness you'd stop talking about going somewhere, Minnie," Lottie said peevishly.

"Charlotte," Mamma said, "I think you'd better take a little Golden Oil before you go to bed tonight. Why shouldn't Minnie be interested in travel? It's broadening."

To make matters worse, Minnie began to weep that night, in bed, and she couldn't stop. Lottie put her arms around her in the double bed they shared and patted her shoulder and wept a little with her, but not from the same pain. "I don't see why you don't write to Ed and tell him it's now or never," she said militantly.

"Mamma won't let me. She says it wouldn't be ladylike. I wish she'd make up her mind about going home. One day she thinks she might, and the next day she says she won't."

"This is home," Lottie said fiercely.

"Not to me," Minnie said. "I hate it."

Lottie could feel Minnie's sharpening shoulder blades through the enveloping nightgown, and after Minnie had at last sighed off to sleep, Lottie lay awake, feverish with anxiety. And presently she got out of bed and lighted a lamp, and sat at the small writing table Pa had built, and wrote an urgent letter to Ed Whitlow. She condensed her message into one stark sentence. "Are you in love with Minnie, or aren't you?" she wrote. "Because she'll die if she doesn't find out soon."

The letter must be mailed at once, and there was only one way to get it mailed, so Lottie dressed hastily and let herself out the window to the shed roof and started doggedly up the three miles of narrow road that led to the bench and Tim Cronin. The night was black-dark, and the creek beside the narrow road was noisy and mysterious, and the aspen trees she passed rustled and whispered. It was enough to scare an Eastern girl into turning back, and even Lottie was relieved when she saw Tim's half-finished cabin in the small clearing he had made.

She was so glad to reach the cabin she went straight to the door and knocked boldly, and it wasn't until she heard Tim's step inside the house, quiet as a cat's, that she remembered Mamma's warnings about cowboys.

"Who's there?" Tim said, and opened the door, and Lottie blushed and looked away swiftly. Tim had come to the door in nothing but his long underwear. "Lottie!" Tim said. "What's wrong? Someone hurt?"

"Here," she shoved the letter toward him blindly. "I want you to mail this when you go to town tomorrow."

He didn't say a word, and she didn't dare look to see what he was thinking.

"Wait a minute," he said after a long time. "I'll light a lamp."

IN LESS than a minute he was at the door again, barefoot but wearing pants and carrying a lamp. "Come in," he said. His blue eyes showed queer, fiery little sparks, but Lottie came in because a wildcat had begun to scream back among the pines, and even a cowboy seemed friendlier than a wildcat.

She stepped inside, and the cabin was the prettiest she had ever seen, laid out in a neat rectangle with a door leading off on either side the fireplace, and the floor patterned with boards all polished so clean and pale she wanted to touch and cherish them.

"Did you do all this yourself?" she said, but Tim was turning the letter in his hand, reading the name on it, and the address.

"Friend of yours?" he said, and Lottie nodded. "Ma know you're writing to him?" Tim insisted.

"Heavens, no," Lottie said, and she was startled. "It wouldn't be ladylike."

"Looks like you and Miss Minnie have different ideas about what's ladylike," he said stiffly. And he looked at her in a way that made Lottie turn back toward the door. "Wait a minute," he said, still hostile. "Your shoes are wet through. I'll saddle up and ride you home."

"I'd rather walk," Lottie said proudly, but the way seemed darker going back, and her wet feet were cold, and her courage was shattered. When she heard the clatter of Tim's horse behind her, she screamed because she couldn't help it. Tim reached down and swooshed her up in his arms.

"If you're such a scaredy cat, what'd you come up here for at night?" he said and, turning, set her down behind his saddle. "Grab around my waist and hold on," he said. "Cactus don't like double riding and, most of all, he don't like females."

Cactus began to dance, and Lottie remembered he was a wicked horse, and put her arms around Tim's waist. Her chin came just under his shoulder bone, and his coat was rough against her cheek, but his warmth came through it, and she could feel the muscles of his back flexing as he steadied Cactus and held him to the narrow road.

"That man," Tim said presently, "that Ed Whitlow you wrote to—you know him real well?"

"Yes," Lottie said, and it was true. She didn't add anything because she had to clench her teeth to keep them from chattering.

Tim reined Cactus in outside the Tarbell gate, and he was out of the saddle before Lottie could move, and he had his arms around her and was lifting her down before she could protest. And while she was shaping her mouth to give him a piece of her mind, he kissed her.

"That'll teach you," Tim Cronin said, "not to come calling on a man at night." He was into the saddle again, and off, while she was straightening her cold fingers to slap him.

It humiliated her the next day, thinking about that kiss, but she couldn't stop thinking about it. Mamma was right, she told herself; cowboys were wicked men. But why hadn't Mamma warned her that a cowboy's kiss tasted sweet?

By some strange chance she was pulling weeds beside the fence nearest the road when Tim rode galloping past on his way to town. He pulled Cactus in and turned around and rode back. He pulled off his hat and sat looking down at Lottie.

"I was plumb ornery last night, and I'm sorry," he said. "I'm like that sometimes when I'm waked up in the middle of the night. There's going to be a dance in town a week from Sat'dy night. You ask your ma if you can go with me, will you, Miss Lottie? I was meaning to ask her myself when I got back from town."

There was only one answer to make, of course, but Lottie couldn't bring herself to make it, with Tim's apology still ringing in her ears, and his face so eager, looking down at her. Presently she nodded because she couldn't keep him standing all day, waiting for an answer.

But when Mamma, who had seen the whole thing, asked her later what that cowboy had said to her, Lottie said quickly he had no more than passed the time of day.

"Maybe you'd better help your pa out at the barn these next few days," Mamma said thoughtfully. "Minnie can do the weeding by the road."

Lottie could watch the road for a long way, looking down at it from the roof of the barn, but it was a week before Tim Cronin came riding home again. She knew it was Tim a long way before she could distinguish his face, and the memory of his kiss came back to plague her. She wanted to climb right down to be out of her overalls and into a dress before he rode into the ranch yard, but Pa was having trouble laying the last of the shakes and he told her, sharply, to sit still and pay attention. So Tim rode in and rode out again, and Lottie stayed on the barn roof. What's more, he didn't even turn to look up at her or to wave.

At dinner that night, Mamma said, "Lottie, why didn't you tell me Mr. Cronin had asked you to go to a dance? Your pa and I, both, are here to protect you. You needn't be afraid to speak up."

Lottie burst into tears and left the table, and Mamma said, "Well, I declare, the child is more sensitive than I'd imagined."

WHEN Tim rode into the ranch yard again, later that same night, Mamma was thoroughly alarmed, but Tim seemed content to sit in the parlor, talking horses with Pa and scarcely looking at the girls. Every now and again he'd put his hand into his pocket as though he had something there he half wanted to take out, and half didn't. When he got up to go at last, he turned squarely to Lottie.

"I want you should see the new bit I bought Cactus," he said gravely, but Mamma wouldn't let her go.

"Night damp isn't good for the girls," Mamma said.

Tim looked at Lottie, and those fiery blue sparks were there again in his eyes, but he said good night quietly and rode away.

Mamma put down her mending. "Pa," she said, "I won't have that cowboy annoying Lottie. You can see how nervous he's made her already. I want you should go up there and tell him."

"Tell him what?" Pa said, puzzled.

"Tell him our girls aren't going to marry cowboys, and he might as well know it now. It will save us all embarrassment later."

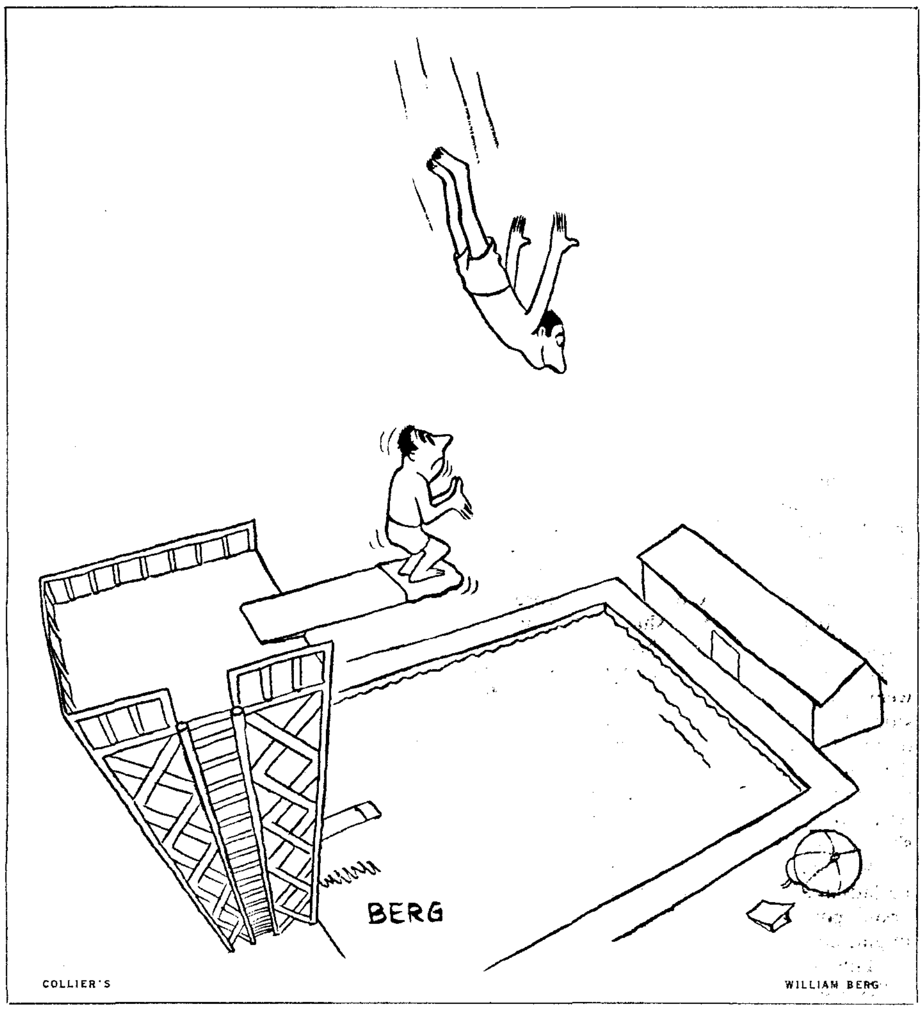
Pa sat a while, thinking.

"Mamma," he said at last, "I think you're making a mountain out of a molehill. Tim Cronin's a dang' good neighbor, and I'm not going up there insulting him. Not at this time of night. No, nor tomorrow neither. It'd make me dang' proud if one of our girls could catch him."

Mamma stood up quietly, folded her mending and touched her back hair with a tending hand.

"Probably the only really wise thing," she said, "is for me to take the girls back to Illinois."

Minnie kissed Pa perfunctorily and left



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the room with Mamma, but Lottie stayed on, suffering with Pa. "I think Tim Cronin's dang' nice, too," she said.

Pa looked up at her slowly, and a change came over him. As though Lottie's speech had resolved the turbulent thoughts besetting him, he started for the door.

"It's those pants you've been wearing, Lottie," he said. "They've roughened your speech. Your Mamma's right. She always is. Besides, I'm not going to have her going back to Illinois, not when my oats patch is just starting to green up."

Lottie heard him leave the ranch yard on Buck. At least she was sure Buck left the yard, and when she went out anxiously, Pa wasn't anywhere to be seen. She could hear him wheedling Buck up the narrow road, and it worried her, but once Pa was started in a given direction, it was doubtful even Buck could turn him back, and she went back into the house and to bed and lay rigid beside Minnie. She told herself it served her right for getting close enough to a cowboy to let him kiss her. Mamma had given her fair warning.

She meant to lie awake until Pa returned, but the day had been long and wearying, and she fell asleep, to be awakened by a thunderous knocking on the door, downstairs. Mamma had taught her never to leave the bedchamber without her kimono, and it took her some time to find it in the dark.

Mamma had lighted a lamp and opened the door, and, coming down the stairs, Lottie looked straight into Tim's upturned face, but it was what he held in his arms that made her gasp. Pa, all bloody, lay against the cowboy's chest.

"He'd just left my cabin," Tim was saying, following Mamma toward the downstairs bedroom door, "and I heard this wildcat scream, and knowing Buck, I figured Mr. Tarbell might have a little trouble, so I wrangled Cactus out of the corral and got on him bareback—"

"Put him here," Mamma said, and she was trembling.

LOTTIE stood in the shadow of the door until she bethought herself to bring the lamp from the parlor. The green shade tinkled against its metal braces, and Lottie saw that she, too, was shaking.

"If you'll get the stove going, Mrs. Tarbell," Tim said, "and fetch me hot water, I'll just see what damage has been done. Lottie, you bring some clean rags and scissors. Where's Minnie?"

"Here," Minnie said from the door.

"You get another lamp and light it, and put it on that other table." It was wonderful how Tim knew what to do, and what to tell the three women to do, and how, without being rude to Mamma, he remained in command.

"I'll need some white silk thread," Tim said, "and a needle. Minnie, if you faint, I'll take you by the heels and hold you down the well."

It was Lottie whose hand steadied first, and it was Lottie Tim asked for when it came to setting Pa's broken leg, and it was Lottie who held Pa's head while Tim did a swift, neat job of sewing up the sizable gash, but it could have been a bald-faced heifer for all the praise Tim gave her.

"Now, you three women," he said at last, "get out of here and let me look him over once more to make real sure I ain't missed some of his damages."

Mamma sat down in Pa's big rocker and rocked and rocked. Minnie stood by the stove rubbing her hands together and taking quick fearful peeks across her shoulder toward the bedroom door. Lottie went into the kitchen and made them a cup of tea.

"I declare," Mamma said faintly at last, "I'd never have thought a cowboy could be so helpful. We'll have him to dinner one day soon. Lottie, you won't have to be here. You can go calling on the Tidwells that day." She rocked and rocked. "Your pa's a good man," she went on presently. "I fell in love with him the first time I saw him, and I've never regretted marrying him."

"You fell in love with him, Mamma?" Lottie said, startled.

"I wouldn't have married a man I wasn't in love with," Mamma said tartly. "I'll have another drop of tea, Lottie." But Lottie's hands had begun to shake again, and Minnie had to pour the tea.

"I'd just as soon be here when Tim comes to dinner," Lottie ventured.

"No," Mamma said firmly. "Even to repay Mr. Cronin for what he's done for Pa, I won't ask you to sit at a meal with a man who upsets you as Mr. Cronin does." Mamma rocked.

"But you must never be rude to him, Lottie. Cowboys have feelings," Mamma said. "He's just as good as we are, in his way, and in time he'll get over making sheep's eyes at you."

Lottie, knowing that Mamma was always right, took alarm.

The door opened, and Tim came out. Mamma and Minnie rushed in, but when Lottie would have followed, Tim reached out and held her by one sleeve of her kimono.

"He's going to be all right," he said. "He don't feel good now, and he'll likely want to shoot Buck in the morning, but by the time he gets on his feet again, he'll get over being mad at the horse. I got something here." Tim pulled an envelope from his pocket. "It's a letter," he said. His blue glance searched Lottie's face. "It's from that Whitlow fellow," he said, "but it's addressed to Minnie." Lottie was too surprised to reach for the letter. "I figured to tell you this afternoon, and then I came back tonight a-purpose. If he's writing to Minnie, I thought you ought to know."

"Why, yes," Lottie said faintly. "Thank you."

Tim began to speak again, and all the concern had left his voice. It was stern.

"Your Pa talked to me tonight," he said, "and it seems Minnie's the one's engaged to Whitlow, and you had no business writing to him in the first place, seeing you're engaged, too, to somebody else. In Oregon," Tim said flatly, "a girl don't play fast and loose with a man."

He brushed past her and was through the door before she could turn. She heard Cactus' sharp hoofs beating away toward the narrow road. Mamma came from the bedroom and her eyes were wet, but she had herself in hand again, and she packed Minnie and Lottie off to bed with brisk dispatch.

They lay side by side in the double bed.

"Minnie," Lottie whispered, "I've got a letter here. From Ed."

She lighted the lamp. Minnie, sitting up in bed, turned the letter over and over as though life itself lay inside the envelope and she hadn't the courage to test it.

"Here," Lottie said and tore open the envelope and hung over Minnie's shoulder, reading the letter.

Ed wrote he had saved enough money now to start buying a house, and he had a good job in a dry-goods store, and would Minnie please come back and marry him because he worried about her out there in Oregon. He worried especially about the Indians, and he would send the money for her fare if she needed it.

"Indians," Lottie said, and snorted.

But Minnie just sat in the middle of the bed, her hair done up in rags, her nightgown billowed out around her. "Oh, Lottie," she said dreamily, "I'd like to die, I'm so happy."

Lottie lay wondering what Ed would think when he got her letter, but her thoughts kept darting away to Tim Cronin, shrinking from that last look he had given her.

Pa had had no right, she told herself, to say she was engaged, but Mamma had said cowboys were irresponsible, and Tim was a cowboy, so he should be irresponsible enough to sweep her off her feet, no matter how many men she had promised to marry. Nothing about him was nice, except his kiss.

She lay a long time, suffering, remembering Tim's kiss, but she knew all the while she'd go up to his cabin the next day and lay the facts straight before him.

Pa was cantankerous the next day and he kept Lottie and Minnie and Mamma running all day long. Mamma even fixed a meal so they could all eat in his room.

"Ed is a good man," she said. "I was sure things would work out right for Minnie."

"When can I go, Mamma?" Minnie said, and Lottie was ashamed of her eagerness.

"Tomorrow," Mamma said, and relished Minnie's rapture. "The Tidwells go to town on Thursdays, and there's no reason why you can't go that far with them and take the stage to Wheelup. You'll have a good trip," she said, "you and Lottie."

"No," Lottie whispered, "no, Mamma."

Mamma looked at her, perplexed.

"Minnie can't go alone," she said reasonably.

"But I don't want to go," Lottie cried. "I won't go. I won't go. Mamma, I won't go."

"Charlotte," Mamma said, "I think you are coming down with a fever. It's that cowboy's queer actions, and Pa getting hurt. I should have sent you back to Illinois when the idea first came to me."

Mamma put her to bed and rubbed her chest and gave her a dose of castor oil.

"Lottie," Mamma said tenderly, "we wouldn't be a family without you. You want your sister to be happy, don't you?"

"I don't care," Lottie said fiercely.

She lay in torture. Minnie slept on the couch in the parlor that night, coming up several times to see how Lottie was. Pa was worried. And Mamma came in long after Lottie supposed everyone was asleep, and sat a long time in the dark, smoothing Lottie's forehead. She even wept a little, but Lottie lay there, pretending she was asleep, wishing they would all go away and leave her alone.

After a while she knew she would fall to bits in little pieces if she didn't see Tim again, just once, before she left. He would be angry. He wouldn't give her a chance to explain about not being engaged. He might even shut the door in her face and leave her to the wildcats, but she had to see him once more. She had to—dressing feverishly in the dark Lottie gasped at her own thought—she had to have one more kiss from Tim Cronin before she went back to Illinois.

The narrow road was black-dark, and the creek was noisy and mysterious, and the aspen rustled and whispered, but Lottie was talking to herself all the way up to Tim's cabin, so she didn't notice much of what went on around her. When she came out into the clearing and saw a light burning in the cabin window, she started running and she didn't stop until she fell against Tim's door.

He opened it, and the look on his face helped Lottie to collect herself.

"What's wrong?" he said. "Pa worse?"

Lottie shook her head.

"Well, then, what in tarnation?" Tim began. He remembered his manners. "Come in," he said gruffly.

Lottie shook her head again and began to weep miserably.

"Now look, Miss Lottie," Tim said, and his voice shook, "I've had about all of your goings-on I can stand."

"Tim," Lottie pleaded. "I'm not engaged."

"It's likely what you say to every one of them," Tim said sternly.

"Pa lied."

"Your pa," Tim said, "is a fine, upright, honest man, and I'm surprised he begot you."

"Tim," Lottie cried despairingly.

"Your feet's soaked through, and your ma said you couldn't stand the night damp, and I'm ashamed of you, Lottie Tarbell," Tim said.

HE AND Cactus caught up with her almost before she had left the clearing that night. She couldn't see where her feet stepped at all. Her eyes were blind with tears.

She tried again, timidly, to explain to him on the way back.

"Can't hear a word you say," Tim said with finality, so Lottie gave up and wept against his back. "This time," Tim said "your ma's going to know how you've been acting."

He half led and half carried her to the door of her own house, and he held her upright while he knocked with loud and righteous sounds on the door.

Mamma, carrying a lamp, appeared.

"It's Lottie," Tim said, and lifted her over the threshold because she could no longer walk. He paused. He cleared his throat. He started to speak. He stopped. "She was walking in her sleep, ma'am," he said at last, stammering. "She come up to my place."

"Lottie!" Mamma gasped.

Lottie drew herself together and pushed away from Tim.

"That's as big a lie," she said loudly, "as Pa told earlier, telling Tim I was engaged."

"Your pa said that?"

"You made him," Lottie said, and it hurt her to turn against Mamma, but it hurt her more to see Tim standing there, looking fit to be shot. "You said he was to say anything to Tim that would keep him from coming around, and I had to tell Tim it wasn't the truth, and he didn't believe me."

"You went up to call on"—Mamma wet her lips—"to call on a cowboy! At night!"

"I love him," Lottie cried. "I fell in love with him the first time I saw him."

"Lottie," Mamma whispered.

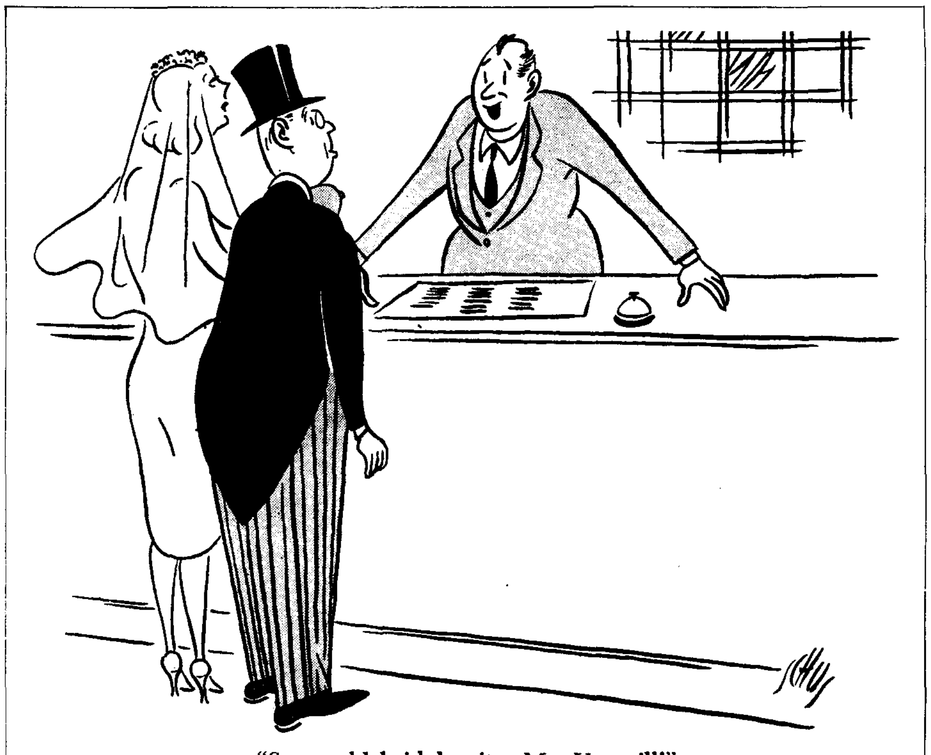
But Tim reached out and picked Lottie up in his arms and kissed her. Not at all as he had the other night. More like a cowboy.

"Lottie!" Mamma whimpered.

"She's engaged now," Tim said, "and that's a fact."

Mamma lifted her hands and dropped them in a way completely foreign to her, helplessly. "Lottie," Mamma said, "you'll have to marry him now. No Easterner would have you."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Same old bridal suite, Mr. Vanmill!" ADOLPH SCHUS

Don't Kill Your Car!

Continued from page 49

to get. Right now, because of a shortage of lead—the most essential material in batteries—this year's output will be cut about 25 per cent.

As soon as your dashboard ammeter fails to indicate "charge" while driving, it means trouble somewhere in the generator circuit, which calls for an immediate visit to the car doctor. Give your battery a biweekly checkup, not merely for water level. Each cell must be tested with a hydrometer or voltmeter to detect signs of potential failure. Corroded terminals should be cleansed with bicarbonate-of-soda solution and the terminals greased; vaseline will do. Otherwise corrosion may build up to such an extent that the flow of current is obstructed, and cables are eaten away, reducing their current-carrying capacity; any cable found in this condition should be scrapped.

The outside of the battery should also be kept clean and hold-down fastenings kept tight to prevent the battery from bouncing around. Continual bouncing loosens the active material from the battery plates.

Avoid adding tap water to the battery solution, for the slightest mineral impurities—like sulphur, iron, fluorine or salt—curtail the battery's life. Use only distilled or other approved water.

The recent brake-checking campaign, sponsored by the International Association of Chiefs of Police, was inaugurated in the hopes of bringing about a 10 per cent reduction in accidents due to faulty brakes. But besides the possibility of personal injury, there were other important factors. Damage from crashes means replacing scarce—or unobtainable—sheet metal or other parts, perhaps tying up the automobile permanently.

First Aid for Faulty Brakes

As for those faulty brakes, in many cases all that is needed is a minor adjustment requiring a half-hour or less. The frictional contact between the lining and brake drum causes gradual wear. Brake manufacturers compensate for this natural wear, and four or five adjustments can be made before the linings are worn thin and require replacement.

The ignition system deserves special care. It comprises many wires which become worn, cracked, dirty or soaked with oil. The wires even break inside the insulation and give the appearance of being all right on the outside. Since complicated wiring is a mystery to most car owners, you'll be better off if you leave its checking to the mechanic.

The whole insides of your engine can develop chills and fever from too much cooling or, conversely, overheating. With the latter, the lubricating oil in the engine changes its characteristics, producing varnish and corrosive acids that attack the engine's innards and rapidly wear out vital, hard-to-get parts.

At the first sign of an overheated condition, as indicated by the temperature gauge on the instrument panel, inspect the radiator, water pump and hose connections for leaks, while the engine idles. If the leak is at one of the hose connections, a few turns with a screwdriver may stop it. Sometimes a water hose may outwardly appear to be in good condition but is rotten internally. A quick check should be made of each hose by accelerating the engine suddenly for a second to see whether or not the hose closes up. Scrap any hose that does.

While the hood is raised, look at the fan belt. If it is frayed, have a new one installed immediately. If it is loose—that is, with a "give" of more than an inch—it should be tightened. In most cases, the slack can be eliminated by loosening the bolt which locks the steel slot at the generator.

In summer, the radiator and grille are often clogged with insects, and the quantity of air drawn in is greatly reduced. When a squadron of bugs is captured, have your service man blow them out. And, every spring and fall, when antifreeze is removed and installed, have the cooling system flushed to get rid of rust, sediment and other impurities.

Overcooling, that is, operating an engine at excessively low temperatures, is just as bad as overheating. When an engine is running, steam is blown past the pistons and is generally removed by heat and the engine ventilating system. During cold weather, some of the steam condenses to form water which drops down and mixes with the lubricating oil. When a cold engine is started, the fuel mixture is very rich and some of it also drips into the oil. Metal particles from the wear of engine parts fall into the oil pan to form a thick sludge which clogs oil lines and screens. It restricts the flow of oil to vital parts, which then come together bare and wear out quicker.

The thermostat automatically controls the engine's operating temperatures and cuts sludge formation, so it is another special item which should be tested during spring and fall tune-up.

Unfortunately, the thermostat does not completely solve this problem. Most cars are used today for short hauls—to the movies, to the village for groceries, or to a war plant. Most engines are therefore operating below normal temperature too much of the time. In fact, "A" card holders seldom, if ever, operate at normal temperature.

When changing oil—which should be often—use the same brand if it has proved satisfactory, because different brands have different characteristics. However, if a new brand must be installed, have the crankcase flushed out with the oil to be used. And don't forget complete lubrication, which is vitally important as the car gets older.

A poorly operating carburetor, an automatic choke, or an engine that doesn't function smoothly due to worn-out or improperly adjusted spark plugs or other ignition parts, will increase oil dilution because the unburned gasoline washes down into the oil pan. So have your repair man "stethoscope" your engine and let him prescribe and administer the necessary treatment.

A car owner I know was puzzled because, although his engine seemed to be racing, he was still going the conventional speed of 35 miles an hour. I showed him that his clutch was slipping because his pedal had no free play. This had been going on for about a month, in which time he had wasted about 25 per cent of his gas allotment for want of a 15-minute adjustment.

The best insurance against clutch failure is to keep the foot off the pedal as much as possible and avoid jackrabbit starts. Moreover, the pedal should always have a certain amount of free play if it is to function properly. While adjusting it usually requires but a few minutes, a lay-up for a major job may take hours, even days, if it's neglected.

By following the cardinal rules of good car operation, you not only keep your car off the junk heap, but you save gas as well. And if it's still going when the new cars come out, you'll get a higher trade-in value. Remember, too, you can increase your car's life—and perhaps your own—by taking care of it.

THE END

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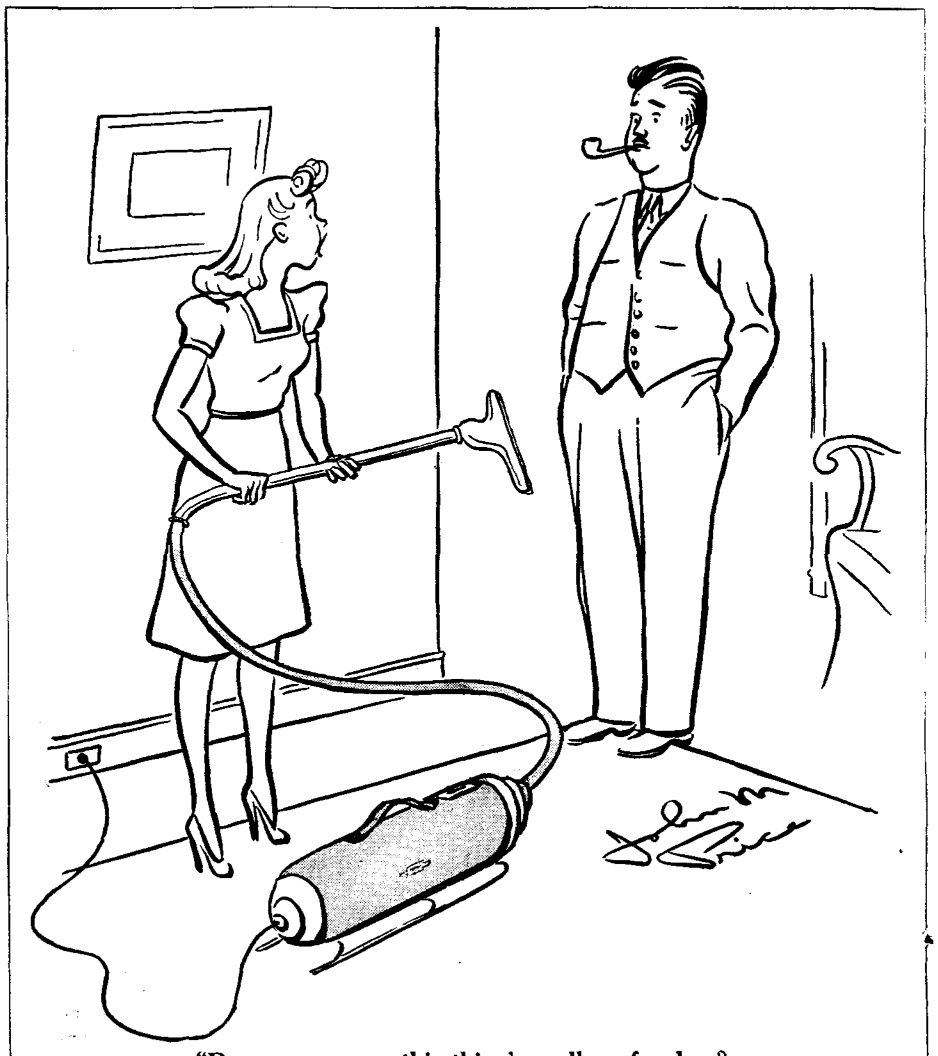

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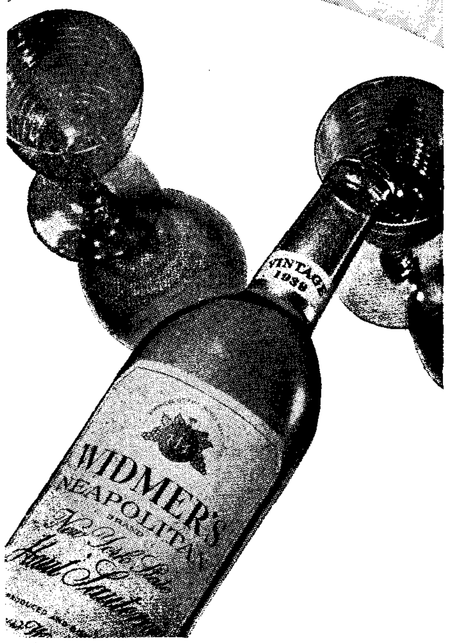

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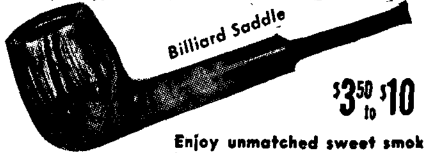

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The Week's Work

Martha Sawyers

MARTHA SAWYERS, the artist-war-correspondent who did the Victory in Burma drawings, p. 16, so small a person—a miniature five feet,) pounds or so—that Collier's editors felt a :rtain nervousness about sending her off all ıprotected to the wars in the China-Burma-ıdia area. But Miss Sawyers insisted, "I will : all right. Please let me go." Her letters, as ell as her drawings, seem to indicate that all well with her wherever she goes.

"I drew a bucket job all the way to India," ıe writes us ("bucket jobs" being rough-ding noncushioned war planes); "but it was pretty carefree trip. You can get an idea of ›w everyone lounged around, from the ıick pencil sketches. After we reached cruis-g altitude, we could take off our Mae 'ests. Crossing the Persian Gulf we had otor trouble. This frightened me. The ane had a number of flight officers who ade good back-seat drivers. Their con-ersation ran to 'If this plane had to make a landing, she'd be full of water in thirty conds. . . .' Well, it takes me five minutes to :t into a Mae West. Anyhow, we just turned ıck and took off again next day. . . .

"Being attached to the Army is an experi-ıce in itself: running around in jeeps and rmy trucks, red tape, the billeting along ıe way rather rough. But I love it all. . . .

"I must say the British did things up brown the training center—Buench. They put on ›ecial shows for the American correspond-ıts, and a spot of tea every few minutes. hey gave me the staff car with a Punjabi ·iver and let me go wherever I pleased. hey would even stop the troops in the mid-le of some maneuver and make the man I ıcked hold a pose. Of course, the British fficers thought I could draw as fast as a ımera can shoot. They would drag a table ut on the parade ground, and a chair, and ıey even backed up a truck to give me shade.

"Last night I rode for miles and miles in super little jeep with a three-way radio. /e would jump from news out here to Danny .aye in New York. General Warden (who y the way is from my home state, Texas) xed it up so the drawings could get off from ıis point as quickly as possible. . . ."

The only flaw in her trip so far, Miss Saw-ers reports, is that she had to spend a week ı the hospital with "the ubiquitous Delhi elly." But she is fine now.

Miss Sawyers had won erself a considerable rep-tation, even before the ar, for her work with ·riental subjects. A na-ve of Cuero, Texas, she udied at the Art Stu-ents League in New 'ork, and a few years ıter settled in Bali to .art the work which was led to her success. She reated quite a stir in lew York when she gave er first one-woman show f South Seas and Chi-ese drawings.

On this war-conditioned ·ip, she avoided the technical difficulties less experienced artists sometimes encounter in the tropics. "A Museum of Natural History expert told me to use rag paper," she says, "because the usual drawing paper goes to pieces in the tropics. He was right. And I use crayon because oils disintegrate. As soon as I finish a picture, I put four coats of fixative on it and wrap it in Cellophane."

GRACE FLANDRAU'S concern about children finds expression not only in her understanding stories of childhood (as in The White Horse, p. 24), but in her outside, nonwriting activities. She has given intensive study to the causes of juvenile delinquency and is active in organizations trying to deal with its problems. She is also a hard-working director of the Avon School for Boys, in Connecticut.

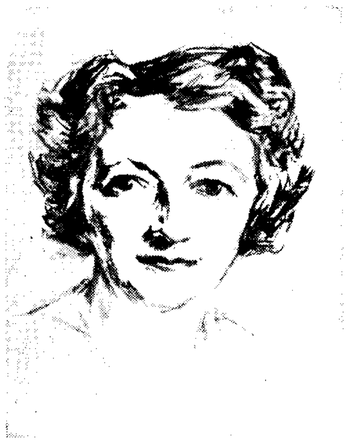
In her own childhood Mrs. Flandrau tasted several kinds of school—all of them bad, she says. "At the age of twelve I was taken from our home in St. Paul, Minnesota, to France, and deposited for several years in an ancient school that had ceased to be an institution of learning a century or so before. During vacations I was whisked about Europe and the British Isles. Now and then I studied the violin. Back in America I spent part of a year in an equally inferior girl's school, then was taken to the Orient—age seventeen. I spent half a year in Japan, China and the Philippines. . . ."

Mrs. Flandrau was married before she was twenty and went to live on a remote coffee plantation in a primitive part of Mexico. Later she traveled with her husband, Blair Flandrau, in Africa, and wrote of her experiences in two books: Then I Saw the Congo, and Under the Sun. Now she divides her time between St. Paul and Farmington, Connecticut.

PHILIP WYLIE'S story about that marvelous bird, the roc (Weejie, Roscoe and Bud, p. 14), had its genesis in a dinner-table conversation between the author and Henry La Cossitt, editor of Collier's. They discovered they both held the roc in high esteem, remembering him kindly from childhood reading. The conversation led to looking up roc legends—and eventually to the story.

Since the roc is mythical, Earl Blossom, the artist who was called upon to illustrate the story, had some difficulty figuring out just how he should look. Research informed him that the nearest thing to a roc was the North American condor—of which there are only about thirty-eight in this country. Blossom finally tracked down good photographs and even movies of condors. And for the illustration all he had to do was to enlarge the condor's wing spread (which runs to some eleven feet) about ten times. . . . A. P.

Grace Flandrau



Messmore's Monsters

Continued from page 66

the toy industry, one of the largest in the country. In creating this, he intends to plant several acres of the New Jersey countryside with enormous toy drums, ice-cream cones, ship models, a miniature circus, Rackhamesque trees and outsize characters from The Wizard of Oz. So far, however, the plans seem to lack the vigorous Sunday supplement and cheesecake flavor of most M. & D. ventures.

For the present, though, he is doing as much war work as he can get, even though his contribution sometimes takes esoteric forms. For the next War Loan drive, he's completing a mechanical diorama of the bombing of Tokyo which will enable that city to be destroyed with regularity every few minutes. Mr. Messmore said that, in addition, there are in the works a Wainwright and MacArthur float, a Statue of Liberty, and several giant beer bottles.

"We like to give it that winged stuff—ala modrun, see?" he explained.

Finally, just to top everything else, M. & D. made for the government an army of about 10,000 dummy paratroopers which were dumped out on a confused enemy during the invasion of France.

Mr. Messmore has a lively news sense. The earlier Messmore & Damon Medieval Torture Show which once brightened the lives of Coney Islanders has recently been seen under the banner of Nazis Sterilize Women! The show consisted of the rack, the hot iron, the boot (with genuine simulated molten lead), and a Chinese device called Seven Steps to Heaven, for which Messmore invented mechanical rats after it was discovered that the live ones relished and actually ate his dummies.

"This is the kind of show I like," said Messmore; "the kind where you build your own actors. You just have a ticket seller, a ticket taker and a mechanic—and no strikes."

All that Harold Messmore needs now is a mechanical ticket man. When he gets a mechanical mechanic, he'll be all set.

An Easy Money-Maker

One of the cheapest shows put on by anybody anywhere was something called The Awakening, which M. & D. cooked up for Chicago. It was a walk-through show, consisting solely of three-quarters-life-sized photos of nude cuties—translucent, lighted from behind, and apparently hand-colored by a refugee from a shooting gallery. This tasty display had almost no overhead and grossed between $1,800 and $2,000 weekly.

"We made the pictures on acetate fillum pressed between sheets of glass," explains Messmore. "We were strictly legit. We called it The Not-Alive Models of the World's 12 Loveliest Girls."

During the Chicago World's Fair, The World A Million Years Ago was forced to move to a less desirable location. It needed a shot in the arm. The name was changed to Down the Lost River, and a couple of nudists were hired to go through a wedding ceremony in the Messmore & Damon Primeval. The bride, a Milwaukee girl, and the groom, who came from Amarillo, and all the members of the wedding party, were as naked as jaybirds. The minister, a bespectacled gentleman, alone sought sanctuary in a goatskin.

It was good promotion. The ceremony was repeated several times in the afternoon for an enthusiastic throng of reporters, feature writers, press and newsreel photographers. Unfortunately, in the midst of it all, someone threw the wrong switch, bringing unexpected groans and thrashings from a tyrannosaurus and a glyptodon. This so frightened a nudist named Knapp that he fell backward into the flotsam of the Lost River, followed closely by one of the bridesmaids.

Though the average life of an exhibit is five years, this sort of publicity whipped the public to such a frenzy that the dinosaur troupe played New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Montreal and Paris with great success, and is still as good a draw as ever.

THE END

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KU-KLUXISM ON THE WEST COAST

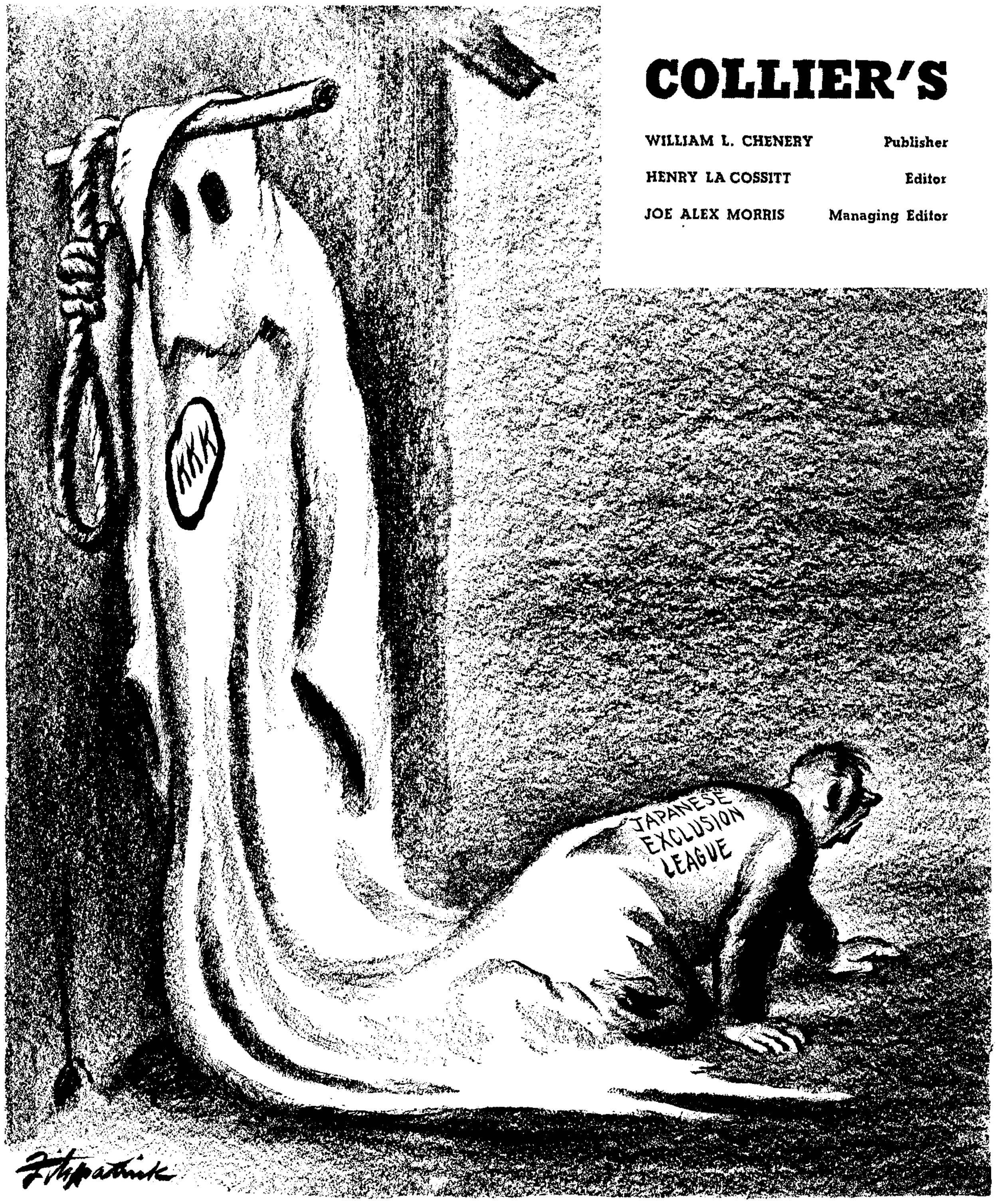
A THING called the Japanese Exclusion League has reared its head on the West Coast, apparently rounded up some cash somewhere and begun a drive "dedicated to legally, peaceably and permanently ridding this coast and ultimately this country of the Japs."

It means Japanese-Americans, who are Americans as fully as any of the rest of us, and many of whom have fought with great gallantry in this war on our side. The Japanese Exclusion League's official publication sports on its front page some anti-Japanese remarks by Admiral Halsey and General MacArthur, neither of whom to our best knowledge ever has advocated the deportation of American Japanese or the grabbing of their property by self-styled American patriots. These warriors believe in fighting the Japanese, not in fighting fellow Americans, and are doing rather a good job of it up to the present writing.

The Japanese Exclusion League is one thing we could have expected to grow out of this war. We got the Ku Klux Klan, among other things, out of the first World War, and it sold memberships and hoods and nightshirts to a considerable number of hoodlums, infantile adults, born joiners and chronic suckers. It lived on hatred of Catholics, Jews and Negroes. The Japanese Exclusion League no doubt will round up quite a number of present-day carbon copies of the 1919-25 Ku-Kluxers. The whole thing is most regrettable, and something for Americans to be ashamed of.

It is most encouraging, however, to learn that strong opposition to the Japanese Exclusion League is springing up in areas thus far contaminated by it. Organizations are being formed to combat it legally; local officials in numerous places are being encouraged by influential citizens to do their duty against terrorists; and so on.

And that is the best way to fight such movements. When influential people in any given community actively oppose Ku-Kluxism in any of its numerous forms, that community rarely suffers from Ku-Kluxism. Which is a tip to influential people up and down the West Coast. They can choke off this Japanese Exclusion League business if they will, though it may take a little time and it certainly will take some courage.



IT'S STILL HIGHWAY ROBBERY

COLLIER'S recent editorial, Highway Robbery Again, seems to have irritated some of the customers. It was, you may or may not remember, as loud a blast as we could unleash at interstate trade barriers in the form of unreasonable truck regulations, masked tariffs, bizarre quarantine and inspection rules, and other devices to wring money out of interstate shippers of goods. These things contravene the principle of free trade between the states which has done so much to make the United States great, prosperous most of the time, and powerful.

A Kansas "port of entry" inspector writes a letter charging us with being long on enthusiasm and short on facts. The truth is that we're long on both in this instance, but unhappily short on space to detail the facts here. We can at least, however, refer doubters to such organizations as the U.S. Chamber of Commerce or the Committee for Economic Development.

A Kentucky insurance man, who did a lot to help build that state's fine system of highways, writes that Kentucky's roads will not stand truckloads of 20 tons moving at 50 or 60 mph, and that therefore Kentucky insists that all trucks using its roads stay below 20 tons, for the protection of Kentucky taxpayers' $125,000,000 road investment.

We appreciate this gentleman's sincerity and thank him for his letter. Nevertheless, it seems to us that the sensible thing to do would be to cut down truck speed limits on Kentucky highways and let trucks from other states enter Kentucky and use its roads without costly and time-consuming load reductions at the Kentucky border. What if states adjoining Kentucky—Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio—put up countervailing restrictions against Kentucky trucks to get even with Kentucky for its truck restrictions? Who makes any money out of that, and how is interstate trade benefited by it?

We're still convinced that this game of interstate trade barriers is a beggar-my-neighbor game which all the states can play, and which therefore all the states should refrain from playing. These petty and harassing regulations ought to be wiped out, leaving only reasonable regulations honestly aimed at preventing spread of plant disease from state to state. The unreasonable ones can Balkanize and pauperize the United States.

TOWARD GUARANTEED ANNUAL WAGES

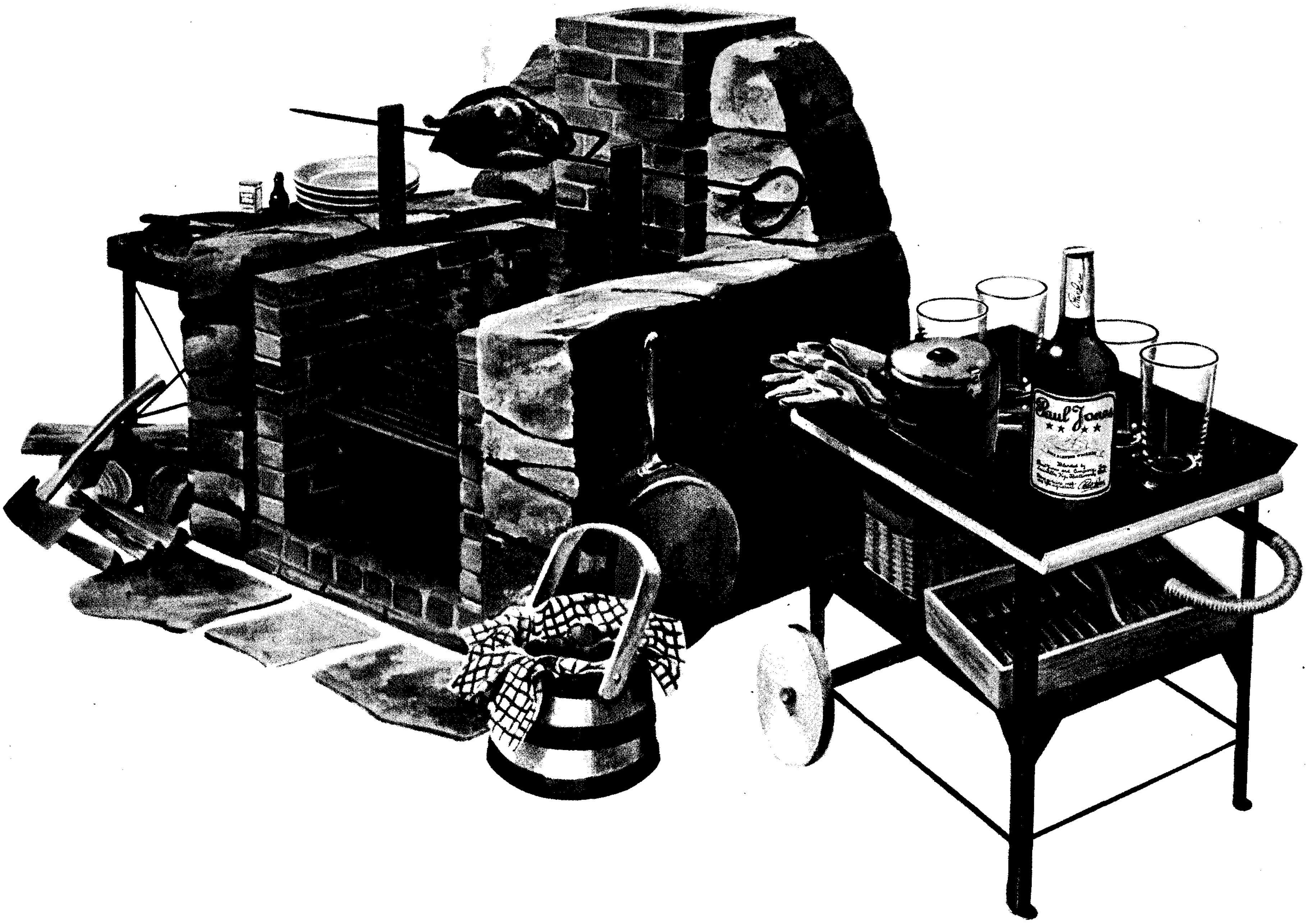
IT STANDS to reason that a worker who can expect a fixed amount of money per year for work conscientiously performed will be as happy and contented as one can hope to be in a not 100 per cent happy world, and will be poor game for agitators.

It follows that if much or most of U.S. industry could set up systems of guaranteed annual wages—"salaries" for its labor—a lot of tough labor problems would be solved or softened.

Beginnings—and important ones—already have been made. The three outstanding American practitioners of the guaranteed-annual-wage principle are the Procter & Gamble soap company of Cincinnati, the Nunn-Bush Shoe Company of Milwaukee, and the George A. Hormel packing company of Austin, Minnesota. All three of these concerns have now had long experience with guaranteed annual wages. All of them are prosperous, and none has any labor troubles worth mentioning.

Admittedly, the problem is a complex one, because so many industries experience wide seasonal fluctuations in volume of orders, or cyclical fluctuations, or both. But these problems have been solved by these three well-known companies, and by an impressive number of less prominent ones in various lines. Given determination and co-operation on the part of both management and labor, guaranteed annual wages seem feasible for many a company, large or small.

In which connection, we'll here put in an enthusiastic plug for a new book: Guaranteed Annual Wages, by Jack Chernick and George C. Hellickson; University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1945, 153 pages, $2.50. The book is a factual report, by an economist and a newspaperman, of progress to date toward guaranteed annual wages in U.S. industry. We'd recommend it to executives, employees and labor leaders, as the best guide now available to informed thinking on this urgently important and sometimes badly misunderstood subject.



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